THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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1728 by Benj. Franklin

Volume 197, Number 40

APRIL 4, '25

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Lorin A. Lathrop—Maude Parker Child—Thomas Beer—Hugh Wiley
Arthur Stringer—Elizabeth Frazer—George Wright—Horatio Winslow

"Eat to keep fit" says DR. FRANK CRANE

—"and not as an Indoor Sport"

THE MATTER of keeping fit is to sedentary workers a problem of particular importance.

Light physical work at a desk gives the body a special set of needs. Care must be taken to secure sufficient fresh air and exercise.

The question of diet is of paramount importance. If your habits are sedentary, your food requirements are not those of the manual laborer.

Dr. Frank Crane, whose daily work is that of writing, realizes the vital need of right diet. "I eat to keep fit," he says, "and not as an indoor sport."

Breakfast is the key meal

Breakfast is the key meal. It starts you off right or wrong for the day. Your big need in the morning is energy—energy in quickly available form. Heavy foods may contain such energy—but the burden they throw on the stomach is too heavy. All the energy you should have for your work is squandered in digestive effort.

Other lighter foods may be easy of assimilation, but they are lacking in energy units.

There is one famous food that exactly fills these important requirements—Cream of Wheat.

In Cream of Wheat is a wonderful store of rich energy substance, for which the scientific name is carbohydrates.

And so simple is its form that assimilation is carried on easily and quickly, its vital energy yielded without the least strain on the digestive system.

Try tomorrow morning a light breakfast of easy digestibility with delicious Cream of Wheat as the central dish. You will feel better, think straighter, not only all morning but all day. Right diet begins at breakfast—it is the key meal in the business of keeping fit.

Free sample and recipe booklet

Cream of Wheat may be served with dates, raisins, prunes, baked apple, and in many other delicious ways. Our new recipe book gives 50 recipes not only for breakfast dishes but for luncheon and supper dishes. Sent free with a sample box of Cream of Wheat—enough for 4 generous cereal servings or to make any recipe.

Cream of Wheat

Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota
In Canada, made by Cream of Wheat Company, Winnipeg

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We Hide the Reinforcement

This remarkable, new-type silk hosiery looks like Fifth Avenue and wears like Main Street

GIVES THREE TO FOUR TIMES THE WEAR OF ORDINARY KINDS—YOU'LL GET MORE, PLUS THE DELIGHT OF WELL-DRESSED ANKLES

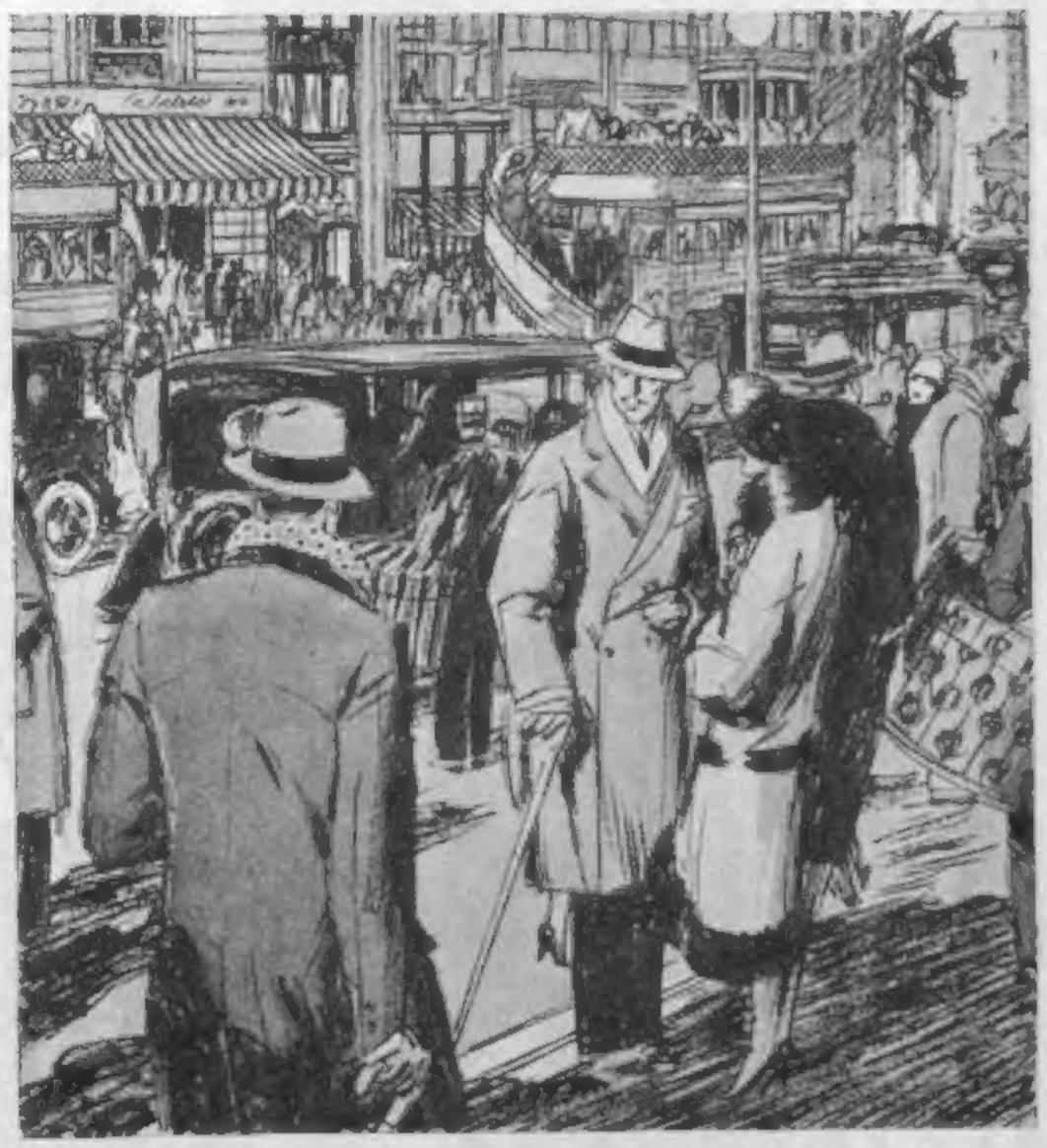
HERE are sheer, silk hose, stamped with the style of cosmopolitan correctness. But you'll find it hard to wear them out.

It's a new idea from Holeproof—a unique process of knitting that we've just perfected.

The point is this:

The trouble with old-time, "long wear" hosiery was that it looked its part. Yet, the toe, you'll notice, is usually the only part of your hose that goes. Holes are common.

So in this new hose we reinforce the top of the toes. This reinforcing can't be felt and can only be seen upon the closest examination.



All the reinforcement is hidden at the toe. The part the world sees is superlatively sheer and webby.

The part the world sees is as sheer, smart and rich as any you can buy *anywhere*.

Treat them rough. Give them a real "ride." They'll stand up under it, and give you 3 to 4 times more wear.

That's what you've really been after in socks, isn't it?

Then get Holeproof Ex Toe at your dealer's.

50c, 75c and $1.00 for the silk. Other materials, too, to meet every dress requirement.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN
Holeproof Hosiery Company, of Canada, Limited, London, Ontario

Holeproof Hosiery

with the new, long-wear *Ex Toe*

(Patents Pending)

DESIGN'S THE THING IN CLOTHES

DESIGN is far more important than style alone It means not only the lines of your clothes, but the relation of the lines to the proportion of the figure It means the harmony of fabrics and linings, and the harmony of buttons with woolens

Every detail of clothes making is an art with us It takes more time, more effort - but the clothes show it Our label is the sign of it

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The Recollections of a Consul

I Faltered Out My Trouble—the Consul Must Leave in the Morning

By Lorin A. Lathrop

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

ON THE first day of July, 1924, as a result of the passage of a bill for reorganizing the consular and diplomatic services, some thirty veterans were entitled thenceforth to write under their names the words "American Foreign Service Officer, Retired." Appointed by President Arthur as consul to Bristol, England, I think that length of service makes me dean of this small class of one quarter of one ten-thousandth of one per cent of the population of the United States. I believe, subject to correction, that I am the only man who has spent half a lifetime in a consular service which was the football of politics and the other half in an organized service which by effective work ultimately won the confidence and respect of the American people. There will be some serious things to say about this development, but the lighter recollections of the earlier days are paramount at the moment.

On a gray September afternoon, in the year 1882, I stood in the gray old square in the gray old city of Bristol in which lay hidden the consular offices. I gazed across at the tall stone eagle haughtily poised on the parapet of an old stone building, and to this massive immobile bird nobly dominating the wide square I took off my hat in respectful salute. No one could see me, for the only living things near by were lazily drowsing sheep and cawing rooks.

I was charged with a high secret exultation. At twenty-four years of age I was the representative of a great country in the proud and ancient city whence John Cabot had sailed 400 years before, the first European to set foot on the mainland of the Western Hemisphere. I looked over the bright green grass at the slowly browning leaves of the tall lindens and wide-branching plane trees; at the rivulets of moldy green which flowed down the solid plinth of the bronze statue of an English king dressed as an ancient Roman; at No. 9, where the guidebook said that Alexander Selkirk had lived after his rescue from Juan Fernandez to be the original of Robinson Crusoe; and finally again at the eagle.

I started reluctantly to cross; I say reluctantly, for there was keen pleasure in cherishing the secret of my importance. My notebook of the day holds this boyish sentence: "I felt like Harun-al-Rashid." With regret, I saw approaching one of the half dozen who knew me, and with this kindly captain of the vessel in which I had crossed was an elderly man to whom I was introduced.

This man said with emphasis as he shook my hand, "Your nation is a nation of robbers and thieves."

I thought this some form of English humor until I looked into the speaker's face. He meant it. I had no retort. I swung on my heel and walked away. This was my first greeting on British soil and was the beginning of an unusual series of experiences.

A second disillusion followed. The eagle, on nearer approach, was seen to be no American eagle, but a phœnix, resting on stone-carved tongues of flame. Over the entrance was cut the name Phœnix House, and next door, on the wall of a modest little structure, I saw the coat of arms of the United States. In my extreme disappointment, I circled the square; and then, with the immense dignity which youth assumes to hide its tremors, I entered the consulate.

A lonely gray-haired gentleman, obviously pleased to see anybody, looked up from his newspaper.

"Well, young man," he asked, "what can I do for you?"

"I am Mr. Lathrop."

"Well, Mr. Lathrop, what can I do for you?"

Astonished that the name had no meaning for him, I said, "I am the new consul."

"The devil you are!" he exclaimed, staring at me with the good-natured tolerance of one who searches for the point of some foolish joke; but I saw him visibly age. I suppose that my face was not that of a jester. I produced my credentials and he took them with a shaking hand. As he cursorily glanced through them I ran over a pile of New

York papers and showed him a paragraph announcing the appointment. No friends at Washington to cable, official communications delayed, a newspaper item overlooked—these things combined to make my descent on the office a thunderbolt. I was too young to be as sorry for him as I should have been, for youth, lacking experience in trouble, is hard. None, however, had just reason to complain of the crude and sometimes cruel methods of the time when consulates were political plunder, for each in his time had triumphantly displaced another whose influence had waned. As will appear later, I had a taste of the same medicine and was compelled to smile cheerfully as I introduced my hated supplanter to the local authorities.

The old gentleman thought hard during a long silence. Finally he said that he must leave on the morrow to catch Wednesday's steamer, that the office had no allowance for clerks, that he lacked even an office boy, and that by working very late he could get all papers ready for the transfer by ten the next morning.

"Let me help."

"What do you know about it?"

"Nothing."

"Then you'll only be in my way." He looked at his watch. "Go and find the mayor," he said. "Wherever he is, find him. Get his permission to act as consul pending the arrival of your exequatur signed by the queen. Come here at ten ready to take over."

"Where is he?"

His answer was to wave his left hand in dismissal as he figured with his right. It is a senseless crank of mine never to ask the way, but I broke my rule that afternoon.

"The City Hall?"

"I've never heard of it, sir," said the courteous policeman. "Perhaps you mean the Guild Hall?"

"I am looking for the mayor."

"Oh, you mean the Council House; but His Worship's out in state this afternoon. I seen the carriage."

A Well-Staged Welcome

I FOUND it easy to trail that equipage of gilt and splendor, with its brilliantly liveried driver and two standing footmen behind, all three in brave cocked hats covering full-bottomed wigs white with powder. I shiver now at the temerity of ignorant youth, but I flagged that medieval chariot of state. Footmen gaped, a crowd gathered, as I approached the window and gazed up at a benign elderly gentleman who had removed his cocked hat that he might put his head out. I faltered out my trouble—the consul must leave in the morning. If I was not authorized to act, commerce with the United States must stop.

"Stelling, open the door."

One of the footmen descended, did as commanded and placed a small set of folding steps, down which the mayor climbed, disclosing a stately figure in full court suit—black velvet with lace ruffles at neck and wrists, black silk stockings and shining pumps with jeweled buckles. Over this he wore a fur-trimmed crimson robe and round the neck hung the massive mayoral chain of office, carrying an enameled coat of arms of Bristol set in sparkling jewels.

"Welcome to our ancient city," he said with a firm grasp of the hand. He gestured, I obeyed. I climbed in. As the massy structure trundled along I could see the ordinary people in the street asking one another who the distinguished stranger was.

The caretaker at the Council House almost walked backward as he ushered us into the Mayor's Parlour—spelled with a *u*—where I produced my official papers.

"This is 1820," said His Worship as he held the glass of brown sherry to his nose and inhaled with obvious pleasure.

He talked with an intense pride of the city, told me of its unbroken line of mayors since the year 1216, of its conservatism, of its resolve to maintain as far as could be the ancient traditions and ceremonies. In the end, in graceful words, he led me to understand the enormity of my offense in stopping the coach, thanked me for doing it, and said with a sly twinkle that nothing must be allowed to interfere with commerce.

He had a right to speak for commerce, for he was Mr.—afterward Sir—Joseph Weston, member of the great Birmingham firm in which Joseph Chamberlain made his large fortune. Sir Joseph was five times mayor of Bristol and afterward Member of Parliament for one of the city constituencies. He is understood to have made it a rule while mayor to expend not less than $50,000 each year on hospitality; and I think, as I look over my collection of menus, that in some years he must have exceeded that sum.

Behold me at 10:30 the next morning a duly installed consul, all alone, equipped for my duties solely by an instruction period of thirty days. On the first day of that period I had been told that there was no instructor and that I should best please an overworked and undermanned Department of State by reporting on the thirtieth day to proceed on my mission. I had thoroughly enjoyed that unexpected holiday and had thus arrived at my post without inconvenient prejudices or hampering traditions or knowledge of perplexing precedents. With a volume of Consular Regulations as my chart, I was free to sail at will through the, to me, unknown seas of consular endeavor. I was soon to learn, however, that, even in a modest post such as Bristol was, the extraordinary range and variety of the consular duties precluded comment about some things in the regulations. The seas were worse than unknown; they were uncharted.

My first caller, received with concealed fears, handed me a letter addressed to the United States consul. I opened it in an offhand way, my policy being to convince everybody that I knew everything. The contents proved to be a bill for ladies' lingerie, and the amount—I remember it now—was £57, 11 shillings, 8 pence. I felt lost. I knew there was nothing in the Consular Regulations about such things.

"A check would be acceptable," said the elderly collector in a dry voice.

"Please explain."

"The articles were officially supplied."

"I have not found them in the archives."

"The young gentleman was employed here last year. Our firm gave him credit because of that. The United States should pay."

"Send it to the Department of State through your ambassador at Washington," I suggested hopefully.

"That," he answered, "would be considered a liberty."

"And why not a liberty to present it to me?"

The implied suggestion of equality between consulate and embassy struck the old gentleman dumb. He took up the long account and went away without a word.

Unpaid bills were not infrequent in those casual disorganized days, when, as one consul informed me, he received his appointment for his natural gift of talking to miners, and another said that he came from the President's home town. Such petty international vexations are now impossible, for nothing could more damage a permanent career than clamoring creditors in a previous post.

My second caller was the apologetic captain of the vessel. His friend, so rude to me, had, it appeared, paid forty-nine dollars duty at New York on a picture which was subsequently returned to him. He had that morning been informed by letter that under the law duty less than fifty dollars could not be refunded on exportation of an imported article; hence his explosion to me. Sir William Howell Davies, Member of Parliament for Bristol, presided at the farewell dinner to me and said many kindly things about me; and so, twenty-five years later, the son made more than adequate amends for the momentary petulance of his father.

The Man of the Letter

THE second post of the day had arrived while I was discussing lingerie with the optimistic collector, and I opened the one letter with a conviction, which waned with the years, that it must contain something important. The contents proved to be a circular the like of which I never again received. It was written by an angry consul in the North of England, and it told in lurid language how a "slimy-tongued pretended newspaper man" had "skinned him of 150 dollars." "A dangerous con man," it said, "with slick manners and good clothes." There followed a description of the sharper and the circular closed with a passionate request that if this snake should turn up, he should somehow, anyhow, be held until the arrival of the consul, who would take the first train after the coming of the telegram and "beat this man to a jelly."

I laughed as all men do when somebody else has been deceived, laboriously acknowledged the communication, promised coöperation in effecting the consul's desire if opportunity arose and closed with, "I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant." I was extremely formal in those youthful days, and thrilled to the canned phrases of diplomacy.

Hardly had I finished when my third visitor came—a handsome young man, animated and graceful, very well dressed, and of naturally attractive manners.

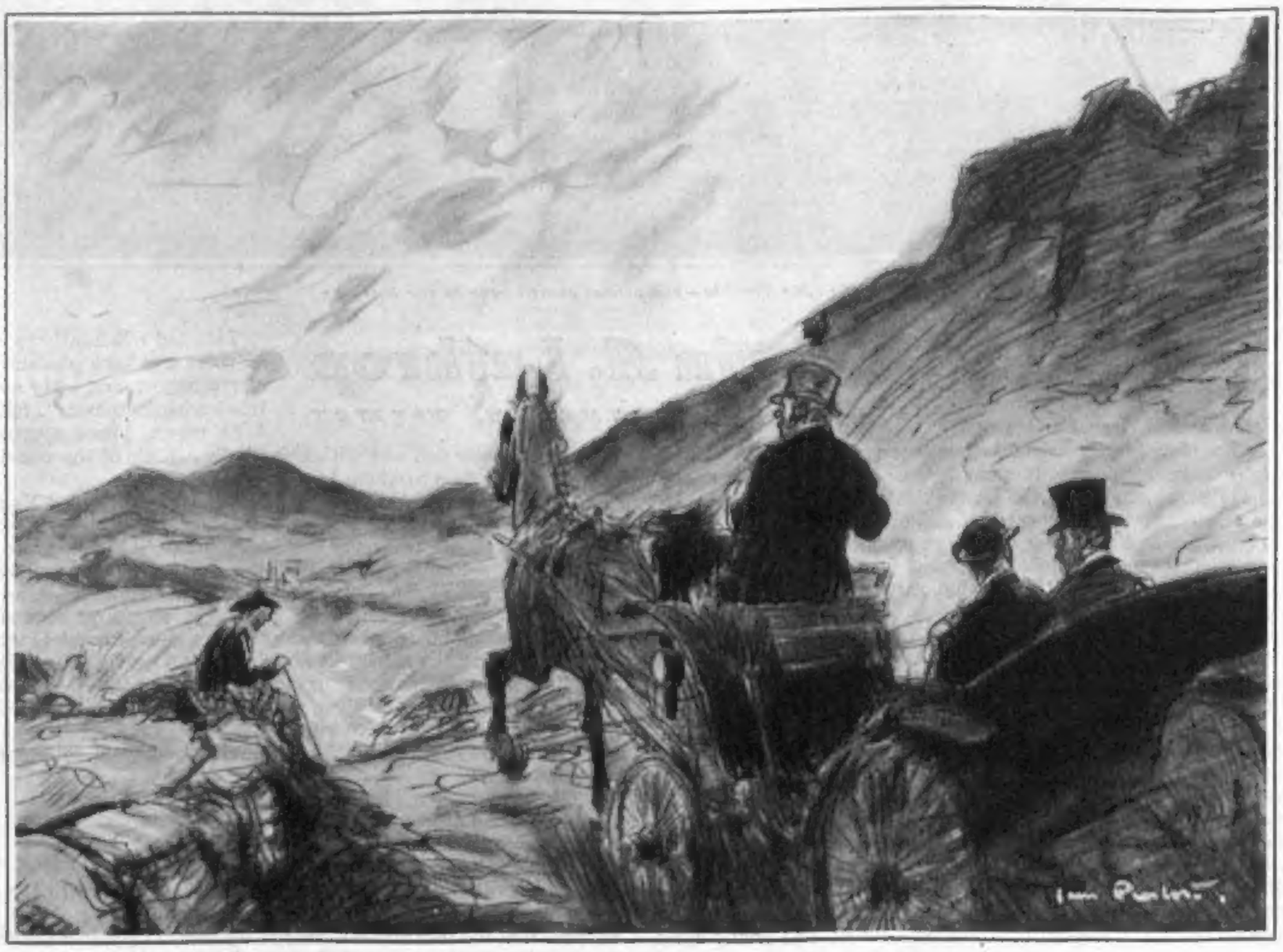
"My name is Cantwell," he said.

I jumped from my chair, for that was the name of "the slimy-tongued newspaper man." My start of surprise was apparently mistaken for a gesture of welcome. He asked for a card of introduction to certain officials that he might get some information for journalistic purposes. I dared not give a written credential to "a dangerous con man," so I explained that I had only been consul a few minutes and knew nobody.

"Why not come with me?" suggested the criminal with his pleasant smile. "You'll be calling on these fellows, anyhow. Two birds—one stone."

I posted a notice on the door—"Back at 2:30"—and locked up the office. Regulations said I must not do this, and that the office must "always be left in charge of a responsible person." I greatly regretted this irregularity and thought that there

(Continued on Page 174)



Visiting Me Once in the West of England, We Drove to the Top of the Cheddar Gorge

THE KILLER'S DAUGHTER

By Arthur Stringer

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

GOMER anchored in midstream, with the blunt nose of the Argo pointing toward the three giant buttonwoods that sentineled the river bend above the sand bar. Then, after placidly lighting his pipe, he let his eye wander estimatively over the craft that was finally and completely his own.

He was proud of that boat, as only youth can be proud of its first possessions. It had taken nearly eight hundred dollars of hard-earned money to produce her, to obliterate her humble past as a brick scow and install an engine in her stern and a pilot house in her bow, to fit her out with reënforced wales and scupper valves and a sand pump. With his own hand Gomer had built the pilot house and the little stern cabin with the two wall bunks and the grub shelves and the sheet-iron stove whereon peg-legged Jude cooked their meals. With his own hand Gomer had painted his craft from stem to stern, pointing the iron-oxide red with gay touches of chrome yellow and adorning the rough bowboards with The Argo, neatly done in gilt letters.

But she was more than decorative, Gomer remembered as his gaze wandered on to the big swivel gooseneck with the strainer and suction cap on its end. For the Argo could pioneer up and down that jerkwater river eating it bare of its sand bars as a browsing horse eats a meadow bare of its grass. She could make six good miles an hour, under load, and when empty she could navigate freely in three feet of water, crawling into backwater coves and bayous that had never before echoed to the cough of a steam engine. He was, in fact, rather fond of stealing into those unfrequented river regions where the homesteads lay unscreened from his eyes, where by this unguarded water gate he could creep into the casual activities and intimacies of a folk who were unknown but not unfriendly to him. Sometimes, when a girl putting her milk pans out to sun waved down at him, he found the courage to wave back. And sometimes, in jocund answer to a dinner horn, he would pull his whistle cord and startle the valley with a blast that echoed and reëchoed along the sloping fields until grazing steers took to their heels and colts raced away along the rail fences of the pasture lands.

But it was more than pleasure that took him pioneering along the *terra incognita* of that upper river, for from its shallows, he figured, he was going to suck up enough sand to make him a rich man before he was thirty, now that the new cement works below Chamboro could absorb more than half his cargoes, and the Windsor contractors could take all that was left. And there seemed to be sand enough along the upper river, he ruminated as his appraising eye roved over the big gray bar that the spring freshets had built up for him. There was a month's good sucking, he figured, within sight of the three big buttonwoods that threw their lengthening shadows across the quiet river flats. It was there, waiting for the first comer. It was his, a gift from the hand of God, for the Argo was the only river craft that could navigate the shallower waters above the Louville railway bridge.

Gomer let his eye wander on to the run-down farm that merged into the river flats. He noticed, for the first time, the ruinous old manor house that stood two-thirds of the way up the bank slope, half hidden in its scattering of apple trees in blossom. He could see an antique stable held up by a sagging-roofed lean-to that made him think of a staggering wife trying to keep upright a drunken husband. He could see a calf pen and a henhouse, fallen into decay, still wearing, like the other buildings on the vivid greenery of the river slope, a ghostly shadow of the whitewash that had once covered them. He could see a well sweep and the skeleton of a worn-out fanning mill. Between the broken fences he could see chickens and ducks moving morosely about, and on a drying green where overlooked oblongs of white cotton gathered the evening dew he could see a flock of geese nibbling busily along the sward.

It impressed Milt Gomer as a sad and poverty-stricken homestead. And when a whippoorwill cried dolorously through the gathering twilight and was answered by the prolonged bleat of a calf, infinitely mournful in the evening air, that brief duet of sounds seemed to accentuate and make vocal the vague melancholy of the valley slope.

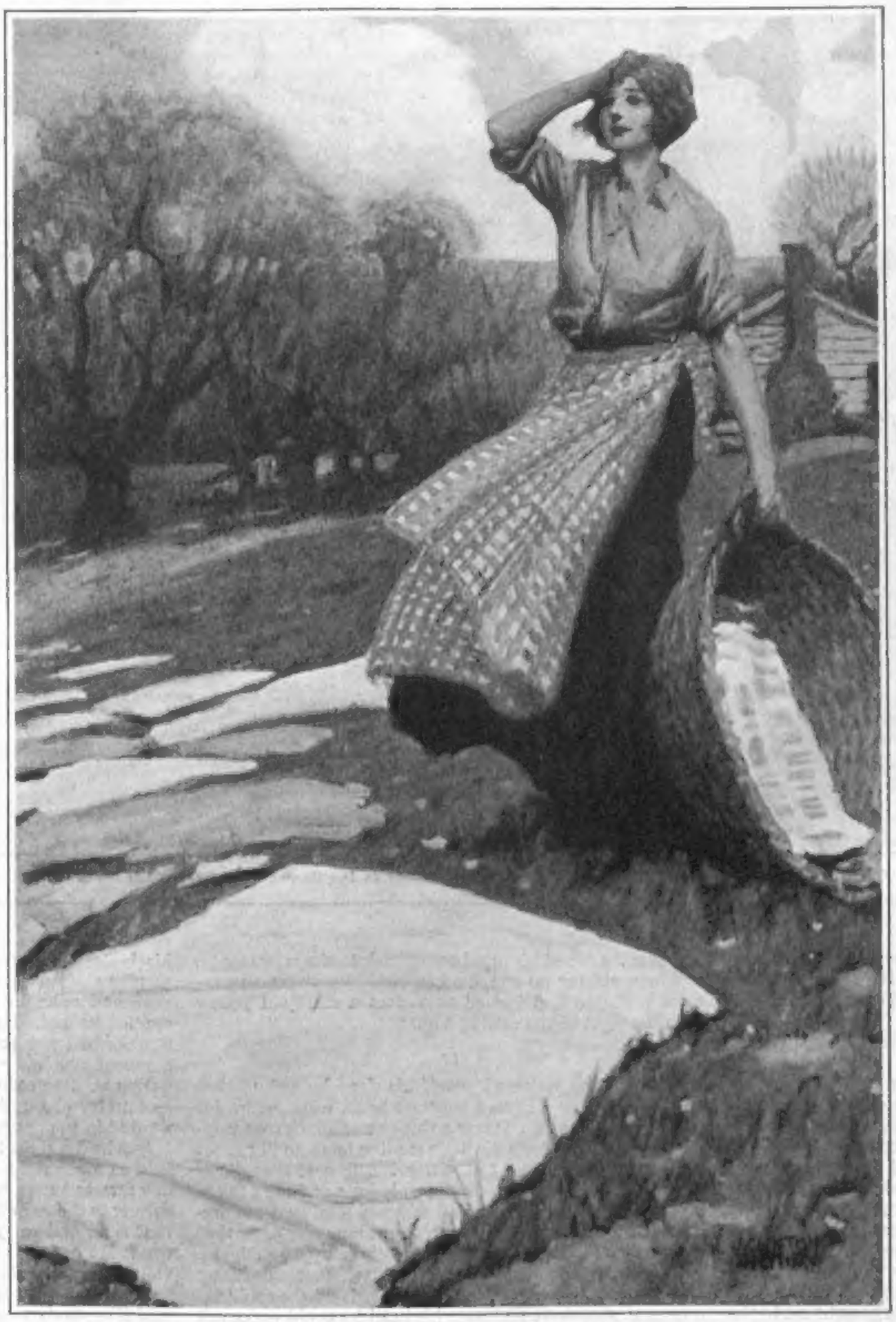
But Gomer's stare became more pointed as he noticed a figure emerge from the door of the tumble-down house. It was the figure of a high-shouldered young woman in a blue calico waist. Her hair, closely plaited about her head, was the color of fresh manila rope. No, he concluded, it was more the color of wheat ready to cut. Her bare arm and neck, he noticed, were a golden tinge, almost the tinge of the topmost apple-tree blossoms that still caught the light of the vanishing sun. In her hand she carried a wooden pail, and Gomer, as he watched her, concluded that she was taking skim milk out to the hungry calves in the crazily dilapidated pen.

He was not wrong in that conclusion, he realized as he saw the girl stoop over the pen rails and push away the crowding moist noses that made it hard for her to pour the meal into the hollowed-out log serving as a feed trough. He could see her put down the pail and study the nuzzling snouts and then look up to a tree top where a robin sang and was silent and sang again. He could see the golden-brown hand rest on her hip bone as she stared at the billowing waves of apple bloom that hung in a sort of overworld of glory above her underworld of broken fences and neglected fields and the mulch of barnyard animals. The waning light seemed to play tricks with her as she stood there, seemed to intensify the gold of her hair and the blueness of her meager calico waist, seemed to etherealize the vague oval of her upturned face and exaggerate the dimensions of her thin-clad body until she became arresting and impressive, like a figure out of a legend or a Valkyr out of a storybook.

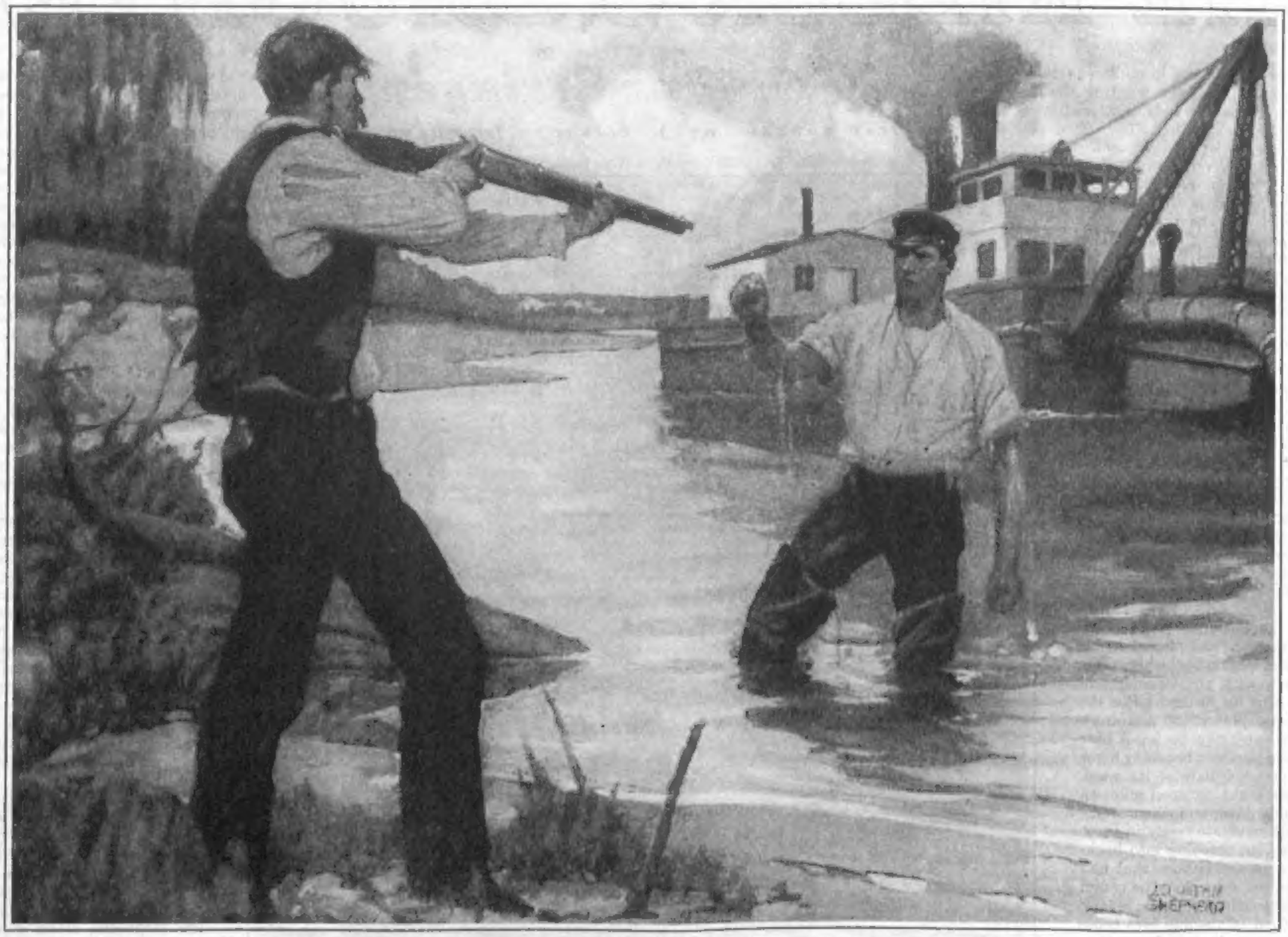
Gomer's intent eye even knew the exact moment when she first caught sight of the Argo riding so placidly in what she must have regarded as her home waters, for that strange craft obviously perplexed and troubled her. She advanced a few steps and stood motionless, studying the intruder from stem to stern, studying the incomprehensible gooseneck and the gilt lettering and the wide-shouldered young man leaning so motionless against the dull-red pilot house. She even looked over her shoulder from time to time as she made her stunned way back to the house door, as though the Argo, still breathing smoke from its stunted stack, were something incredible, something to avoid and be afraid of.

Twice, as the light paled and the evening darkened into dusk, the blue-waisted figure appeared at the door and stared down at the trespasser that had crept so intimately close to a home circle well screened from the road, on its farther side, by its hedges of thorn and its tangle of sumac. It would be an event in her life, Gomer concluded, to have a steam barge puddling round within a biscuit toss of her back yard. But before summer was over she'd probably get to know him better. He even decided he'd go up to the well with the old-fashioned sweep, the next day, and lay in a new supply of drinking water. That would give him a chance to explain that the Argo didn't mean harm to anybody. And it would also give him a chance to see the face under the wheat-colored plaited hair at closer range.

He tried to get that face out of his thoughts as he lit the lamp in the little cabin and took down one of the volumes from the bookshelf above the green-paned window. But he found it hard to read. He could hear Jude, the one-legged negro, washing out his underclothes in a wooden bucket at the rail, crooning as he worked, crooning as he moved slowly about the deck and finally carried the cleansed garments to the engine pit to dry. It seemed very quiet along the river, unnaturally quiet, disturbingly quiet. When Gomer heard the plink-plunk of Jude's battered old concert guitar, half an hour later, he put the book back on the shelf, blew out the light, and stepped up into the balmy night air soft with spring.



It Was an Everyday Figure, Yet it Was Different. Something About it Impressed Him as Fantastic and Elemental, as Hardened Yet Vital



Even as the Swimmer Found a Footing on the Sandy Bottom, and Stood Hip-Deep in the Current, He Knew That He Had to Keep on Moving Forward

He could see Jude squatting barefooted on the deck, with his cropped black head tilted against the cabin wall and his huge black hand resting on the bowl of the instrument, pallid in the darkness.

"Play me some o' them old Southern toons," Gomer said as he sat down on a water keg.

The negro did not answer him. For a full minute the crumpled black figure neither spoke nor moved, apparently intent on a languid inner appraisal of his repertory. Then, nesting the guitar more comfortably against his curved body, he tested the strings and broke into music.

Jude hummed as he played, hummed plaintively and impersonally, his huge throat giving strength and sonority to the droning that the chorded strings might otherwise have drowned. The cadenced sound seemed magnified by the darkness, swelling along the water and echoing back from the banks where there was so little sign of life.

It sounded good to the owner of the Argo as he sat in the odorous gloom smoking his pipe. But it made him sad. He couldn't quite make out what it was, but it made him lonesome for something. He was still wondering what that unknown something was when his eye caught a sign of life from the house up on the river bank. He could see a door open and the figure of a woman fill the abrupt oblong of light that flowered against the darkness. She stood there quite a long time, apparently listening to the music. She came back a second time, in fact, finally sitting down on the doorstep and scarcely moving as the slow-strummed airs filled the river valley with their wistfulness.

Gomer, as he sat and smoked, found something appeasing in her nearness at the same time that he found something depressing in her remoteness. It seemed to make the music richer, having her share in it that way. When she got up at last and went inside, closing the door behind her, Gomer knocked out his pipe and decided that he'd had enough of Jude's guitar for one night. At daybreak, he knew, there would be hard work and steady work awaiting him. So he had a look around to see that everything was shipshape, stretched and yawned with honest weariness, and trudged down to the narrow cabin, where he undressed and went to bed in the wall bunk. Before he fell asleep, however, he found his mind going back to the woman who had been staring up at the apple blossoms where the topmost branches had turned to almost a marigold yellow with the light of the setting sun.

II

GOMER was wakened out of his sleep by a thud that brought him halfway over his berth edge before his eyes were quite open. It was a thump and shock that tumbled the chimney from his little reading lamp and brought the crockery clattering to the floor. His first thought as he sat up listening to the diminuendo hum of Jude's fallen guitar was that something had rammed him, that his precious Argo had been run down by some hurrying prow that expected to see riding lights even in those upper shallows.

But he realized when he got on deck that something quite different had happened. Against his side he could see a cement abutment and over his head he could make out the heavy black cobweb of a bridge. That, he knew as his mind cleared, was the Louville railway bridge. His anchor line had parted and the current had carried him down the river against the bridge pier. And ten to one he had a stove-in hull and would sink in midstream, with his new engine and his neatly framed license and his gilt lettering all going to the bottom before he could even get the cataleptic Jude out of his bunk!

Gomer's hand shook as he lighted a lantern and swung it overboard. He crowded in close to the pier against which the current kept him locked, squinting along the water line for the opening which he half childishly dreaded to encounter. But the Argo was an exceptionally staunch craft, and no rupture was discernible in her planking. A scar showed in the new paint along her side, it was true, but she was still intact. She hadn't even sprung a leak, Gomer discovered with a warming new pride of possession. And his hand was steadier as he made fast to a battered cofferdam pile and once more shouted for Jude to scramble into his clothes and get up steam or they'd find themselves breakfasting on the St. Clair Flats.

But Gomer wasn't satisfied about that anchor line. It was a new line, and it should have held. He went back for his lantern and made his way forward, frowning as he padded along the deck planking wet with dew. His frown deepened as he drew the trailing anchor rope aboard and studied its end. He saw at a glance that the close-coiled strands had not parted but had been cut with a knife. Someone who had no love for him had set him adrift in the darkness. Someone, for reasons he couldn't understand, had pretty plainly intimated that he and his boat weren't wanted in that particular part of the world.

But he'd a right to that river bed, he reminded himself; he'd as much right there as a team had on a county road or a farmer had in his own fields. He had his sand loads to deliver to the cement works, and he was going to gather up that sand and carry it to its market or know the reason why. He had a right by law to browse along that river valley and gather in his cargoes from its bed, the same as a licensed fisherman had a right to take fish from its current. And if anybody was going to dispute his right they'd have to do it in a bigger way than sneaking out and cutting his anchor rope under cover of darkness.

Before sunup the Argo was back at her anchorage beside the three giant buttonwoods. Gomer had not only recovered his lost bow anchor and spliced his rope but had hooked three fathoms of light chain onto his stern anchor and dropped it overboard beside his rudder mast. They could cut as much as they liked, he knew, but he would continue to ride there until he was ready to move on.

He decided after breakfast to load from the south shore, where the sand lay in a glittering gray windrow, like a giant water snake half in the river and half out on the flats. He noticed, as he prodded about the bottom with his notched depth pole, a wagon team crawl slowly down the bank slope, among the apple trees about the gray-sided old farmhouse. The driver of this team stopped short at sight of the Argo, studied the strange craft, and circled about on the upper slope of the bank sand, already crisscrossed with many wheel marks. Then he reached in for his shovel and proceeded to fill his wagon box.

Several times, Gomer noticed, the newcomer stopped in his work to squint out at the Argo and its owner. But he called out no greeting and delivered no message. He merely

filled his wagon, climbed aboard, and laid the leather on his team, crouching low like cats, as they tugged the heavy wagon up the rutted slope. Yet Gomer noticed, even as he nursed the impression that this was a slow and old-fashioned way of harvesting sand, how the teamster had stopped for a moment in the lane end beside the old farmhouse. The woman in the blue waist had stepped out beside his front wheel, reaching up for something which the driver had handed down to her. It made Gomer think of a man paying toll. But that impression was lost in a newer one as the two figures turned in the morning light and studied the Argo where she lay at anchor below them. The owner of that vessel had no knowledge of what words passed between them. But he stood disturbed by some vague air of hostility about the man on the sand load, by some equally vague air of antagonism in the attitude of the woman so intently studying the intruder she failed to understand.

When she turned and walked slowly into the house again, her eyes still on the Argo as she went, Gomer surrendered to a repeated impulse to venture up to her house well to fill his water jug. That might give him an opening to talk to her and explain things. And it might help him to find out a thing or two on his own hook.

He was emptying the stale water that remained in his jug over the side when the woman in the blue waist reappeared again. She came out carrying a basket of washing, passing under the mottled sun and shadow of the apple trees until she came to the drying green, where she put down her basket. Her movements were slow and deliberate as she checkered the emerald slope with her orderly rows of slips and towels and waists and aprons. They made an oddly appealing array of color, pale blues and dim yellows and faded pinks overridden by one oblong splash of Turkey red that was as arresting to the eye as fresh blood on a counterpane. And against that colorful background moved the stooping blond-haired girl with a skin that was no longer golden, in the harder light of morning, but merely a shade or two paler than butternut brown.

Gomer couldn't be sure what it was about that figure that arrested him. It was an everyday figure, yet it was different. Something about it impressed him as fantastic and elemental, as hardened yet vital. She made him think of good soil that had been overcropped. But there was a virginal and stubborn sort of vigor in her movements, as though her body, like the earth along which she walked, harbored mysterious vitalities which the ill use of others could not entirely remove. He liked the way she held her head. He liked her air of gentleness as she drew down a branch of the apple blossoms and sniffed at them. He liked the way the sun shone on the closely plaited coils of hair as bright as the newest manila rope that ever came out of a ship chandler's loft. And Gomer, as he dropped from the wagon-box bow of the Argo to the sand shallows and waded ashore in his rubber top boots, was not so collected as he pretended to be. And his discomfiture increased when he saw the young woman with the empty basket vanish into the house before he could climb the bank. She must have seen him, he surmised. And retreat like that could only be construed as an intended affront.

But Gomer felt that he had already gone too far to withdraw without a sacrifice of dignity. Timid as he may have been in the matter of approaching womenfolks, he was not of the breed that falters when the going proves rougher than it promised. He was still young enough to be afraid of the white feather. And among the few who knew him well he was reckoned a stubborn man.

So the intruder kept on his way until he came to the worn doorstep, where a brace of scrabbling ducks scuttled aside at his approach. When his knock on the blistered door panel remained unanswered he repeated that knock, a second and a third time. He was breaking no law, he reminded himself, in crossing a dooryard and asking for drinking water. Yet his dark skin flushed with resentment when the door remained shut in his face. He had no right, he knew, to intrude on womenfolks. But womenfolks, on the other hand, had no call to shut themselves up at the sight of him, as though he was a black racer or a dog with rabies.

He did not give up without a gesture of defiance. Instead of promptly retreating to the river, he squared his shoulders and rounded the house. As he did so he found himself approaching another door, the side door facing the lane that wound through the blossoming apple trees. This door was open, and in it stood the young woman with the rope-colored hair. She was leaning forward a little, staring toward the road that lay somewhere beyond the tangle of thorn and sumac. There were lines of anxiety on her forehead and her eyes looked frightened. She was considerably younger looking than Gomer had expected. But there was a hunted and harried look on her face that made him feel that life had hurt her more than one of her years should have been hurt. The small triangle of anxiety on her forehead, in fact, merged into an expression of open horror when her shadowed eyes slewed about and saw him standing within a crumb toss of her shrinking figure.

"I'm Milt Gomer, ma'am," he said as he touched his hat, "the master of the boat just below."

That sturdy explanation made no apparent impression on her. The color waned a little from the butternut brown of her skin as she continued to stare at him out of the hooded eyes that carried some vague hint of tragedy in their depths. She studied him with a close yet hostile scrutiny that made him shift from one foot to the other as the silence prolonged between them.

"You'd best not be round here!" she finally said. She spoke in a slow and full-throated drawl that went oddly with the enmity of the message carried by the words themselves.

"I'm aimin' to harm nothin' round this neighborhood, ma'am," contended Gomer, stiffening a little where he stood.

There was something about her that made him resent the discovery that she was compelled to classify him as an enemy. There was something foolishly soft behind her hardness, something pitiful behind her paraded animosity. It made him think of a ringdove driven off her nest, hovering between fear and courage.

"You'd best not be round here!" repeated the girl with the strangely luminous eyes, which, instead of studying the intruder, were now fixed on the lane that straggled out through the thicket of thorn and sumac.

"I was askin' for a jug o' drinkin' water," explained Gomer, lifting the jug in corroboration of his statement.

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He Looked Down at Her With a Softening Face. "And I Guess it Ain't Doin' Any Good, You Sittin' Here in the Night Air"

INTERNATIONAL MARRIAGE

By Maude Parker Child

THE other day the father of a young girl who is traveling abroad with a chaperon received a letter from his daughter saying that she had fallen in love with a young titled European and hoped her father would find no objection to their early marriage.

Her father, who has accumulated a comfortable fortune through his exceptional ability and business acumen, was at first greatly disturbed. He disliked intensely the idea of his only child living permanently on the opposite side of the Atlantic, where he would be able to see her only at rare intervals.

But this American father was even more concerned with the effect of this potential alliance upon her.

"What do you think her chances for happiness would be?" he asked me. "I admit that to a certain extent any marriage is a plunge into the dark. But at that, I can pretty well forecast her chances if she marries an American, by mere statistics. But over there, where they don't believe in divorce, there's nothing to go on, unless a person has closely observed, as you have, a great many of these matches."

The Terrace at Monte Carlo

His question in one form or another is being asked by many interested people. For the number of international marriages is increasing at an astonishing rate, and is by no means confined to the daughters of the sensationally rich. Moreover, the realization that in Europe divorce is less common than here, and that therefore the marriage vow, for better, for worse, is literally carried out in the vast majority of cases, has led to keen interest in the actual working out of these most entangling of alliances.

We have a tendency to assume that all foreign husbands of American girls can be placed in one of two categories—either villains, whose picturesque tyrannies we enjoy reading about when we do not know their wives; or good, satisfactory husbands who never reach the limelight of the Sunday papers.

Food

IF THE simple classification were only correct it would greatly reduce the complexities of international marriages. But unfortunately many of the really insoluble problems arise when the European husband has every tendency to make his wife happy. Often it is environment itself—the sharp differences in the backgrounds and habits of thought of the two—which causes friction. I have even known real distress to arise in more than one case from the absurd subject of food!

The homesick young wife of a very nice European whose country borders on the Mediterranean told me with tears in her eyes that she and her husband started every day by quarreling over the kind of breakfasts they should have.

"He eats nothing but cold beans!" she declared. "Cold beans with oil and vinegar poured over them, and a glass of red wine to wash them down. Every morning! Just as his father did before him. I sometimes feel as if I couldn't bear it!"

I tried not to smile, but she read my thoughts.

"Oh, I know it sounds silly," she said, "but when you're away from home, and everything and everybody is strange to you, you magnify trifles. I never thought I cared what I ate, but it seems to me now that I'd give anything in the world if I could have just one good cup of coffee with real cream in it! No one has cream here. And as for grapefruit—you can't even get it in the market; they've never even heard of it."

Servants

SHE described other difficulties of keeping house.

"Yes, it's easy enough to get servants, but they won't do anything the way I want them to. My husband says I'm foolish to try to change them, but they won't even make my bed the way I want it made. They are always pleasant, always smiling, but they keep on doing it their way. Sometimes I think I'd rather do things for myself, but that horrifies them all. My husband and I had one of our worst quarrels when my maid told his valet, who told him, that I washed some chamois gloves myself. But she simply wouldn't do them the right way. Finally he explained to her, and after that it was all right. They'll do anything for a man, of course!"

"Then why not always let your husband give the orders?"

"It's so humiliating," she said, "and sometimes awfully inconvenient. Besides, my mother always ran our house at home; why shouldn't I run mine? Especially ——" She flushed a little as she explained that which everyone knew, that it was her money which ran the establishment.

"But it's not just servants who look down on women," she said. "Everyone over here thinks women are inferior to men. And I discovered before I'd lived here long that they consider Americans, as a race, vastly inferior to Europeans too. So to be a woman, and especially an American woman, means that on two vital counts you get scarcely any respect at all."

This is certainly one fundamental point for the inquiring father to ponder well. The elusive causes for unhappiness which may arise from this point of view are too numerous to be considered

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PHOTOS BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

The Court of the American Academy at Rome During an Afternoon Concert. In the Front Row are the Director of the School and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Washburn Child

CHILDREN AND WORK

By Elizabeth Frazer

The education of the human race has been gained through the occupations which have been pursued and developed. JOHN DEWEY

THE controversy over the Federal Child Labor Amendment that has been raging in our midst emitted more heat than light—after the time-honored custom of controversies in which each side lays down a crashing barrage of partisan propaganda in the double-barreled hope of crippling the adversary and gaining the ear of the public. There is in all this fierce blast and counterblast a vast deal of loose, sentimental and self-interested opinion which is put forth as everlasting truth, and the real, fundamental factors of the situation are in danger of being lost sight of under a mountain of chaff. Those fundamental factors are three in number: First, the child itself; second, work; and third, the natural, normal relationship of one to the other.

As we look out over the political scene we see, on one hand, a powerful organization, heartily indorsed by numerous women's leagues and associations, by reformers, sociologists, socialists, and all those who believe in a strongly paternalistic government, striving to put over restrictive legislation on child labor in much the same manner that prohibition was put over—namely, through a Federal amendment by means of which the central Government is clothed with certain powers to act within the states.

Training Girls for the Wholesale Clothing Trades

At Left—Trade-School Boys in a Carpentering Class

Varied Political Slants

AND on the other hand, we see in bitter opposition to this, another powerful organization, frankly self-interested, representing certain employers in industry, which does not want legislation, and particularly Federal legislation, sticking its finger into the business pie, and has therefore fought the proposed amendment tooth and nail.

In addition, there is a fairly large group of citizens who believe, as part of their political creed, in a strong, centralized government and weak, emasculated states; they believe that Uncle Sam can do anything—that he can exterminate the curse of child exploitation in industry in certain of the recalcitrant Southern States in which the worst black spots are alleged to be, just as he did—or did not—exterminate the curse of drinking in those states in which a strong wet sentiment prevails. The fact that Uncle Sam has not been phenomenally successful in enforcing prohibition in pronouncedly wet states does not ruffle the faith of these inveterate believers in a bureaucratic oligarchy run in the interests of the people. Opposed to this group is a very considerable body of citizens who declare that this whole subject is not a proper matter for Federal legislation at all and that the states themselves should formulate the child-labor laws, provide suitable safeguards, clean up their own black spots where such occur, and raise their labor standards by education from within rather than by coercion from without. This group frankly fears the steady increase in power of the central Government over the people of the states and municipalities which has been a striking characteristic of the last twenty years; it holds that such encroachment is highly dangerous to the development of free self-government and that the only safe solution is by reliance upon individual initiative and industry rather than upon government subsidy and protection.

The Common End

THESE are the chief political and industrial groups which are filling the air with the noise of their strife. Then the educators take a hand. Certain among them, honest, earnest and well-meaning, believe that children should be kept out of industry as far as possible in order to pursue an academic education during their plastic, formative years, and they fix the dead line, variously, at fourteen, sixteen and eighteen years. This group holds that academic instruction should be compulsory and strongly enforced; that work in business or industry must not interfere with this prime necessity of all youth, and the more dogmatic among them are inclined to consider as exploitation pretty much all labor for monetary profit under certain years which tends to take the child out of school. This we may call the academic group. But there is another group, equally well meaning, able and sincere, which declares that work is education; that working habits must be formed in early, plastic years if they are to be formed at all; and we find this latter group training children to gain their livelihood in industry, teaching them work habits and finding them jobs out in the world of trade.

Apart from this three-ring circus of special pleaders, propagandists and boosters for political panaceas stands Mr. G. O. Public, an interested spectator on the sidelines, easy-going, sympathetic, emotional to a degree, a fuzzy-minded dumb-bell with his heart in the right place, willing—even eager—to come across with stupendous sums to back any proposition, good or ill advised, which has for its goal the betterment of the child. For at bottom that's what they're all after—the betterment of the child. "Give him the best there is," says the public, "and we'll put up the cash."

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Trade-School Girls Working in a Vegetable Garden on Their Summer Farm

PLEASE EXCUSE ME

By Horatio Winslow

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

IT HAPPENED mainly because Dolly got sore and instead of taking me out to lacrosse practice in her runabout let me go by Tourist Transport Number Eleven. That was how I happened to hit the rooming house at the exact moment Miss Lamson came by. Hence Chet's confession and all that followed.

We—that is, Dolly and me—were in Mr. Popolopolises' De Luxe Soda Parlors when a sight of the Dog and Cat Hospital, put up for the S. S. P. B. by old Jake Lamson, set me philosophizing.

"After a life of crime," I observed, "the venerable lumber pirate about-faces and builds a hospital for oppressed animals. That proves what I've always said—the world is a grand masquerade ball. Pull off the bandanna and the false whiskers and you're an entirely different character."

"I hope somebody kills the big stiff." Dolly was always indignant about something.

"Sure," I agreed. "Maybe one of his dogs will bite him on his plug of chewing tobacco."

Dolly sniffed.

"Back to the etiquette book and behave. I don't mean old Jake Lamson; and anyhow, he only gave the money to the S. S. P. B. because his daughter made him. Listen!"

Then Dolly explained just what was gnawing at her vitals. She was upset. She'd quit our local élite cold to accept an invitation to the Carlton Prom. There, after having been nice to her for about three days, Butch Bennings, the pride of Carlton athletics, had turned and dropped her like a hot egg.

"Oh, I could watch him being chopped into little pieces and give each piece a separate and distinct ha-ha. If I only knew somebody man enough to hand that stuffed tomato what he has coming to him!"

Dolly's diction was vigorous as usual, but you couldn't help liking her. She'd played college widow to most of the prominent characters in our mill of learning, and not one of 'em had ever passed up Dolly; contrariwise. And here this base individual from Carlton had given her the wallflower's rush.

"Dolly," I said in as comforting a voice as possible, "please consider one simple-minded medical student as being out of the race altogether. I've never set eyes on your friend, Butch Bennings; but competent football and lacrosse critics say he's the biggest man that ever matriculated at Carlton and that he's kept right on growing. I'm going to let him live."

Dolly didn't answer in words; she just looked her honest scorn.

"But after all," I asked, "are you sure you want this bird fried in oil? Now if I remember correctly, this wasn't the first time you were engaged to Bennings, but the second. Now if you changed your mind before ——"

Which was what started the row that ended in Dolly flivvering away by herself and leaving me to hoof it.

Well, I was passing the old rooming house when, with about as much noise as so much buttered moonlight, a big limousine lined up by the curve and from its interior a polite and frozen voice said, "Please."

Being the only individual on the landscape, I pleased as directed. It was only after I'd started toward the car that I recognized, in the fragile blonde inside, the daughter of old Jake Lamson—Miss L., president of the local branch of the S. S. P. B. I'd seen her before, when, assisted by other members from the Society for the Suppression and Prevention of Brutality, she'd raided our physiology lab.

"I believe," she went on in the same icy, superpolite voice, "that Mr. Hicks lives here. May I ask if you are a friend of his?"

There wasn't anything in the words themselves; it was the darned polite, refined way they were said; it made you want to blow on your fingers. I blew and nodded.

"Indeed? Then I shall be so grateful if you will carry this personally to Mr. Hicks at once. Thank you very, very much."

The frosty, courteous voice died on the warm March air and the car evaporated down the street, leaving me chilled but game, and fingering a little packet tied in pink ribbon.

"It is Disgraceful, Mr. MacNiff, Disgraceful! You Told Me it Was a Gentle Game"

Chet was a postgraduate doing his heavy thinking on the third floor. His real name was Helmington Hewitt Hicks. He was studying for the diplomatic service, and he said "Please excuse me" so often that his friends and admirers had nicknamed him Chesterfield—which may give you a line on him. But to be really appreciated, Chet had to be seen. He was maybe a scant five-foot-one and skinny in proportion. His forehead and spectacles made you think of those comic-paper pictures of little Emerson Waldo Smith, of Boston.

"Please excuse me," he said when he opened the door, "but I fear I have kept you waiting." He looked more intellectual and washed-out than usual. "This is for me?"

He took the little packet, gave way at the knees and flopped into the nearest chair. And then the secret came out.

Yes, the little tike had been making eyes at old Jake Lamson's daughter and this was the end of the romance. Ever since the catastrophe, I imagine, Chet had been wanting to tell all, and I must have looked sympathetic.

They had been engaged. Mutual politeness and a mutual interest in the Society for the Suppression and Prevention of Brutality had brought 'em together. Then one fatal evening, the crash. As Chet recounted the details his voice quivered with indignation.

"We were out walking. A dog rushed at us. I thrust out my right foot to ward the animal off—gently, but firmly. She insisted that I had kicked it, that I had been brutal. Naturally, I defended myself against such a humiliating charge. One word led to another, and now—this."

He shook the packet of letters alongside his right ear as if he was expecting 'em to tick.

"I have passed a wretched three days," he began after a minute. "At times I was tempted to acts of cruel violence. I wanted to hunt up the animal responsible and this time really kick him. I even had an impulse to jump off High Bridge with a reproachful letter to Miss Lamson in my pocket. But one thing has stood between me and such unbelievable folly." He lifted a thin booklet from the table.

"What's that?"

"The constitution of the local branch of the S. S. P. B. Though I no longer consider myself a member of the local branch, I cannot deny that the preamble to its constitution is a ringing challenge to humanity to control its basest passion. That preamble is utterly sincere; I wrote it myself. One sentence in particular brings peace to me as often as I read it: 'A conciliatory benevolence succeeds where the most aggressive brutality fails.'"

"Hits the nail right on the head."

"Still," Chet went on, "mental consolation is not altogether adequate. I have felt the need of doing something—of exercising violently. At a given moment, I thought of boxing lessons."

"Nothing much more conciliatory or benevolent than infighting."

Chet closed his eyes.

"I perceived it was impracticable even to consider such a thing; boxing is a brutal sport."

"Well," I said, having inherited a kidding tendency from a great-uncle, "why not come out with me this afternoon and try for a place on the lacrosse squad?"

Chet opened his eyes, took off his glasses and wiped them.

"I have never seen a lacrosse contest, but I understand that it is an active and graceful game, with many historic associations."

"You bet," I said; "historic associations and contemporary connections."

Chet walked up and down the room, stopped, put his fist on the table the same as Daniel Webster.

"Mr. MacNiff, you have given me an idea. I should be most grateful if you would accompany me to Collins Field this afternoon. I should like to make part of the lacrosse group."

Which is the true story of how Chet happened to take up the game. And all I can say in self-defense is that I was just feeling playful and never had any idea he was going to accept my fool advice.

Well, we got out there to find the squad limbering up under the approving gaze of our six regular male rooters and Dolly Parker.

"Mac," Bob Haley said when he had got me to one side, "as captain and coach of this aggregation, I can state in all sincerity that your friend, Mr. Hicks, may be thin enough for a goal post, but he's too short. Still, as long as he wants exercise the worst way, lacrosse may be just what he needs. Have him wrap himself up in Larry Michael's outfit and throw him to the Numidian lions."

Chet wasn't much in his regular clothes; bare-legged, he looked worse; but he had an eye, even without his glasses. After a couple of tries he took to the use of the stick as naturally as a sophomore takes to a bulldog pipe. There's a knack in catching the ball; a kind of a twist after it's landed in the gutted mesh to keep it from popping out again. Chet got this right off. He handled that ball the way an eighty-year-old ambassador handles a diplomatic situation.

But he had something even better. I don't say Chet was a lacrosse star from the jump, but he showed he had the raw material in him for a classy home fielder. He passed naturally and easily, and in spite of his size, when he shot at goal the ball went straight and it went fast.

Bob grunted.

"Little Rollo is no giant," he said to me; "just the same, he's got the stuff in him if he can stand the gaff. But does he show yellow when viewed under a strong light? If he does, the sooner he gets out of this game the better. I think I'll put him over the bumps once." He called to Chet: "Hicks, come here. Now, Hicks, you're playing point, understand? And I'm running with the ball in the stick like this—understand? Well, when I come near enough you step in with that body check I showed you—understand? Always remembering that the lower you go the higher I go."

That was all bunk of course. Body-checking doesn't count for much in lacrosse. Sometimes there is close work around the goal and the defense men play football with the attack, but it's pretty rare at that. And anyhow, why expose delicate tissues to brutal contacts when you can say it with a five-foot club? Besides, a half portion like Chet doesn't go in at point, the key defense position right in front of the goal calling for a rugged constitution and lots of beef. Bob's little idea was merely to find out whether Chet had what the refined call "stug."

Chet looked startled.

"Please excuse me," he objected, "but if you—ah—run—the collision will necessarily be violent."

Bob waved his left hand.

"We'll split the violence fifty-fifty."

"But I—I shouldn't wish to do anything brutal."

"You won't," Bob said; and Punt and Pup Smith bust out laughing together.

Now I don't suppose Bob or anybody else on the lot had the least idea that Chet would do any more than make a pass and then dodge into the nearest cyclone cellar. It was a riot to think of a little fellow like that trying to stop a six-footer.

But when Bob trotted back, turned and started, Chet was waiting, elbows out, crouched like a rabbit.

The rabbit stuff ended right there. As Bob pounded down on him Chet stiffened out his legs and jumped forward into the prettiest little body check you ever saw. There was nothing unfair about it; Old Man Hoyle couldn't have picked a flaw with the way it was done; but it was 100 per cent vigorous. A long wild "Please excuse me" rang out on the evening air and Chet socked himself home, while old Bob, after going into the air like a skyrocket, came down so hard his lungs rattled.

We'd lifted Bob off and were pouring cold water on Chet when Dolly Parker ran up.

"Oh," she said, "if he's hurt let me take him home in my car."

Chet opened his eyes. There was an expression on his face I'd never seen there before.

"But I'm quite all right—quite. And as soon as I can get my breath, I wish to try again."

II

WELL, that was Chet's introduction to the ancient and honorable—or any adjective you like—game of lacrosse. It was also his introduction to Dolly Parker. In both cases the introduction developed into a friendship which ripened into something even more deadly.

To the surprise of all concerned, Chet got out every night for practice and began to put on weight. Also the more he practiced the more the game got him, which was natural.

There's a rich quiet happiness about lacrosse that you won't find in any other sport whatever. Hank Bullitt, of the law shop, used to swear that since leaving the Lafayette Escadrille the only happy moments of his life had come when lacrossing; Piney Lee, medic, five years in the Texas Rangers, has told me the same thing. According to Piney, lacrosse took off the tension, relaxed the nerves and let a man sleep nights. Bob Haley, chemical engineering, six years as sub-boss in big labor camps, always said that lacrosse acted on him like a safety valve; it let all his accumulated cussedness escape so that he could spend the remaining hours of the day without aching to wallop the professor of inorganic chemistry or slaughter the agric that waited on table at the Union. And from four years of personal experience, I can say that there is no more luxurious or enjoyable sensation than the one you get when a good swing of the stick ends by coming in contact with one of the softer portions of a fellow human's anatomy.

And Chet, too, found lacrosse was just what the doctor had ordered. Naturally, he didn't play the game the way we played it. When Bob tried to show him some of the jiujitsu pranks that can be pulled without anybody being the wiser except the parties concerned, Chet turned his back and walked away. But there's a lot of satisfaction in lacrosse even when you stay within the law. Chet used all his hundred and fifteen pounds, and though he certainly wasn't brutal, I'm pretty sure some of the boys he met didn't consider the collision as proving a conciliatory benevolence.

And Chet was good. In the Williamson Homeopathic Medical College massacre he got a chance to do almost thirty minutes. There'd been a heavy casualty list. Pup Smith had drawn a cracked breastbone; Punt Smith and myself had the prettiest pair of knees you ever saw outside a medical book; and Piney Lee had skinned three knuckles on his right hand where one of the Homeopathic boys had hit him with some front teeth. Naturally, Chet, when he came in, was the center of a good deal of Homeopathic attention. But he never winked. He let the other gang play the way they wanted to—he played fair. The home field was Chet's sector. The home, though you might not think it from the name, is the division of the lacrosse team that attacks, and the best home men are nearly always small. And as a home fielder, Chet made his quickness and his stick handling count.

That game gave Chet his standing. Nobody afterward ever kidded him about following the rules or saying "Please excuse me" before the wallop. We got so that we waited for Chet's battle cry.

Thus Chet developed lacrositis the same as the rest of us.

"I must admit it soothes me," he said, "though I trust I do nothing as a player inconsistent with the strictest conception of the obligations of a gentleman."

But if Chet was soothed by lacrosse, he was also soothed by Dolly Parker. He had become her private property. Not, of course, that he'd forgotten the past, because once I saw him looking after the Lamson limousine and shaking his head as if he was the last leaf on the tree. But, in general, Dolly seemed to reign and every minute he could spare went to her.

Now some people still think that all this was a selfish scheme on Dolly's part and that from the very first she'd picked Chet to be the Red Avenger. But, no. When the two of them first set eyes on each other, athletic relations with Carlton College had been broken for more than three years, and it didn't seem even remotely possible that Chet and Butch Bennings would ever meet on the lacrosse field.

In my opinion Dolly really liked Chet, and she liked him mainly because he was so different from her and her past fiancés.

While Dolly was telling the world how she'd like to fricassee Butch with her own hands, Chet was getting up at 5:30 A.M. to write letters in behalf of the Orphans' Aid Fund or the Anti-Bullfighting League; and according to my thinking, the contrast touched Dolly's heart.

And then the impossible happened. Our team had cleaned up everything and so had Carlton. It was true that, largely on account of Butch Benninga, the Carlton scores had been bigger than ours. According to sport writers, as a lacrosse player, Butch was the oyster's spareribs. Every time he started down the field there was a goal; and on those rare occasions when somebody present really tried to stop him the undertaker's section went wild, and all doctors that had brought along their operating tools indulged in a snake dance. Still, it was admitted that we would stand a better chance with Carlton than any of their previous opponents. And besides, what was the use of nursing along the ancient grudge?

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"I'll Never Excuse You, You Brute! You're the Most Terrible Monster of Brutality That Ever Walked on Two Feet"

CYNTHIA COMES OUT

By Fannie Kilbourne

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

THREE-HUNDRED-AND-SOMETHING Park Avenue might have been built especially for Cynthia Bardwell and her mother to live in. The apartment house was built, of course, as a matter of fact, partly because there are so many Cynthia Bardwells and their mothers living in New York City. Not that very many of them lived at Three-hundred-and-something Park Avenue. Most of the apartments there were as imposing as the address, and—short of Fifth Avenue—New York offers no address more imposing than Park.

The entrance was quite in keeping with the address. There was an ultra-correct door man austerely on hand to open the limousine doors; there was a foyer, huge, marble floored, with thick Chinese rugs; an elevator all upholstered, as soft and satiny as a jeweler's ring box. But far more impressive than the rugs or the smartly uniformed attendants was the hush that hung over it all. There is nothing in all New York that seems quite so expensive as quiet. And after Three-hundred-and-something Park Avenue, the entrance of even a fairly well run apartment house seemed as clattery as a dairy lunch in the rush hour.

Most of the apartments were of the duplex kind, an impressive, two-story-high living room, a half dozen bedrooms, with nearly as many baths, and a yearly rental that would have bought a fair-sized suburban house. Every detail of Three-hundred-and-something—the apartment house had no name; Broadway in the Eighties and Riverside Drive may have their Avalons, their Hudson Courts and their King James Apartments; but the stark simplicity of a Park Avenue address makes them all seem tawdry—every detail, from its chastely hidden switchboard to its correctly childless couples, suggested a well bred indifference to what anything cost.

So far as the owner of the building was concerned, however, this indifference was in appearance only—a profit-paying, businesslike sort of lavishness. And immediately underneath it was real Holland thrift. Otherwise there would have been no apartment for Cynthia and her mother. But in planning the apartment house, there had been a little space left over on each floor; not a tenth enough for another duplex apartment, but altogether too much for a thrifty Dutchman to waste. So on each of the eight floors he made one two-room apartment, like a frugal cook saving the crusts cut off the party sandwiches and making them into a bread pudding.

A fancy cook, that Dutchman was, too. A bread pudding can be so disguised with macaroon crumbs, candied cherries and what not—also left over from the party—that the casual diner, if engaged in lively conversation the while, may be tricked into eating it under the delusion that it is some new and expensive dessert.

The macaroon crumbs of these little bread-pudding apartments were mainly doors, and they would have tricked Billy Gregg completely. He had taken Cynthia to lunch, and she took him up to the apartment afterward and let him inspect her mother's find, before a rug had been laid or a piece of furniture moved in. Billy looked about the big square room with cautious disapproval. It was a rear apartment, but high enough so that the October sunlight poured in over the neighboring roofs. The room, of course, was not two stories high; but aside from that, it was quite as luxurious as the living rooms of any of the duplex apartments. Its leaded windows were as wide as theirs, its walls as delicately gray. Even unfurnished, it looked unmistakably expensive; the floor was of well-matched quarter-sawed oak and glowed with a rich wax finish, the fireplace was impeccably Caen stone.

"I Was Thinking What a Joke It Was," She Said, "on Us Both"

But the doors—ah, they were the macaroon crumbs!

One stood open, leading into a rather small room, but the others were closed. Elegant doors, they were; French doors of dull gray, soft-rubbed finished woodwork like the living room's, and frosted glass; dull silver carved knobs and ornamental dull silver hinges. One single door which might lead, one would think, into an adjoining library or music room; double doors all along one side which would open probably into a dining room as large as the living room, or perhaps into a conservatory. Billy Gregg looked about the empty room, visibly impressed, but quite as visibly disapproving.

"I'll bet you can't afford this," he said bluntly.

Cynthia sat down on the low window seat that ran along under the leaded windows, took off her close black satin hat and ran her hand smoothingly over her black satin hair. Shingled, sleek, glossy, it curved forward, almost startlingly black against the gardenia skin of her cheeks, cut sharply across her forehead above eyebrows that might have been drawn with India ink and a fine pen.

"Oh yes, we can afford it," she assured Billy. "It's the biggest bargain in the world; only ten dollars a month more than we paid for the apartment on West End. Mother heard of it through a friend. It's only once in a lifetime you can pick up anything like this at the exact time you need it. Just when I'm coming out, a Park Avenue address is a gift from the gods."

Billy snorted. "You know what I think of your coming out. Coming out! A girl in your position!"

Cynthia smiled.

"Yes, Billy dear, I know exactly what you think of it; don't bother to tell me that all over again. What I want to know is, what do you think of the apartment?"

"I think there's a catch in it somewhere. You can't get into this building for ten dollars a month more than you paid on West End."

"Well, of course, the furnishing is likely to be fearfully expensive." Cynthia dropped her startlingly heavy straight black eyelashes so that Billy could not meet her gay eyes. "Tapestries, hangings, rugs, and so on, for the library"—a slim-fingered gesture toward the closed single door—"and the dining room"—a delicate flourish toward the French doors. "Do you suggest something in a carved refectory table, a regular Florentine banquet board, you know? Or do you think Lorenzo the Magnificent has been overdone a little? Possibly something delicate and French, all gray and silver like the room? Or what would you advise?"

"I'd advise you to cut this whole thing out. I ——"

"If you'll just glance at the dining room," Cynthia interrupted, "I'm sure you will have some perfectly splendid idea ——"

"I don't want to have some perfectly splendid idea for a whole scheme that I think is simply ridiculous," he stopped her. "And I'm not in the least interested in just glancing at the dining room."

"Oh, I'm sure you would be," Cynthia insisted, crossing the wide empty floor. "Don't be so set, Billy. You'll do yourself out of a lot of surprises. Now take this dining room, for instance ——"

She flung open the wide French doors. Billy, looking reluctantly, fairly gulped with surprise. A kitchenette, thirty inches wide, ran along the entire side of the living room. Behind the quietly elegant French doors was no banquet hall for Lorenzo the Magnificent—just a gas stove, a small refrigerator, a sink, a narrow drop table, a sanitary garbage chute.

"There now! Aren't you glad you looked? See what you're taking a chance of missing in the world when you won't even look at things done any way but your way!" She laughed delightedly.

"Honestly, did you ever see anything so slick in your life! This is all there is to the apartment. Just this one big living room and kitchenette and that little bedroom and bath—not another inch. And yet doesn't it look gorgeous beyond the dreams of a millionaire? Wouldn't you think this living room was just one room of a noble establishment?"

Billy looked blankly about the room, as though unable to grasp its limitations, let his eyes rest on the one closed door.

"Where does that door go then?"

"Out," said Cynthia; "nowhere but out."

She opened it gleefully, all French gray and dull silver on the inside, a plain fireproof door on the other, leading into a narrow hall, cement-floored, iron-stairs. Just an inside fire escape.

"You see"—Cynthia waved triumphantly to the incongruous limits of the domain—"you see, it would fool anybody. If it fooled you, it would fool anybody. You're not too modest to admit that, are you?"

"Suppose it does fool everybody," Billy objected grumpily; "it isn't going to fool you any, and you're the one that's got to live in it. It may look like a millionaire's quarters to everybody else, but you'll know it's two rooms and kitchenette. And you're willing to pay ten dollars a month more for it than you did for five rooms on West End Avenue!"

"Well, we paid more for the five rooms on West End than we did for seven on Riverside Drive, as far as that goes," Cynthia reminded him. "You have to sacrifice something for having the right address, you know."

"Address!" Billy snorted contemptuously. "What's an address?"

"Hyacinths," said Cynthia, "to feed the soul."

"Hyacinths your grandmother! It's all of a piece with your going to Miss Porter's school and talking about coming out! You can't afford to come out in New York society any more than I can."

"Probably not," Cynthia agreed good-naturedly; "but I'm a lot more broad-minded about it. Now if you wanted to try being a debutant, I'd just be tremendously interested. I wouldn't sit around like a gloom and do all I could to crab your act. Why don't you have a debut, Billy? Go ahead; you'd look too cute for words with an orchid on your shoulder."

Billy disregarded her levity. He looked at her a few moments in thoughtful silence.

"Do you know what I think?" he said suddenly. "I actually believe that your mother is doing all this, deliberately, with the idea in the back of her mind that you'll marry a rich man."

He looked at her triumphantly, defiantly, daring her to deny it. Cynthia, sitting down again on the low window seat, giggled up at him.

"Honestly, Billy, I don't see how a man can be both so handsome and so smart."

"You admit it then?"

"Of course. The idea has occurred to me, too, though. Don't give mother all the credit."

"I don't give anybody much credit for an idea like that. I think it's disgusting."

"Oh, I don't know. Other things being equal, I can't see anything disgusting about a man's being rich."

"Other things aren't ever equal, though, and you know it. The idea of a sweet, fine girl like you marrying a dissipated, idle jazz hound because he happens to have been left money, instead of a clean, self-respecting, ambitious man with pep enough to make his own way in the world!"

Cynthia dropped her lashes demurely.

"Oh, Billy, this is so sudden!"

"I wasn't thinking about myself," said Billy stiffly.

As a matter of fact, Cynthia was not thinking of him, either. She could talk to Billy, tease Billy, without really thinking about Billy at all. Right now, all the time she had been talking to Billy, she had been thinking of the man she had already decided to marry if she could. He was Kent Howison, rich old Mrs. Howison's great-nephew.

Cynthia had met him at the dance Mrs. Howison gave for her granddaughter. In a jumble of introductions with a half dozen of the youngest matrons, Cynthia was introduced as Mrs. Bardwell. The music had begun almost before the presentations had been made, and of the half dozen pretty girls Howison chose Cynthia to dance away with.

"What did you want to get married for at your age?" he asked her severely. "Why didn't you wait for me?"

Cynthia raised gray eyes—shiny soft gray eyes as feminine, as provocative as a dropped handkerchief.

"I'm not married," she drawled. "I have been waiting for you." That was the way it had begun.

Mrs. Howison's dance was the first of the season's debutante affairs; once more the fall campaign was opening. Halfway around the Crystal Ballroom, Howison looked down at Cynthia.

"So you're one of this year's debs, are you?"

"Yes," said Cynthia. And then curiously, remembering that a few moments ago he had thought her a matron, "How did you know?"

Howison grinned.

"By the nervous way you're sizing up the stag line."

Cynthia acknowledged the thrust with a quick rush of color. It gave her away completely, that hot blush. Without it, Cynthia seemed a very poised, very sophisticated young person. An illusion created partly by her knowing little cream-colored velvet dancing dress, and partly by the cut of her sleek black hair, the gardenia texture of her skin. As natural in Cynthia, that gardenia skin, as the heavy black fringe of lashes that accented her light gray eyes so strikingly. Almost too daringly effective, she was; exactly the effect that would be gained, if possible, by a clever young woman who knew her way about very well.

The blush gave it all away, though—hot and red and incredibly young. One guessed suddenly that she didn't know a tenth as much as she looked and acted as though she did.

Howison felt instantly, unaccountably, a little ashamed of himself.

"I'm watching the stag line nervously, too," he admitted. "If you're afraid nobody is going to cut in, I'm twice as afraid somebody is."

And somebody did before they had danced a dozen steps farther. Cynthia did not see Kent Howison again that evening, but in those brief minutes she had decided that of all the young men she might meet whom it would be advantageous for her to marry, he would be the most desirable.

Mrs. Bardwell was wide awake, reading in bed, when Cynthia came in at three o'clock, and she was avid for every detail of the Howison dance.

Cynthia mentioned young Howison very casually; quite as casually Mrs. Bardwell asked a little later, "And this Mr. Howison, is he related to Gay Howison?"

"Second cousin."

"Oh, then he isn't old Mrs. Howison's grandson?"

"No, great-nephew."

"Well ——" The slight shrug of Mrs. Bardwell's shoulders, the fluctuations in her voice, indicated that collateral descendants were not to be sneezed at. And after a while—"So you had a good time, baby?"

"Oh, marvelous!" said Cynthia, drawing the cream-colored velvet off over her head, thus reducing the almost minimum of clothes she had worn to the dance to a mere pink silk shirt and knickers. A luscious little figure she was in them, slim enough to have worn the velvet successfully, yet all soft, plump curves.

"Cut in on every dance?"

"Oh, mercy, yes!" Cynthia flipped off a satin slipper with the bare pink toes of her other foot. "'S kind of funny, my going to Gay Howison's party, isn't it?" she asked dreamily.

But Cynthia, being nineteen, an age which takes life pretty much for granted, had no idea how really funny it was. *(Continued on Page 127)*

Kent Looked at Her Queerly a Moment, Then Suddenly Caught Her in His Arms

THE RAG BUSINESS

By GRACE BROWN

IT WAS not until the steamship was two days out from New York that I began to lift my head and take a returning interest in life. Though one of the largest and fastest steamships traversing the northern lane, it was neither large enough nor fast enough for me. My idea of a boat would be either one which crossed the ocean overnight, or one of sufficient length so that you walked on at a home port and kept on walking until you stepped off at Cherbourg.

But the morning to which I refer was so calm that I first promenaded the deck and then found myself actually interested in the subject of food. At luncheon I descended to the dining saloon and for the first time beheld my table companions. Seated on my left was a man who, from his general appearance, might have been a junior partner in Wall Street or a successful young lawyer. Starting with casual conversation, he was soon telling me of the number of times he had crossed, and I asked him, rather idly, "What takes you over so often?"

"The rag business, lady," he answered; "the rag business."

And I had thought that he was one of the few on board who were bound upon some other quest; for the steamship was bulging with us of "the rag business," hurrying to Paris.

Twice a year, in February and August, the big exodus takes place. The great French *couturiers* have other exhibitions in May and November, but these are minor shows. The spring line, displayed in February, and the fall line, shown in August, are the magnets which draw every designer of note and many of the manufacturers and retailers across the sea. Nor do they go alone, for they are accompanied by those of allied trades, such as the silk and trimming men and the embroiderers. Paris holds ideas for them all.

The Boyish Figure

IF PARIS means a great deal to them, they also mean a great deal to Paris. Into the lap of that chic and fashionable lady they pour an unending stream of American gold, and being of a thrifty nature, she makes huge preparation for their coming. During their stay she does not even resent the Champs-Élysées being referred to as Seventh Avenue, the Claridge as the Garment Center Club, and one of her principal stations as "Sam" Lazare.

PHOTO BY COURTESY OF VOGUE

A Paul Poiret Model

The openings of the famous dressmakers are spoken of as "collections." At each of these big collections there are about 400 dresses shown. There are forty prominent houses and twenty smaller houses. The latter each show about 100 dresses. This means that an American designer, if her strength and eyesight hold out, can see and choose her models from a total of 18,000 creations. Of all these different designs, perhaps 400 find their way back to the United States.

This does not mean that only 400 dresses are sold. Thousands of dresses are purchased by American buyers, but they are replicas of about 400 original models. One reason for this is that American women are much more inclined to dress to a pattern than Europeans, who dress to suit their individuality. In America, few women would think of wearing a long skirt when short skirts are the fashion, even though a long skirt might be more their type.

The Frenchwoman is born with a knowledge of the psychology of dress. She deliberately sets out to accentuate her best points. If she has pretty ankles, she shows them; if they are ugly, she hides them. If she has fine hips, she calls attention to them by a tight-fitting skirt; although, even in France, hips and busts are disappearing with the craze for the boyish figure. Every house has its youthful straight-line street dress known as *Le Garçon*.

Originally, all the dresses were named, but this was found to be too much of a strain on some of the buyers. Now they are numbered. Every buyer can speak fluent French up to 100; and as every *vendeuse*, meaning saleslady, can speak fluent English, this makes things fairly simple. It is true that they do relapse into French at the approach of each manikin, gorgeously gowned; but as their conversation at such a moment confines itself to a chant of, "*Ah, très chic! Très charmant!*" it is understandable. After hearing "*Très chic!*" the first 500 times, you conclude that French is a very easy language and try to use more of it. In the smaller houses, where no English is spoken, this often leads to spraining your wrist. The sign language is universal.

I want to explain here a little more about these openings and just why we designers and buyers all go to Paris at these special periods of the year. It would not do us any good to get there sooner and it would be of little use for us to get there later. All the models are constructed behind locked doors. Everything connected with them is shrouded in the utmost secrecy. Every house is bent on producing something new and startling, and each design is guarded with as much care as some document of state, the publication of which might overthrow a kingdom. An American designer is bound by certain restrictions. A French designer is a real creator; free as air to follow where fancy leads. A Paris model is the result of the most beautiful materials obtainable, together with imagination, a trained eye and a born genius.

A French designer scorns to follow. The object of each is to lead. During the past few seasons, for example, the straight-line sheath dress, in its variations, has been the vogue, and every house will have some of these to show; but while one house may confine its entire line to dresses of this style, the house next door may feature the natural waistline, *moyen âge* or Empire dresses. The truth is that for several seasons some of the larger houses have tried to force a change in style.

This is, of course, good business. Dresses have continued to be so similar in general outline that a woman has been able to wear a model, without its being totally out of fashion, practically as long as it held together. Such a state of affairs doesn't produce any loud cheering among those whose business it is to sell dresses. What foreign designers would like to see would be a change so radical that any woman wearing a last season's dress would find herself as uncomfortable as in a fur coat on a warm spring day. But the straight-line dress has refused to be dislodged from its position at the top of the best sellers.

Irresistible Scarfs

THE best that the designers have been able to accomplish is to vary the original model. Its fullness has been moved from back to side, from side to front; it has been made with tunics, tiers, many slashes and flying panels; it has been garnished in every conceivable way; but, fundamentally, it has remained the same old straight-line dress. The reason for its strangle hold on public favor has been that it is a dress which adapts itself to fat or lean, short or tall, old or young. In its simplest form it is the perfect setting for the perfect figure; with flying panels, it hides too generous curves; belted high, it flows concealingly past bones which Nature has refused to cover.

It is naturally with additions and adjuncts to this dress that the Paris houses have chiefly concerned themselves. Rodier helped them greatly when he brought out his famous scarf. There had, of course, been scarfs before, but it took Rodier, artist to his finger tips and greatest designer and manufacturer of textiles in the world, to make them so beautiful and becoming that no woman could resist them. They were first seen at Deauville, and then, crossing the ocean, took America by storm. Moreover, they were a boon to American business. Every manufacturer who had in stock some wild printed material, long since written off to profit and loss, got it out, brushed the dust off it and cut it up into scarfs. They were a far cry from Rodier's lovely creations, but they were also infinitely cheaper, and they served the purpose.

The Rodier scarf was intended as an accessory to a sport costume, but the French designers were quick to see that a scarf enhanced the charm of any dress. They adapted them to everything from the plainest street dress to the most elaborate evening gown. Some of them were merely long strips of chiffon, but they were all direct descendants of the Rodier scarf. So sudden and widespread was its popularity that no one house was able to beat its rivals to the other scarf. It was featured in all collections of 1923 and 1924. The jabot that you are beginning to see is its latest development. This jabot is not the little lace neckpiece of our grandmothers, but a far more impressive decoration, starting at the neck and ending anywhere between the waistline and the floor.

The American buyer comes to expect certain general features from certain houses. Chéruit is usually the forerunner of a new silhouette. As I remember, she was the first to insert the godet, or flare, at the bottom of the skirt. Premet is known for new and youthful neck lines and was the originator of *Le Garçon* dress. Lanvin has a stage following and many of her creations are of the period and picturesque type. The *Robe-de-Style* is hers. This has a

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SOCIETY'S DOOR TENDER

THEY don't entertain today. It's a lost art, like the embalming processes of the Egyptians. There has been a revolution—bloodless, maybe, but complete. Society—what I mean by "society"—has been extinguished. Mind, I'm not just a garrulous gaffer talking about the good old days. I'm talking as one whose profession has nearly been snatched from him by changing conditions.

For thirty-five years I have been society's door tender, and I'm telling you that there is no more opportunity for me to do my work in an orthodox fashion today than there would be for a lawyer if the legal structure of the country, courts and legislatures, were to be abolished. I still wear my spike-tailed, plum-colored coat piped with red; my waistcoat is of the familiar white and black transverse stripes; my brass buttons will reflect your face as faithfully as at one of old Mrs. Astor's balls; but my value has gone. Outwardly I am the same. Now and then in the course of a month a dear familiar voice will cry out, "Why there's ——" calling out my first name, which is all most of them know; and then I'll have a few precious words of gossip, after showing some patron to the table of one of our waiters who cling to the organization in Park Avenue as faithfully as when it was in Fifth Avenue. But for the most part I'm dealing with strangers, with rich strangers whose standards are not those that prevailed when there really was society in New York.

I had a trying experience just a few weeks ago. Our second floor had been reserved for a debutante's introduction to society. You would recognize the name, I know, because twenty years ago the father could have walked past me into any ballroom in the city. He's gone now, but the lady he married was conducting her daughter's party.

The guests just swarmed past me as they might have crowded into a theater. There was no invitation list and I had no way of weeding the uninvited. At one o'clock in the morning there was a sudden rush of new arrivals. I knew what it was and closed and locked the doors.

The Rich Rabble Called Society

PRESENTLY the hostess approached me. She was in a rage. I could tell by the angry way she stamped her rhinestone-studded heels on the marble floor of the corridor as she stepped from the waxed floor of the ballroom.

"How dare you shut out my guests?" she howled. "How dare ——"

"Madame," I said as respectfully as I could, "there are several hundred people dancing in there now who are not your guests. Persons are there you do not know and who came here uninvited. The persons who have been refused admission are cabaret patrons who frequently try to get into private entertainments at this establishment. They come when the closing of their accustomed haunts occurs before they are ready to go home. Some of them are harmless. But among them are wolves in dress clothing. If you will identify your guests and if you will indicate some of those now in here who are not your guests I shall be able ——"

She interrupted me.

"That will be quite unnecessary," she said, and stalked back into the ballroom.

I did not unlock the doors. Now it may occur to you to wonder how she discovered that any "guests" had been locked out, since none of them could get in to complain. The explanation is, to my mind, illustrative of the most shameful of the revolutionary changes that have transformed New York society from an aristocracy with manners into a rich rabble.

Shortly before the hostess had chided me, one of the young women of the assemblage, a friend of the debutante, had come half tumbling down the thickly carpeted stairs to the front door. Tumbling with her, arm in arm, was a slick, black-haired, giggling man in a dinner jacket, the rear of which was caught on the neck of a large silver flask molded to the shape of his hip pocket.

The girl drew a rich kolinsky cape close about her neck as she reached the spot where I stood. It was a mute command for me to open the doors. The man did not have his hat or topcoat, but that was only one of the things that told me they were not leaving, but just going out for a taxi cruise. I never have had any daughters, but if I had I'd pray God to give them a training, an instinct that would shield them from being the subject of the japes of the taxicab drivers who have a stand at our corner.

This night I incurred the anger of the young girl and her companion, whom I cannot call an escort.

"I'm sorry," I said, "but I cannot open the doors just now except on the orders of your hostess. There are some objectionable people outside who are trying to get in."

"But we wish to go out for some air," drawled the young woman, her annoyance creasing her powdered forehead into lines that retreated into the bangs of her bobbed hair. She glared at me, and the young man sought to put some money in my hand. I startled myself by refusing to take it. For me a tip is no shameful thing, but his offer seemed unclean. I refer to this only by way of explaining that my respect for myself is as well fed as your own. I regard tips as an artist regards applause. It is appreciation of my work; and then, too, it is tips that have slowly ripened into the crackling engraved documents that fill a safety-deposit box that I first rented more than ten years ago. Those engravings are bonds, and it is a consciousness of them that puts the timbre of equality into my voice when I speak to patrons. I have too much respect for tips to accept such a fee as a bribe. I hope you will realize that I was sincere when I refused, on this occasion I speak of, to take the young man's proffered bill.

Colonel Harvey at an Old Costume Ball

Modern Manners

IT WAS not so long ago that society would have ostracized a young woman who would have dared to leave a function on any pretext without first speaking to her hostess, and it would have been the hostess' duty to see that she was accompanied by a chaperon, or a maid at least; and no young man who hoped to continue to come to proper affairs would have dreamed of leaving with a young woman, even when she was chaperoned, without first begging permission of the hostess. There were plenty of old ladies down on their luck who made their living as chaperons in those days.

What would Mrs. Astor say could she see the goings-on of what is called society today? I know it is hard for me to believe the girls are as nice today as they were. But I see enough to realize that the girl who does not conform to the catch-as-catch-can standards of the day is often left on the wall, and her mother with her. I was on the door at the coming-out parties of some of those mothers who are rushing furiously around today herding their daughters in revels the like of which twenty years ago I'd not have expected to see outside of a mining-camp dance hall.

You think I'm harsh? Twenty years ago a woman who smoked cigarettes habitually, brazenly, in public, who listened to and told salacious stories in groups without even bothering to whisper in a key below the servants' hearing, who drank as men drink and with the men, who stalked boldly out of a ballroom in candid search of a place in which to be

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PHOTOS FROM BROWN BROS.

From Right to Left—Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, Norman Whitehouse, James Hy Smith, Stanford White, Mrs. James Burden, P. A. Clarke, T. L. V. Hoppin (in Front) and Mrs. Smith at One of the Old Costume Balls

NEXT TO GODLINESS

Piet Stopped Short and Rolled His Eyes at Him, Sort of Boring Into His Soul. "You Running for Some Office?" He Asks

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

"I NOTICE you cut yourself, a-shaving this morning, Hank," remarked the old bullwhacker to his friend, the stock tender of the Box Elder stage station. He looked hard at the dark four-day stubble on the stock tender's chin, to give point to the subtle pleasantry.

"There's a handsome and unmistakable honest face underneath what I haven't spared the time to remove from it," the stock tender retorted. "I ain't no reason to conceal nothing behind a perm'nent clump of frost-bit lilocks like some, nor I ain't got no grudge against soap lather and razors; it's just that I've been too hard drove to make a twilight to do my looks justice. If I ain't got no more than a dozen loafers to cook and wash dishes for, come next Sunday, I aim to get out my hand reaper and start harvesting."

The two visitors then enjoying the hospitality of the station were Lon Selby, the young district attorney of Minnekahta, and Bill Crane, the popular proprietor of the Blue Front grocery and hardware at Blueblanket. Neither was in the least disconcerted by his host's innuendo. Crane, his cheeks well distended, indistinctly requested that the cow might be hazed down his way; Selby paused, with his loaded fork halfway to his mouth, to observe that a poor excuse was worse than none.

"Your plea of justification is denied," he proceeded, having rapidly disposed of what was on the fork. "*Exceptio falsi omnium ultima*, and it is therefore unworthy of you, Hank. You were too darned lazy to make yourself presentable for distinguished guests; that's the only thing that's the matter with you."

"In other words, *e pluribus unum*," said the Bar T boy. "I done all the dishwashing around this shebang, and all the cooking that amounts to anything. But he did wash his face yesterday morning; I give him credit for that. And he'll shave a-Sunday, like he says. He most always does, the first Sunday in the month."

He Sighed. "Them Was the Happy Days, Milt"

"Well, after all, cleanliness is a good deal of a convention, and, as some profound thinker has remarked, dirt is merely misplaced matter," Selby said tolerantly.

It was this topic of the table talk that reminded Mr. Stegg, the old bullwhacker, of Gib Dixon, who once upon a time courted and married Katie Hoogenstat, daughter of Piet Hoogenstat, who was tool sharpener for the Grand Junction mine near Custer and lived in Dutch Cañon, close by. Gib was a rancher, kind of, a husky, good-looking, good-natured, take-it-easy, what's-the-rush young sooner of twenty-three that most everybody liked and spoke the best they could of. Him and his brother Milt, who had just about as much git-up-and-git as he had, had taken them each a claim in Pleasant Valley and bached it in a shack on the line between their two claims, to save the work of building two shacks. They was right clever boys, but poor managers, although they always studied a long spell before they took steps to do anything. And they sure misplaced a heap of matter. So said Mr. Stegg.

It come thisaway: The boys had a heap of bad luck that first summer. First off, they broke about thirty acres of sod between them and put it into oats mostly and the balance in 'taters and corn; and that was where they made their mistake, not specializing on one thing; or two, at the outside. They figured that they'd have heaps of time after they got their crop in to run a worm fence of poles around it, but they figured too long, and before they could stake and rider the three poles, the range cattle got a taste of the oats simultaneous with the bugs settling down on the 'taters. The patch of squaw corn being close to the house and holding its own with the sunflowers tolerable well, they didn't have so much trouble with that. But they was certainly in a dickens of a fix—between Hades and high water, so to speak—because if they worked on the fence the bugs took advantage of it, and if they took any time to reduce the bug population the cattle come down like a wolf on the fold, and if they split up, one man to each department, they couldn't watch both ends of the fence, let alone that one man couldn't make much headway against the bugs, which was extra prolific. They put in hours every day a-discussing the situation, and all they could think to do was to camp on the top of a high knoll with their horses and watch the oats.

Even so, they fell down. Daytimes, the scheme worked all right, except there was a considerable riding to do; but nights, they'd just be enjoying a well-earned rest when two or three o'clock, G.M., the dog would start a-barking and they'd wake up to hear the cattle bellering to each other where was the best patches of oats still a-standing. That meant that one of the weary toilers would have to get out of bed and haze the bunch off five or six miles, and which one it was depended on who come out best on the argument.

The result of all this here was that, along in October, Milt allowed that something would have to be done. The hens was a-taking a lay-off, stid of laying; the last of the 'taters that the bugs had spared was in sight, and this thing of grinding up squaw corn in a coffee mill to make flapjacks and not a dollar to buy sweet'ning or flour and Henry Albien the storekeeper at Custer being mean enough to want cash even for tobacco, was a-getting old.

"They's only one way out of it, Gib," says Milt. "A feller can't fight against bad luck like we got, no longer. One of us will have to get out and rustle whilst I stay and look after things here. I might cut the poles and finish up that fence while you're gone this winter. Anyway, there's the house for me to look after."

"It's a pious idee," says Gib. "Only you do the rustling. You could take the double-bit ax and a maul and a couple of wedges and cut cordwood for one of the mines. I can get along with the single-bit and I won't need the wedges here. I'll get a chance to rest up a little while you're gone, with only my own self to do for, and I sure need the rest. I'll clean up around the shack, too, maybe. Yes, that's the best plan. You're better with an ax than what I am, and you'd maybe knock out three or four dollars a day, and that would give us a good start in the spring."

"I'm more of a home body than what you are," says Milt. "You'd have a plenty of company up in the woods,

and you like company, and if the rheumatiz set in in my shoulder, which it would be apt to do, wading through the snow, I'd prob'ly have to go to the hospital. If I could swing an ax the way you do and was as good an all-around man on an outside job I'd try it a whirl, rheumatiz or no rheumatiz, and let you lay around and get hog-fat on the good money I was sweating for, but I know dog-gone well you'd never do a tap if you was left here to yourself. No, sir, you're elected."

They had it back and forth for quite a spell, and finally they drew straws for it, and Gib drew the short one that sent him to Katie. It didn't send him straight to her, because he cut wood for the Grand Junction for quite a spell, and done right well at it, after he got his hand in. You know how it is with a lazy man when he gets amongst strangers. You get him all ribbed up and proud of himself and he'll do two men's work for fear somebody'll find out how ornery and no-account he is. Gib was like that. He'd throwed in with three French Canucks, and them boys was workers from the word go, and knowed how. They'd sock an ax to the eye into a pine and look 'sif they wasn't putting half a pound into the lick, and when the tree fell the cut would be as clean 'sif it had been sawed and planed and sandpapered. Gib couldn't do no such fancy chopping as that, but b'gosh he could show them dog-gone Canucks that he was a rustler from away back; and another thing, he could cord up his day's work with the crooked branches so's you could throw a dog through it any place and yet pass the inspector. He had a gift thataway. His pardners had picked out some good timber, too. With the frost in it you could bust a four-foot cut wide open with a lick or two of the ax in the heart, slick as a split peanut—trees a couple or three feet at the butt. So there was good money in it for him.

Still it was work. And it didn't give a man no chance to use his head figuring out how it was to be done, if you couldn't think standing up; and this thing of getting up by starlight and wading belly-deep through the drift from the cabin to where they was cutting, that got kind of old; not to mention that them fool Frenchies cleaned out the cabin every Sunday morning, sweeping unneces'ry and shaking out their blankets and washing their shirts and a-shaving theirselves, so that there wasn't no comfort, nor no rest, like the Good Book says that a man had ought to have, one day out of the seven, anyway; and he had to wash up a little himself, not to be behindhand with a passel of dog-gone Canucks. Otherwise they was sensible and friendly enough, and the cabin was mighty cozy and comfortable after supper, with the window and door tight stopped against the drafts and the stove red-hot and the pipe a-going. But this here housecleaning and slicking up!

He thought of Milt back at the shack in Pleasant Valley. Pretty gol-darned pleasant for Milt, without a care on earth and nobody to look cross-eyed at him if he didn't wash his shirt, and his grub and tobacco provided for him, and not a tap of work to do except to feed the chickens—if he wasn't eating 'em—and no wood to cut, only what he needed for the stove, and a dog that wasn't a-talking French half of the time, to keep him company! And what was more, no Sunday cleaning up! Not if he knew Milt. Considering this, Gib got more and more filled up with dissatisfactions. What in Sam Hill was the sense of sweeping a puncheon floor? And why change a shirt every week or two right in the dead of winter? Still, Gib done it, having a pride in himself as an American citizen, and he never let on.

Finally Gib got an idee. One Sunday while the cleaning was a-going on he wandered up to the mine hoist, and Joe Tredegar, the Cousin-Jack shift boss, seen him and asked him if he didn't want a job in the mine.

"Why not?" says Gib to himself. "Even if the wages ain't equal to what I'm making, I'd be shet of that crazy bunch at the cabin, with a good excuse."

"Tol'rable hard work down there, ain't it?" he asks Joe. "I ain't no miner."

"Son," says Joe, "it ain't work, it's blooming parstime; theer ain't no work abart it, son. All you got to do is sit down and 'old a drill w'ile your mate 'its it with 'is 'ammer. Then w'en you've got your 'ole dahn and loaded and the fuse lit, you strools orf somew'eres and waits until it goes orf. All warm and snug as a bug in a rug you'll be, on the 'undred-foot level. It's foolish to pay a green 'and two dollars and a 'arf for amusing 'imself there, but the company's rich and 'as to think of some way of wasting its money."

"Well, I reckon I'll try it a whirl," says Gib.

So the next day he got into the cage and descended into the innards of the harmless earth, as the poet says, a considerable disturbed in his own by the drop. Hows'ever, he got used to that, and it was certainly the next thing to going South for the winter, in the drift where he passed the happy hours away. Sure enough, he could set down to hold the drill if he wanted to, although he found it easier to kneel on a pad of gunny sack for the most part. His pardner, who was a Cousin Jack, done all the pounding, like Joe Tredegar had said he would, but he was a reasonable and short-winded man and willing to let up once in a while and indulge in a little improving conversation, which Gib furnished; and when he did talk, his Cornish was easier to understand than French. There was one thing that Joe had forgot to mention, which was shoveling the ore into the car and pushing it out to the shaft with the help of a pinchbar at the bad joints in the rail; but then, it wasn't piecework, like cordwood. What ore you got out depended on how hard the rock was that you was drilling. Sometimes it was so hard that you could work half a day and if the drill slipped you couldn't find the mark of it on the rock face. Gib's pardner said that had happened to him more than once.

But, take it all round, it wasn't so bad. There wasn't no Sundays, so Gib didn't have to shave, only when he took a notion, and they wasn't no-ways particular at the boarding house, and if they done anything to Gib's room it was when he wasn't there, and he wasn't likely to find it out. It was a private room, too, and if he wanted to go to bed with his boots on, he could, although he generally took 'em off, account of it being more comfortable, unless the weather was extra cold

You done as you dog-gone pleased about matter—placed it or misplaced it, according to your taste and fancy—and it was all right.

At last, here come spring, a-sighing along, soft and dreamy with the Chinook, and the next thing a-snowing and a-blowing sharper than a serpent's tooth on a screeching northeast wind, and then, sorry for misbehaving, coaxing the pussywillows along the creek and the crocuses in the woods, a-smiling and a-crying until she finally settled down to decent and fairly reliable weather and no sort for a man to burrow a hundred feet underground.

Gib was on the night shift when the first symptoms come, and one fine afternoon when the sun was a-shining bright and the snow water a-trickling down the hillside into the creek, he allowed he'd go back to Pleasant Valley and wait there so's to be on hand the minute the frost was sure and certain out of the ground. So he wrote to Milt to meet him with the wagon at Custer the next day, and then went to the office and got his time.

He was independently rich by then. Not being much of a drinking man, practically all he was out enduring the winter was his board and a couple of pair of mitts and some overalls and felt boots and a suit of warm underwear—besides what he'd sent Milt for groceries, and he'd held Milt tolerable close to neces'ries, as far's he could. Anyway, he had about two hundred and fifty dollars, cash money, over and above.

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Three Ribs, a Collar Bone, a Fractured Hip and Cuts and Contusions Was All Was the Matter With Gib

JOAB—By Thomas Beer

ILLUSTRATED BY
ROBERT W. STEWART

"Th-those are Folly's!" Guy Chattered.
"That's—That's Rotten!"

AFTER a while some man came through the whirl of shoulders and struck Guy three times on the chest. Guy reeled and saw as he spun the flare of bright brass on a halted motor. He sobbed and jammed himself against this busy fist again. The bodies in blue denim and brown canvas swept off right and left. The train's side seemed to tilt. Somebody yelled "Come on! Come on! We can't stay here all day!" and men ran down the dust. Men jumped for moving steps. Guy walked slowly backward in this wild sunlight and stared at the great cars lumbering past him. At least he had stopped a very long train of freight so as to be thrown out of a soiled cattle car. It gave him an importance, for a breath. He had fought a train that must weigh millions of pounds. His knees now stuck together and a ball hung in his throat. He might faint, but he had to stand and watch this train go jerking over a long flatness of yellow grass toward the rippling line of golden hills.

"You gave 'em a lot of trouble, Herman."

Guy scowled at the policeman in olive cloth and said coldly, with all his dignity, "My name's Chalk," while he noted a patch of blood on the man's left knuckles.

"Oh! Out visitin' your relations?"

It might be just as well to assault this policeman and be put in jail at the town sprinkled with great trees close to this crossing. Guy considered the young man in his neat polished belt and passable coat—a little too loose around the neck—and wondered where to hit him.

"What the hell are my relations to you?"

"Nothin' at all, boy. Only," said the officer affably, "you got threw off a couple of miles too soon, fella. Chalkhurst is down the line a piece."

He nodded and walked off to his motorcycle beside the signpost of the crossing, then paused in the prodigious glare of light to jerk back a thumb toward Guy and say something to a hatted fellow lolling in an absurd trifle of brass, tin and wheels so low that the inhabitant seemed to be sitting on the dust of California. The insane little car held Guy's stare while the policeman's cycle rolled gently up a road. This space of naked meadows and gaunt eucalyptus trees now became positive silence under the tremendous noon's immodest warmth. Tracks were trails of brutal fire, leading off toward Los Angeles, and Guy's scalp froze in the heat. His knees shriveled. He sat down in a pool of dust that was too lazy to rise around him or to choke him. Desiccation would follow. He would be found by a party of explorers all dry and brown, sitting with his arms locked on his knees. They would simply crate and send him off to a museum—petrified aborigine; found in upper California; male, marks of violence visible on body. He would be permanent as the lout in white stone who flaunted his naked chest and aimed his harpoon from the monument at home. But he was an ass to have sold his hat for a dime yesterday in San Francisco. The oatmeal had been distinctly stale when he got it and his head was now frying. He fell into a curiosity. Would his curls bleach as he dried to death in the middle of California? Summer had never affected them at home. Death offered consolations. He would escape the smell of his clothes and he would stop being hungry. And no Chalk had ever baked to an end in the middle of California. Some of them had fallen off whaling ships in the elder time, but they mostly died of pneumonia, like his father, or of old age—all the usual ends of mankind. Then they were buried and not sent to a museum.

"Is your name really Chalk?"

"I don't know what business it is of yours if it is," Guy yawned. He looked up a pair of white corduroy trousers at a scarlet jersey of some rather silky stuff and then at a dark throat. The youth's wide hat of limp straw annoyed him. It shaded the swine's disgustingly clean face. He preferred to die without having to look at a hat, and said violently, "Go to hell—Hades—Sheol—Tophet! Only go some place, will you?"

"My name's Folger Chalk," the youth said.

"You're nothin' but a lousy liar," Guy remarked offensively; "no Chalk ever had black hair. It's one of the oldest families in New Bedford—and the most disagreeable. Get out!"

"My grandfather came from New Bedford," the dark person retorted.

"They ought to have lynched him as soon as he got here," said Guy, "so he couldn't have any descendants. It'll be an awful state when there's a lot of Chalks in it. I couldn't get a job in Oklahoma, so it's safe. There's some Chalks in New York, and look at New York, will you?" He pulled one rag of his shirt across the famous Chalk skin of his chest and noted that several bruises were already neat purple prints. "No, it's one of the oldest families in Massachusetts, and the disagreeablest. British shot a lot of them in Revolution. I'm named for Guy Chalk that got killed at Bunker Hill. He was too busy tellin' a Cabot or a Wendell that they weren't as old a family an' forgot to run. It's a prolific family. Dad was the youngest of ten. All of 'em frightful. I'm an only son. Shows that father was a gentleman. He might have married again and had a lot more Chalks. They mostly run in batches of eight anyhow. It's a prolific family."

"Isn't it, though?" Folger Chalk laughed.

Guy looked at him in disgust. He had not protested a word of this tirade, and what Chalk would fail of having curly red hair? The dark person stood twirling his luxurious hat on a thumb and grinning while he scowled. The scowl was troublesome. All Chalks scowled in public and were never known to be civil to strangers. This fellow scowled properly, but his slow voice was amiable, almost gay, and a silver chain showed where the scarlet jersey was cut down from his tanned throat. No Chalk would ever wear a silver chain around his neck.

"Say your grandfather came from New Bedford?"

"Uh-huh. Ran off on a whaler in 1850. We're one of the oldest families in California now, Cousin Guy."

Guy loathed the jaunty impertinence of that remark and asked, "How old are you, idiot?"

"Nineteen."

"So am I. Get away from here and tell 'em to send for me in—in a couple of days when I'm all dried out. Crated. . . . Get out of here or I'll plaster you all over this climate!"

"Get in the car and come home," Folger Chalk ordered.

"Go home an' get mixed up with a lot of more Chalks? Say, what d'you think I ran aw—came away from home for? Clear," said Guy frantically, "or I'll smear you!"

"I'd like to see you, Cousin Guy!"

Guy groaned, "Well, go take your pretty jersey off then," and hated the sight of his kinsman's white trousers retiring to the foolish car. It came on him that he was being illogical and reckless. He would never be able to get up and face Folger Chalk. He was already partly fried, and his feet, once so useful, were now quite desiccated. He watched his cousin strip the scarlet jersey up a naked dark back and toss the bright chain on his little car's cradled seat. Yes, he was a proper Chalk. The family's muscles were inherited from generations who slung harpoons at wet restless whales. He came strolling back and Guy rose to

kill him by some feat of the Chalk stubbornness, saying reasonably, "I apologize for one thing. Your name is Chalk They're a lot of tripe, but they are men, y'know. . . . Minute till I get my shirt off."

"Would you call it a shirt, Cousin Guy?"

"It's mostly a revelation, but what business is it of yours to say so? The Chalks always get personal. It's offensive," said Guy, trying to tug his shirt out of his belt Then California tilted to the right and then to the left. He remarked, "Heavy seismic disturbance reported in west Loss of property enormous," and sat down on the quivering earth.

"When did you eat last, Cousin Guy?"

"Hat—Sfrisco—oatmeal. I don't know," Guy said more clearly, "what right you have to ask me questions. My guardian's Aunt Hermione. She was, anyhow, last month—before I went to Tulsa, Oklahoma. I suppose I'm cut off the family tree now. Saved my pay at the bank three months. . . . Where you goin' to?" Folger Chalk was walking from him toward the car. Guy felt the loss dreadfully, and yelled "Yellow!" with all possible rudeness.

His relative lifted something out of the machine and came striding back with it. It was a bottle of milk. It was really milk. Folger sat on his heels in the climate of the golden West and pried the paper hood from the top with a thumb nail. Guy's lips hurt on the cold round of the noble thing. Milk descended into abysses of his being and he perceived that Folger was not only his best friend but a beautiful and talented person, who scowled only because his name was Chalk.

"You'd better try an' not drink all of it, Cousin Guy."

"I suppose so. Take it away from me, Cousin Folger. Are you an orphan? I am."

Folger tucked the milk bottle between his knees and said, scowling odiously, "Well, half. Mother died a couple of years ago. No, dad'll be tickled to death. Don't let the kids impose on you any. All you have to do is bawl 'em. Mother's people were Scotch and they ain't ever seen any relatives. It'll upset them a good deal, I expect. You weren't going anywhere in particular, were you?"

"Los Angeles. I didn't want to, but it seemed to be a warm climate. If you've sold all your clothes, Cousin Folger, a warm climate's attractive. Tulsa had no more interest in me than a toothpick. Let me tell you something, Folger. They keep saying how mature you are for your age an' all that drivel. It means nothin' whatever Stay home and eat—eat a lot. . . . I wouldn't go back to New Bedford for a million dollars, but you'd better not go anywhere unless you know they want you around There's a lot of people in Oklahoma already."

"Urban was there last year for a while," said Folger, offering the milk bottle again; "only they ran him out, I guess. He signed a lot of checks. I guess he must have got married there. Some hen keeps writin' him. She puts 'Mrs. Marie Chalk' on the back of the envelopes, so I dare say he married her."

"Who's Urban?"

"He's the black sheep. Father's first wife was a Portuguese. I think she must have been a dead loss. Urban's an awful thing, anyway. You'd better know the worst right off, y'know, Cousin Guy. . . . Let's get started," said Folger gracefully, "because you'll want a bath before lunch, an' I'll have to run back into town for some more milk."

Guy tucked his legs into the car and sighed, cuddling the empty milk bottle. Folger wrinkled his short nose in a lamentable scowl and draped the silver chain with a fat old ivory whistle around his neck again, then pulled the scarlet jersey down his sides and slumped into the driving seat of his absurd machine. The car scuttled down a lane over barren meadows in the manner of a fugitive bug on a sheet, and gaunt trees hemming a field of brilliant alfalfa seemed unusually tall from this vehicle's low place on the glazed roadway. Folger looked at his cousin with a possessive frown and said, rather timidly, "You won't mind wearin' my stuff till tomorrow, Guy? This is Sunday and the stores in the city ain't open."

"I don't mind, Folger," said Guy.

A round ball hardened in his throat and dissolved three times. He had been plucked out of a pool of dust beside a railroad, without socks, and a Chalk was begging him to wear his clothes. Climatic conditions might explain all this California or an infusion of Scotch blood had altered the Chalks. Of course Folger now invaded a flat, shady town in the traditional fashion of the Chalks, scowling to youths who sang out "Hey, Folly!" on corners, or giving frozen nods to girls who bowed before hedges of some thick bush; but an utter change wasn't natural and would have alarmed a relative without socks, in the least possible shirt. Folger shot the car around pink villas of concrete adorned with vast windows, and often sunning themselves in the care of amiable children who yelled at one another across broad streets

"We keep the store open Sunday mornings, y'know. I don't think they do that back East."

"What kind of store is it?"

"Grocery. Grandfather had the first grocery in the valley. The old gentleman used to say the Chalks in New Bedford would die if they heard of it. I suppose it ain't aristocratic."

"Yah!" said Guy. "It's better than bein' a lot of bank clerks! It's a nice store too."

The store's gilded sign declared that masses of vegetables and delightful pyramids of tins, containing food, belonged to Edward Chalk & Sons, Est. 1852. Guy crossed his arms belligerently on his chest and stalked scowling into the cool place behind Folger's jersey. Food scented the air and he looked sideways at a crate stuffed with positive pears, while Folger rapidly told an elderly man, "Get me a jacket or somethin' that'll fit Cousin Guy, Clancy, and another quart of milk. It took four men to chuck him off the train and he's hungry. Eat a pear, Guy. . . . Hey, has Urban been in today?"

"He has," said the clerk, and went off into shadows of food at the rear of the store

"What's Urban do for a living, Folger?"

"He was playin' the saxophone in a band in the city last week. It's about time for him to get fired though. This is Sunday."

Guy bit into a pear and pondered the frankness of this Chalk. There was no concealment in Folger at all, now

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"Come Out of That, Urban Chalk, or I'll Send Guy J. in to Bring You Out by the Hair of Your Head!"

MARTHA WASHINGTON

An Informal Biography—By Meade Minnigerode

IT IS said that a cantankerous old Scotchman once informed George Washington that he would have been nobody at all if he had not married the Widow Custis. On the other hand, it is doubtful whether anyone beyond her immediate contemporary circle would ever have heard of the Widow Custis if she had not decided that she would marry George Washington.

She was born on June 21, 1731, in New Kent County, Virginia; Martha, the oldest of several brothers and sisters, children of Col. John Dandridge and his wife, Frances Jones. It was a well-connected family; with scholars and divines on the mother's side, planter officials on the father's, who was himself county clerk. They lived quite elegantly and fashionably on the Pamunkey, not far from Williamsburg.

There, in the pleasant, hospitable, decorously sophisticated atmosphere of colonial Virginia—although some thought it depraved and extravagantly worldly—Martha was brought up; a brown-haired, hazel-eyed girl, very slim and short, quick spirited and perhaps a little sharp with her tongue, for whom the pantries and kitchens and sewing rooms held no mysteries. She was very devout, she played on the spinnet, she embroidered and knitted, she danced and she rode horseback to hounds. As with other Virginia damsels of her day, her education did not greatly concern itself with other matters; she was trained to be an efficient housekeeper, the mistress of some well-ordered future home and a gracefully decorative figure at routs and assemblies. Provided these ends were achieved, it was not esteemed a question of any moment whether she learned to spell or not. Nor did she.

But in her fifteenth year she was queening it as a belle at Williamsburg, making her curtsy to Governor Gooch at the palace and attracting her share of attention and masculine admiration. Williamsburg—with its sandy streets laid out in the form of a W and M in honor of its royal patrons, William and Mary—was the capital of Virginia; the great gathering place of lawyers, officials and scholars; the social center of the colony. There were gay times at Williamsburg, in the mansions of the Pages and Raes and Fairfaxes and Barradalls, when they all drove up in their coaches along the avenue of catalpa trees to the governor's house to dance in the mirrored candlelight, a brilliant pageant of jeweled brocades and powdered heads. Life was never more stately and amenable; society, graced with the pomp and courtliness of the royal governors, can never have appeared more enduring and seemly than in those last decades of the colonial régime. Those were English ladies and gentlemen—lords and ladies, some of them—whose sons were sent overseas to school, who lived on their Virginia estates as they might have in their home counties and shires; for whom their sojourn at Williamsburg must reproduce as closely as possible the elegance and gayety of London and Bath.

An Early Picture of Martha Washington

Martha Dandridge moved in this society, very correct, admirably discreet, sufficiently sprightly. She had a retinue of beaus, but soon there was only one that mattered. He was nearly twice her age, Daniel Parke Custis, the son of Col. John Custis and Frances Parke, whose father had been "Captain Generall and Chief Governor of the Leeward Islands." He was a handsome young man, of good family and considerable wealth, and he should long before have married his Cousin Evelyn Byrd—had either of them been disposed to obey parental dictates—so that at first there was opposition on Colonel Custis' part to his son's suit; but in time the colonel came to have "so good a character of her," a friend wrote Daniel, "that he had rather you should have her than any lady in Virginia—nay, if possible, he is as much enamoured with her character as you are with her person." However, it would be best for Daniel to "hurry down immediately for fear he should change the strong inclination he has to your marrying directly." And so they were married, in June, 1749, at St. Peter's Church in New Kent County.

II

THERE followed eight happy years—except for the death of two sons in early childhood—spent at Mr. Custis' home, the White House, on the York, or at the Six Chimney House at Williamsburg. Two other children, Martha and John Parke—Patsy and Jackey—survived; the Custises lived quietly on their country estate, or took occasional part in the social festivities of Governor Dinwiddie's era; Mr. Custis was appointed crown councilor, but was prevented by the delicacy of his health from taking up his office. More and more, probably, they would have sought the peaceful retirement of the White House; the years would have passed in inconspicuous contentment; the world, perhaps Williamsburg itself, would have forgotten Martha Dandridge Custis.

But in the spring of 1757 Mr. Custis died, and Martha was a widow at the age of twenty-six. Alone in her home with two small children, and the wealthiest widow in Virginia—sole executrix of a large landed estate, including the two houses, and mistress of an important fortune, forty-five thousand pounds sterling of which she held in trust for the children. It must have been a perplexing responsibility; but Martha assumed it without hesitation, and with the aid of her stewards and agents, under the guidance of her friend, Mr. Robert Nicholas, she gave her personal and thoroughly competent attention to the administration of her property. A charming young widow—little Patsy Custis, for she was Patsy, too—so capable and self-reliant, and so rich. It was not any later than necessary that the suitors came riding along the red Virginia roads, up to the portals of the White House, in which she now permanently resided—except on those occasions when she escaped to a neighbor's for a few days to avoid their importunities.

At all events, in May, 1758, she was at the home of her friends the Chamberlaynes, and it seemed that in this instance Martha had only jumped out of the frying pan into the fire. For one morning her host went down to William's Ferry, opposite the house, to greet a friend who was passing through to Williamsburg on urgent business. It was most urgent business, but Major Chamberlayne argued with him and told him that the Widow Custis was at the house, and prevailed upon him to stay for dinner. But only for dinner. They came into the parlor, and when Martha saw the guest it was young Col. George Washington.

She had probably met him already at Williamsburg, perhaps in 1754, when all Virginia was ringing with the name of its military hero; she certainly did not need to be told who he was, or that he had had two horses shot under him and four bullets through his coat with Braddock. Now she saw him before her, tall, distinguished, most elegant and dignified. They were both of them most elegant and dignified—enormously dignified. She was not quite twenty-seven, he was a little past twenty-six. He stayed for dinner; he stayed all afternoon; he finally stayed overnight. It was not too early the next morning when he rode off to Williamsburg on that urgent business. A little while later he was back again, visiting Martha at the White House, and this time when he left they were engaged. It had been love at first sight, so people said.

He was gone all summer with the expedition against Fort Duquesne, and in July he wrote to her that he embraced the opportunity "to send a few words to one whose life is now inseparable from mine. Since that happy hour when we made our pledges to each other, my thoughts have been continually going to you as to another Self. That Allpowerful Providence may keep us both in safety is the prayer of your faithful and ever affectionate friend." It was a love letter—a love letter from dignified George.

They were married on January 6, 1759, at the White House—some say at St. Peter's—before a tremendous gathering of friends and relatives. He was in blue and silver trimmed with scarlet, with gold buckles; she wore a

Washington's Residence in High Street—Now Market Street—Philadelphia

white satin quilted petticoat under an overskirt of white corded silk shot with silver; there were pearls in her hair and diamonds on her slippers.

Patsy and George. After the wedding, Martha drove in a coach and six with liveried postilions to the Six Chimney House at Williamsburg—Colonel Washington was a member of the House of Burgesses and his duties were to keep them there for several months—while the bridegroom rode alongside with an escort of gentlemen. Perhaps, with all her wedding finery, there was not room for two in the coach.

III

IT HAD been love at first sight, so people said; but Martha was not George's first love, nor his third, nor yet his fifth; nor was she ever, apparently, his real love.

He had been a very rejected lover ever since the age of fifteen, and Martha herself must have known it. Frances Alexander first, for whom he composed an acrostic. Then Betsy Fauntleroy, to whose father he wrote that he proposed to "wait on Miss Betsy in hopes of the revocation of the former cruel sentence and see if I can meet with any alteration in my favor." But there was no alteration, and he turned next to his Cousin Lucy Grymes, who, with Miss Fauntleroy, is supposed to have been the "Low Land Beauty" of his correspondence. They were both great Tidewater belles, and they both preferred other suitors.

"I pass the time much more agreeably than I imagined I should," he wrote to a friend during this period, "as there is a very agreeable young lady lives in the same house where I reside that in a great measure cheats sorrow and dejectedness, though not so as to draw my thoughts altogether from your parts." And to another friend he reported that she was very agreeable, "but as that's only adding fuel to fire, it makes me the more uneasy, for by often, and unavoidably, being in company with her revives my former passion for your Low Land Beauty; whereas, was I to live more retired from young women, I might in some measure eliviate my sorrows by burying that chaste and troublesome passion in the grave of oblivion or etarnall forgetfulness; for as I am very well assured, that's the only antidote or remedy that I shall ever be relieved by or only recess that can administer any cure or help to me, as I am well convinced, was I ever to attempt anything, I should only get a denial which would be only adding grief to uneasiness."

The lady in question was Mary Cary, the sister of Sally Cary Fairfax, wife of his friend and neighbor, Col. George Fairfax of Belvoir, and for a while George thought that he was in love with her too. Then, in 1757, it was Mary Philipse, of Yonkers, whom he met while on a visit to New York; but he did not exert himself particularly to gain her favor, and she fulfilled her destiny, which was to marry Col. Roger Morris and become the mistress of the future Jumel Mansion. One after another the young officer had experienced these always unfortunate passions, and Martha must surely have been aware of them. What she would not have known was that most of them were makeshift, substitute affairs, however acute at the moment, and that George was actually desperately in love with an entirely different lady.

It was Sally Fairfax, and he had been in love with her before her marriage, but her father had reminded him that she was "accustomed to her coach and six." The young man who was eventually to ride in one of the most beautiful coaches in the country could not afford one then, and Sally married Colonel Fairfax; but George was never to forget her. She was two years older than he, a very intelligent, cultured and altogether charming lady, who, after her marriage, continued her friendship for him and served in some measure as a tutor to him in refinement and deportment during his less polished years. Whether she was in love with him is not at the present time manifest. She was a person of rare discretion, and Colonel Fairfax was never known to resent her slightest actions. That George Washington was still deeply in love with her cannot be doubted; but he, too, was a person of exceptional restraint and self-control, and one is to believe that she never suspected it until he told her.

Martha Washington

For he told her, finally, in September, 1758, some three months before his marriage to Martha Custis, to whom his thoughts had supposedly been continually going that summer, "as to another Self." He had been corresponding with Sally Fairfax—a renewal of correspondence which was to make him "happier than the day is long," he had assured her in 1755, although she had desired news from him to be "communicated in a letter to somebody of your acquaintance," prudent lady—and at last he had to tell her. For once there was an end to restraint, but not to dignity.

"Dear Madam," he wrote, "yesterday I was honored with your short but very agreeable favor. . . . How joyfully I catch the happy occasion of renewing a correspondence which I fear'd was disrelish'd on your part. . . . In silence I now express my joy. Silence which in some cases—I wish the present—speaks more intelligibly than the sweetest eloquence. If you allow that any honor can be deriv'd from my opposition to our present system of management"—this is doubtless a reference to military affairs—"you destroy the merit of it entirely in me by attributing my anxiety to the animating prospect of possessing Mrs. Custis, when I need not name it, guess yourself, should not my own honor and country's welfare be the incitement. 'Tis true I profess myself a votary to love. I acknowledge that a lady is in the case, and, further, I confess that this lady is known to you. Yes, Madam, as well as she is to one who is too sensible of her charms to deny the power whose influence he feels and must ever submit to. I feel the force of her amiable beauties in recollection of a thousand passages that I would wish to obliterate till I am bid to revive them; but experience, alas, sadly reminds me how impossible this is and evinces an opinion which I have long entertained that there is a destiny which has the sovereign control of our actions, not to be resisted by the strongest efforts of human nature.

"You have drawn me, dear Madam, or rather I have drawn myself into an honest confession of a simple fact. Misconstrue not my meaning, 'tis obvious; doubt it not, nor expose it." She never did, and it remained for biographers to betray him. "The world has no business to know the object of my love declared in this manner to you when I want to conceal it. One thing above all things in this world I wish to know, and only one person of your acquaintance can solve me that or guess my meaning; but adieu to this till happier times, if I ever shall see them; the hours at present are melancholy dull. . . . I dare believe you are happy as you say. I wish I was happy too."

He wished he was happy, too, in September, this young man who in May had fallen in love at first sight with Martha Custis and won her hand. One begins to understand that frigid little love letter to Patsy in July, the empty seat in the coach on that wedding day in January. With Sally Fairfax in mind, one wonders what took place at Major Chamberlayne's and later at the White House. What did he see there? An attractive young widow blessed with worldly goods, graced with qualities which made her in every way suited to be his wife, since he must inevitably marry someone. And Martha, with her business cares and her two small children—it was inevitable that she should marry again. One imagines that they understood each other perfectly.

That for long years George and Martha Washington shared each other's lives in complete serenity and sympathy, and with ever increasing affection and devotion, remains perhaps his greatest and most admirable achievement, her most noteworthy accomplishment. For he never forgot Sally Fairfax. She went back to England in 1773, and when her husband died, she remained and finished her days at Bath. And in 1798—forty years after his marriage, one year and seven months before his death—George Washington wrote to the lady he had not seen for twenty-five years.

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Washington's First Interview With Mrs. Custis, Afterward Mrs. Washington

The Prisoners of Half-Acre

By Herbert Ravenel Sass

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

The Eagle's Head Dropped Lower; His Wide Dark Wings Unfolded. A Moment He Poised on His Perch

TIDE would be high at Little Inlet an hour after sunrise. Shortly before dawn Jen Murray walked from his cabin at the edge of the marshes to the creek landing where he kept his boat. On his shoulder rested a rusty single-barreled shotgun. In his right hand he carried a surf line neatly coiled and a battered bait bucket half full of six-inch mullet. He walked briskly, because the November air was cold.

Jen welcomed that bite in the air. Among the dusky marshmen of Odistash few could read more skillfully the signs pertaining to fish and ducks. This, to Jen's way of thinking, would be a perfect morning—chill and gray, with a rising tide sweeping on to high flood and a light offshore wind from the north. The combination was excellent. There would be bass in the surf at Little Inlet; the bluebill flocks would be winging in from the sea to the rivers and creeks of the marshlands; though the season was early, he might even find a few squadrons of black mallards.

The flooding tide lapped about the worm-eaten posts of the landing. Jen's square-headed, flat-bottomed bateau, tied to the outermost piling, was already afloat. With a grunt of satisfaction the marshman lowered his light wiry body into the boat, leaned the gun against a thwart where he could reach it in an instant, picked up his heavy homemade oars and began the long row down the winding marsh creek which would bring him to the back beach of the barrier island between the marshes and the sea.

Another fisherman was astir early that morning, and another hunter. Ten minutes after Jen's bateau had vanished in the gloom a great blue heron, standing hump-backed and motionless on a limb of a water oak a hundred yards from the landing, suddenly straightened his slim body, craned his sinuous neck and launched into the air on wide, slow-beating pinions. Almost at the same moment a large black lump at the top of a tall dead pine fifty yards beyond the heron's oak came suddenly to life and assumed the shape of a bulky, dark-bodied, white-headed bird—a male bald eagle.

The eagle's keen ears had caught the swish of the heron's wings and the faint sound had awakened him. He saw the shadowy form of the heron sweeping past, and having thus explained the slight noise which had disturbed him, he lost all interest in the matter, and after stretching first one wing and then the other, set about preening his feathers with his strong, hooked, yellow bill. For perhaps a quarter of an hour he devoted himself to his toilet, while the dawn brightened round him. Then he, too, spread his dark pinions and began the active business of the day.

Jen, halfway to Little Inlet now, saw a great blue heron winging with measured strokes across the marshes to his left. He paid no attention to the bird, for it was only one of many herons inhabiting the marshes, though this one seemed larger than most.

Just before landing on the back beach of the barrier island, the marshman saw a bald eagle circling high in the air. To Jen the king of birds was a familiar spectacle of no particular interest or importance. Eager to cast his bass line into the surf beside the inlet's mouth while the flood tide was still running fast, he gave the soaring bird scarcely a second glance.

Scanning the sunlit eastern horizon in search of bluebill flocks coming in from the ocean to the sheltered waters behind, he walked briskly across the sandy flats toward the front beach. When about an hour and a half later he returned to the boat he did not know that the eagle was still circling almost directly overhead, but much higher, so high that it was now a mere spot against the pale-blue dome of the sky.

The marshman plodded across the soft sands toward the bateau, his gun across his shoulder, three spotted-tailed surf bass from four to eight pounds in weight trailing by a cord from his left hand. Suddenly he halted. A quick glance behind had shown him a small black speck still far away over the ocean, a black speck which grew swiftly larger. Instantly he crouched close to the sand, then crawled hurriedly to a tuft of grass ten feet to his left. There he waited, his gun ready, his eyes fixed on the lone duck rushing straight toward him at the speed for which the bluebill is famous.

Other eyes marked that oncoming speck. The soaring eagle, though almost invisible from the ground, could see both duck and hunter with a distinctness which revealed nearly every detail; but for a time the eagle paid little attention to either, because he did not realize that far below there was about to be enacted a little drama from which he might profit. Not until smoke leaped from the muzzle of Jen's gun and the duck swerved sharply and seemed for a fraction of a second to stagger in the air did the eagle betray the slightest interest in what was taking place a thousand feet beneath him.

Then, however, he became in an instant a thing of amazing and almost terrible energy. His yellow eyes, under their frowning white brows, glared as though fire burned behind them; his powerful feet, armed with curved blue-black talons, opened and closed, opened again, then clenched more tightly than ever; his hooked beak gaped momentarily as his harsh, fierce challenge rang unheard through the solitude around him. Next moment he was shooting at terrific speed down a long steep incline, his wings half closed, his tail half spread, his head and neck thrust forward so that his body was like a great arrowhead cleaving the air.

The duck, mortally wounded yet even in its dying moments strong of wing, had passed a hundred yards beyond the marshman before it fell. Jen, grumbling a little because it had fallen not on the sands, where he could have recovered it more easily, but into the water beyond a fringe of marsh, was in the act of picking up his bass when a swift shadow sped across the sand close by him.

Instinctively he glanced upward, then dropped his fish and ran toward the marsh, breeching his gun as he ran and fumbling in his pocket for another cartridge. He found it and jammed the gun shut just as the eagle, abruptly checking his descent, hung for a moment twenty feet above the spot where the duck had fallen, then dropped out of sight behind the tall salt grass.

The big bird remained invisible for perhaps ten seconds. When he rose, the dead bluebill clutched in his talons, Jen threw the gun to his shoulder and fired. For some moments the marshman stood peering along the barrel; then he cursed with all the vehemence at his command. Above the marshes the eagle flapped steadily onward, still holding his booty, his wide wings beating swiftly and strongly. Jen turned and plodded back through the mushy sands toward the spot where he had left his three bass. Just before stooping to pick them up, he breeched his gun, threw out the empty shell, inserted a new one and closed the weapon with a vicious snap which was an accurate indication of his temper.

His humor did not improve during the long row homeward. The morning had proved bitterly disappointing. True, he had three bass; but he should have had half a dozen. The flocks of bluebills from which he had expected to glean a few victims had not materialized—perhaps because the sky, instead of remaining overcast, had cleared just after sunrise. Finally the one duck that he had shot down had been stolen from him.

Jen grumbled and swore as he tugged at the heavy oars. His small eyes scanned the marshes and the sky as he rowed, seeking a victim, some living thing upon which to vent his disappointment. Eagerly he watched the gulls winging slowly above the marsh tideways. Once he snatched up the gun just too late to draw a bead on a yellowlegs which flew over him, sounding its mellow whistle and flashing its white rump. With a splashing of webbed feet in water, a loon rose just around a bend of the creek, and Jen, reaching hastily for the gun, barked his knuckle against a tholepin. He was still sucking the bloody finger when a tall gray-blue bird, which had evidently taken alarm at the loon's hurried flight, flapped upward out of a small gully behind a peninsula of salt grass.

It was a long shot for one of Jen's cheap black-powder shells, but the great blue heron, even larger than most of its kind, was a tempting target. The marshman jerked the gun to his shoulder, aimed carefully and fired. The heron collapsed in the air and, whirling round and round, fell into the marsh a hundred feet from the edge of the creek. Jen picked up his oars and continued his journey, his mood somewhat less savage than before. He would have been better pleased if he had killed the big bird outright; but there was satisfaction in the thought that he had smashed its wing and brought it down crippled and helpless to become prey for the marshland minks.

Jen's temper would have been still further improved if he could have seen at that moment the result of the shot which he had fired perhaps a half hour before—the shot fired at the bald eagle which had robbed him of his duck. He had not missed as he supposed. One duck shot had struck the eagle's body near the base of the right wing. It must have pierced or torn some muscle or tendon essential for the operation of that wing; for, although for some minutes the great bird had continued to drive forward and upward with strong steady strokes, each wing beat brought a stab of pain which rapidly became intolerable. Had Jen followed the eagle's flight a few moments longer he would have seen the bird waver in the air before it had flown a mile, then turn and sail with set, rigid wings down to a small hummock in the marsh known as Half-Acre Island.

Tall large-leaved weeds, yellow and drooping now that summer had passed, interspersed with tufts of stiff-stemmed, gray-green grass, covered the hummock's surface. Here and there stood small dense clumps of evergreen cassena bushes, salt-water myrtles and sword-bladed, needle-pointed yuccas. Near the middle of the little island an ancient live oak, stunted but vigorous and green, cast a shade so dense that neither weeds nor grass grew within the circle of its branches. In the cassenas a small colony

of Louisiana herons had reared their young. Their abandoned platforms of sticks were scattered everywhere through the evergreen thickets, which supported also the deserted homes of scores of boat-tailed grackles. In spring and early summer the hummock had been a populous bird city clamorous with the cries of nestlings, alive with the quiver of wings. But now, as the wounded eagle planed toward it on pinions which seemed to have lost the power of movement, he detected no sign of life on the hummock, no stirring among the thickets, no sound of beast or of bird.

The silence and stillness of the place reassured him. He knew that he was in trouble and he would have sought a more remote retreat if that had been possible; but he had turned toward Half-Acre Island because his wings would bear him no farther and he must land there or fall into the open marsh. Perhaps it was some deep-seated instinct, perhaps it was mere chance which caused him, wounded though he was, to retain his hold upon the duck; but the added weight of this burden pulled him lower and lower as he neared the hummock so that he could not land in the live oak as he had intended, but came to rest on the ground close to the island's muddy shore. He stood for some moments on the duck's body, looking about him and listening. Then suddenly he turned his head, faced quickly about and crouched with half-opened wings, his bright eyes glaring defiance under their frowning brows.

Creeping toward him through the grass, inch by inch, foot by foot, a female gray fox dragged her body forward. Already she had crept within leaping distance of the eagle; and the big bird, conscious of his inability to use his pinions, stiffened his muscles for the onset. But the sudden assault which he expected did not come. The fox, perceiving that she had been discovered, abandoned her effort to approach unseen. But she did not leap to the attack; she did not circle the eagle swiftly and lightly to get within his guard and frighten him into abandoning his prey. She advanced more rapidly than before; but it was a slow, pitiful advance, painful and laborious; for behind her, as she dragged herself onward, her hind legs trailed limp and useless.

The paths of the bald eagle and the gray fox do not cross. They inhabit separate kingdoms: the eagle, the kingdom of the air, the marshes, the lonely sea-island beaches; the fox, the kingdom of the woods, the thicket-grown broom-grass fields, the moss-curtained swamps.

Never before had this fox of Half-Acre Island attacked an eagle, nor would she have done so single-handed under ordinary circumstances. Never before had the wounded eagle which had sought Half-Acre as a refuge found himself confronted by an enemy like the one that faced him now. His was the bolder, more arrogant spirit; his, too, perhaps, the more formidable armament. But in this encounter the decisive factor was the crippled fox's gnawing insistent hunger—hunger so terrible that to assuage it she would have faced almost any odds.

Two weeks before, at the edge of a broom-grass field on the mainland, a charge of turkey shot from Jen Murray's gun had ripped the muscles of her back above the haunches. Hard pressed by Jen's dog, she had been forced to take to the salt marshes and plunge into a marsh creek. In the ice-cold water the torn muscles of her back had stiffened suddenly and her hind legs had grown numb. She had become almost helpless, and the ebbing tide had carried her downstream far out into the marshlands. The creek swung close to Half-Acre Island, and by a desperate effort she had dragged herself out of the water and had reached the hummock.

There she had eked out a precarious existence, a prisoner on Half-Acre, because, with her hind legs useless to her, she could not cross the surrounding waste of boggy, treacherous marsh. Crippled though she was, she had managed to find food from time to time, while a small sink hole near the island's center, deepened some years previously by plume hunters who had camped on the hummock, provided enough water to relieve her thirst. But the problem of existence had grown more and more difficult. She had fasted for nearly two days when she saw a great white-headed bird sail in from the marshes, bearing a duck in its claws; and the scent of that duck in her nostrils filled her with sudden frenzy which counted no cost.

There was no similar compelling motive to inflame the eagle's spirit. He was not particularly hungry. Wounded and in pain from his wound, aware that his wings were useless to him, apprehensive of other enemies in the thickets surrounding him, he struck once with his long curved claws at the fox's head as it came within reach, then hopped awkwardly sideways and backward, retreating, but keeping his face to his foe. One claw raked the fox's nose and drew blood; but, insensible to the pain, she seized the duck in her jaws, crunched it, tore it and devoured it on the spot, paying no further attention to the big bird which she had driven from his prey.

The eagle did not wait for her to finish her meal. Walking awkwardly through the grass, he made his way around the island's shore, keeping as far as possible from the thickets. On the other side of the hummock the grass and weeds were less dense, the cassena clumps more widely separated. Presently he turned inland for perhaps a dozen yards to the foot of a small dead cedar half uprooted by a gale, clambered up its stout slanting stem and, passing with some difficulty from branch to branch, took his stand at the top of the little tree perhaps fifteen feet above the ground. There he remained throughout the rest of the day, and there night found him.

Another cripple came to Half-Acre Island that evening another victim of Jen Murray's gun. The great blue heron which Jen had shot down had fallen perhaps three-quarters of a mile from the hummock. His left wing was shattered; it dangled useless and limp. But no shot had entered the heron's body, and he had no sooner struck ground than he was on his feet, striding swiftly up the muddy bed of the small gully into which he had fallen.

All day he wandered about the marshes or rested beside the little pools and rivulets left by the tide, in dreadful pain yet rousing himself now and then—for the heron is a voracious feeder—to catch a mullet or shrimp in the teeming shallows. Toward evening, when the throbbing of his broken wing had begun to pass into a sort of numbness, he fished for a while at the mouth of a small marsh brook emptying into a larger creek not more than two hundred yards from Half-Acre Island. His appetite satisfied, he bethought himself of a roosting place for the night. Near at hand he saw the lone live oak on Half-Acre and, following the bank of the creek which led in that direction, he soon reached the hummock. He could not get up into the oak; but by utilizing his bill and his long muscular neck, as well as his feet, he managed to clamber to the top of a cassena bush, where he would be safer than on the ground. On this perch he passed the night, unmolested by any foe.

So it happened that by an odd whim of fate three victims of Jen Murray's gun were gathered at the same time on a little hummock in the marshes—three wild creatures of widely different kinds, each rendered partly helpless by the marshman's powder and shot. To these three prisoners of Half-Acre the next few days brought varied fortunes. For the heron life grew somewhat brighter. His wing was smashed beyond repair; he would never fly again. But after that first day the pain which he suffered was comparatively slight; and he was a prisoner in only a limited sense, for he could roam widely over the marshes on his long legs.

His field of activity was greatly circumscribed, since, instead of flying from one fishing ground to another, he had to walk; but at that season, when all the tideways teemed with life, the fruits of the summer's increase, the heron did not have to travel far in order to find abundant food. He spent his days on the marshes surrounding the little island, fishing in the creeks and gullies for mullet and shrimp; but whereas before his wing was broken he frequently continued his fishing long after dark, and on moonlight nights was often as active as in the day, he now abandoned night fishing altogether and invariably returned to the hummock before evening. There were dangers of the dark which he did not care to face crippled as he was, and always the going down of the sun was his signal for retreat to his perch in the top of the cassena thicket.

To the gray fox, on the other hand, the darkness which followed swiftly upon the gorgeous autumn sunsets frequently brought a revival of activity and energy, perhaps a renewal of hope. Always the night had been her friend and ally. It was then that she had tasted the keenest joys of living; it was then that the world in which she had lived became her world, hers to be enjoyed to the utmost in freedom and easy security from the dangers which abounded by day but vanished with the shutting down of the dark.

That freedom was hers no longer. Her useless hind limbs chained her to the hummock and she now sought food by day as well as by night, since the problem of getting enough to eat was so desperately difficult that it required all her time except brief intervals spent in sleeping. Yet when the darkness spread across the marshes and enveloped Half-Acre like a cloud, new strength seemed to come to her, her faculties grew keener, the weariness and numbness of her spirit in large measure passed away.

Most of what little food she found was found at night. Small as the island was, it was considerably larger than its name implied and it supported a surprisingly numerous population of marsh rats whose shallow burrows still

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With a Hoarse Cry the Heron Sprang Upward, His Uninjured Wing Beating the Air and Buffeting the Fox's Head

THE CELEBRITY

By Frank Swinnerton

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

A Little Fierce Man With a Bristling White Mustache and Rosy Bronzed Face Banged the Gate After Him

THE Windlesham lived in one of those staring seaside towns which are the popular resorts of English holiday makers. Their house was of red brick, with a slate roof, surmounted with cockscomb tiles and chimney pots; and it had a square of lawn behind a privet hedge, and in the middle of the lawn a diamond-shaped flower bed. From the wooden gate in the hedge, which always banged when anybody used it—as did all the gates in this select road, so that a postman's progress resembled a miniature bombardment or the London air defenses in time of war—there was a pathway in small black and white lozenge tiles. The house had oyster-colored casement curtains, and the pot in the center of the drawing-room window contained a magnificent aspidistra.

The house which lay behind this façade was very simply furnished, and a good deal of the furniture was old. It had all been renovated, however, with spruce loose coverings and a great deal of polish. Antediluvian treasures greatly loved by Mrs. Windlesham had long been banished to the dustbin; and with electric light and a kind of neatness the whole house seemed warm and comfortable. Warm and comfortable, too, was the household. Mr. Windlesham had retired. He was still a youngish man, and he had been fortunate. But he was not a rich man. He had been richer before the war, and now he was comparatively poor. He wore his clothes for years, was very tall and thin and rather round-shouldered, and had lost a good deal of his hair; but he was not despondent. The life of complete leisure suited him. He read a great deal, walked or sat by the sea on warm days—except during the months of July and August, when the house was let to summer visitors—and altogether led a harmless and inoffensive life.

Mrs. Windlesham was equally pleasant. She was a quiet woman with a puzzled expression, which made her seem to be always wondering where she had left her spectacles. She had a plump and fresh-looking face and a slow smile which came and went amid her bewilderment and showed that her mind was generally elsewhere. She was a most efficient housewife. It was upon household affairs that her wandering thoughts were always concentrated.

The children, Dot and Wilfred, were in the late teens. Dot was older than Wilfred, but was never sure—according to her behavior—what the exact distance between them was. Sometimes she was a woman and Wilfred was a mere child; sometimes Wilfred was a mature creature and Dot was unimaginably juvenile. Dot could be a tomboy, a rake, a sober and careworn matron, a shy flower, a bustling tyrant or an acid satirist. Wilfred was always Wilfred. In fact, Dot was nearly nineteen, and Wilfred was just turned seventeen. Both were well-grown children, and Dot was pretty. She had several of Wilfred's friends upon her hands, and already was almost experienced in dealing with callow young men. Almost, but not quite; for Dot was an extremely modest and kind girl, who hated to hurt the feelings of others, and who was therefore described by young ladies of smaller attractiveness as a flirt. Wilfred was not a flirt. He set a high value upon himself, and accordingly—through shyness—was generally very short with any girl who struck him as being prettier than usual. He would look down at such a girl with a supercilious expression, leaning against his motor bicycle and shifting his large feet; and would then swing his leg across the saddle, and make off with loud explosions and a great smelly outburst of smoke from the exhaust pipe. Upon such occasions his face had a constrained expression and he felt rather pleased with himself until he was out of sight, when doubt would arise in his mind and despair would congeal upon his heart.

This was the family that received sudden glory in a most unexpected manner.

II

MR. WINDLESHAM it was who broke the news. He broke it the instant he received it himself. He was sitting at the breakfast table reading his morning paper—the children being late for the meal—when he suddenly gave an exclamation.

"God bless my soul!" cried Mr. Windlesham.

"Father!" protested his wife, looking in plump horror from behind the breakfast coffeepot and milk jug.

Mr. Windlesham leaped from his seat, carrying his paper, and took it to his wife's side. Arrived there, he indicated a paragraph with his forefinger, and Mrs. Windlesham solemnly read the paragraph through, as if she were all the time listening for Wilfred's thunderous descent of the stairs.

"Well!" exclaimed Mrs. Windlesham. "Extraordinary. I shouldn't have—I should never have thought it! Well!"

Mr. Windlesham rose to his feet, went to the bookshelves which filled a recess to the right side of the fireplace, and approached his face close to the shelves. Three of these shelves were filled with modern novels in various cheap editions or secondhand and rebound styles. There were books by Joseph Conrad, Rudyard Kipling, H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, W. J. Locke, W. W. Jacobs and others. And among these were six or seven very well-worn volumes in a uniform binding. The name of the author in each case was the same. Mr. Windlesham read: "The Trembling Leaf, by Amos Judd; Splendour, by Amos Judd; Castaways, by Amos Judd; Sweet Cargo, by Amos Judd; A Roundabout Marriage, by Amos Judd."

And when Mr. Windlesham had arrived at this point the opening of the dining-room door caused him to turn round. Dot stood within the room—a tall slim girl with short brown hair, brown eyes, brown dress and a brown face; also with an extremely mischievous smile. She looked from her mother to her father, still peering at the bookshelves.

"Oh, father. Are you looking for Defiance?" she asked. "I've lent it to Daphne Swenn. She's a Judd fan—like we all are; and she'd only read it twice before."

Mr. Windlesham groaned.

"Oh, dear," he said. "What would your aunt say! 'Like we all are.' My dear child!"

"Aunt? Why, Aunt Polly says it herself!" expostulated Dot. "I've heard her."

"Not that aunt," murmured Mrs. Windlesham, rousing herself from a stupor of preoccupation. "Another one Your father's sister."

"Father's?" There was amazement in Dot's voice. She looked round the cheerful room, with its books and its burning fire and shining breakfast table. "I never knew ——"

Then she caught sight of the newspaper in her mother's hand. It was instantly in her own, and she read the paragraph which had so agitated her father and mother. The paragraph was not a large one; but there was a big flare heading across the page:

SENSATIONAL LITERARY REVELATION

Below, was another heading, which read:

FAMOUS AUTHOR'S IDENTITY DISCLOSED

The paragraph itself followed:

"It will come as a surprise to our readers to learn that Amos Judd, one of the most popular novelists of the day, the sales of whose books in this country alone already total over half a million copies, is a woman. Although Amos Judd has been a familiar name to novel readers for the last ten years, and although 'his' books are loved by many thousands of devoted admirers, nobody until this moment has been aware that the retiring novelist belongs to what is sometimes erroneously termed the weaker sex. We are able to announce exclusively today that Mr. Judd is in private life Miss Lucy Windlesham. Miss Windlesham resides in Hampstead, where she has for some years occupied the house known as Number 17 Lemon Tree Walk. Inquiries at the house yesterday elicited the fact that Miss Windlesham was away, and the maid interrogated refused to give our representative any information regarding Miss Windlesham's movements. At the offices of the publishers

of Amos Judd's books—Messrs. Raggett and Edge where Mr. Raggett, the benevolent senior partner in the firm, remained blandly cryptic, we learned that the new Judd novel, The Sackcloth Coat, will appear toward the end of the month."

And so on.

"Father!" cried Dot, as soon as she had grasped the facts "D'you mean that Amos Judd is your sister!"

Mr Windlesham nodded. His face was puckered in a frown that combined displeasure with complacency.

"Yes. My sister Lucy," he mumbled.

"How thrilling! How gorgeous! But but "

"Hush, dear," said Mrs. Windlesham, smoothing her dress rather sedately. Mr. Windlesham cleared his throat.

III

AN HOUR later the wooden gate in the hedge was pushed open; a girl darted up the pathway to the house, and the gate banged heavily behind her. She was so excited that she could not wait for Ada, the maidservant, to make her leisurely journey from the kitchen, but pressed her face against the glass door and rang a second time. A pretty girl of twenty, dressed in blue muslin, with bobbed golden hair and pink cheeks. Her eyes were of a surprised blue. She sped past the smiling but puzzled Ada, and into the sitting room. Long acquaintance with the family gave her such a privilege. She found Mr. and Mrs. Windlesham, with their two children, in the thick of strenuous argument.

"Dot!" cried Daphne Swenn. "Isn't it too thrilling!"

Mr. Windlesham frowned, but there were strange complacent tucks round the corners of his mouth.

"What I've been trying to say for some time," he remarked in an extremely grand manner, "is that if—mind, I say 'if'—there is no mistake in this paper, I think your aunt should have told us "

"Oh, father, you have said that," Wilfred assured him, "not less than seven times."

"He's so pertinacious!" cried Dot. "Daff! This is nice of you!"

"I want to know all about it. Tell me at once. Is it true? Mother's just crazy. Everybody will be. It's so fascinating!"

There was another ring at the doorbell. Ada answered it, and ushered into the room Mrs. Wedge, of next door.

"I had to dash in!" she said. "Is it true? How remarkable'" Mrs Wedge was a thin lady of fifty-five who had no children, and who read much in order to keep in check a sourness of temper of which she was herself well aware. She dressed in black and had smooth hair and sharp black eyes. With these eyes she surveyed the company. It was she who noticed first that Daphne Swenn's stockings did not match, so great had been the haste with which Daphne in her excitement had dressed. "Tell me all about her," commanded Mrs. Wedge.

"She's father's sister," vouchsafed Dot, perhaps a little rudely.

"I—ah—there's ——"

Another ring. The neighborhood was breaking all bounds of decorum. Only, of course, friends of the Windleshams—no strangers as yet; none of those who frigidly left cards in the ordinary way. But the sitting room at Beaconsfield became crowded. There was a buzz of excited talk. Amos Judd might have been called the favorite novelist of Frampton-on-Sea. All Amos Judd's books were in free circulation at the lending libraries and in cheap editions; and within four hours of breakfast there was no single Judd work left in the bookshops or libraries, while the clerk at the bookstall had telephoned to London for fresh supplies. This happened later, of course. But at the moment all those who by any stretch of courtesy could regard themselves as intimate friends of the Windleshams were collected in the sitting room. All were waiting for Mr. Windlesham to begin.

"I—ah—there is very little," said Mr. Windlesham. "I—of course she was always a remarkable child." He seemed to recollect one or two things, and a strained smile passed across his face. "Yes, a remarkable child," he repeated thoughtfully. "Not at all—not at all as we are." He smiled again, more easily. "She and I were great pals," he proceeded. "We were inseparable, though I was older than she. Dear me, I remember that she used to call me Snodge. In those days"—here he smiled broadly, and his audience smiled in sympathy—"we thought she was a bit of a liar." There was a good deal of laughter at this "She was always very original."

"I suppose there's no doubt about this being true, Mr. Windlesham," said the sharp voice of Mrs. Wedge.

"Oh, none!" cried Mr. Windlesham. "None whatever."

"It's wonderful!" An ugly and emotional little spinster wiped away a tear of agitation as she spoke. "Just to think we've been coming and going ——"

"At any rate, you've got several of her books."

"I suppose you knew, Mr. Windlesham."

"Well ——" said Mr. Windlesham, smiling broadly.

They all laughed

"Fancy keeping a secret like that!" There was an admiring murmur.

"Send Him Away!" She Shouted in a Hoarse Voice

"Yes, but what's she like, father?" demanded Dot impatiently

"Like?" answered Mr. Windlesham who had not seen his sister for a quarter of a century "Well, I expect she's changed a good deal since I ——"

Ada was in the room again.

"A lady to see you, sir "

All brows were raised

"Me?" ejaculated Mr. Windlesham "You mean not a friend?"

"She won't give no name, sir. Wishes to see you private."

"It's her!" whispered everybody

A solemn hush fell upon the party Dot, being nearest the door, peeped out into the hall. And as her father hastily disappeared Dot raised one hand high in the air in sign of measurement from the ground, and swept it circumferentially about her middle

"Enormous!" she whispered

There was a general ejaculation.

IV

THE stranger was taken into the dining room, and that door was closed. Dot, scouting, could learn nothing more. She gave a compact description.

"Six feet, and as much round. Twenty stone, I should think."

"Hush, Dot!" protested Mrs. Windlesham.

They all sat silent, as if trembling. All were creeping with curiosity and, apart from an occasional spasmodic remark or a nervous laugh, remained tense. Thus they sat for fully ten minutes. It seemed a lifetime. The hands of the clock stole on. At last Daphne Swenn, who had been the first to arrive, jumped to her feet. She could bear it no longer.

"I'm going," she cried "It isn't fair to stick here. And I've got odd stockings on." All, except Wilfred, looked at her stockings. "And besides, mother will want me. But oh, Mrs. Windlesham," she said appealingly, in a lower voice, as she passed, "if she does stay, do ask me to tea one day. I'd never forget it."

She moved to the door. Wilfred, as if instinctively, followed her. They stood together for a moment by the door.

"We'd all better go," murmured the ugly and emotional little spinster

And with that she also rose and prepared to leave. Mrs. Wedge, Mrs. Trumble, Mrs. Harrold, Mrs Texon and Mrs. Samuel were all forced to rise. Their eyelids were wide apart, and their ears were alert. They crowded into the passage upon tiptoe, all watching the door of the dining room. Mrs. Harrold, who was white-haired, made a gesture implying that she almost irresistibly wished to invade the dining room, at which everybody tittered.

And so they reached the front door, and as somebody in the general smother opened it, and they all stepped outside into the garden path, a little fierce man with a bristling white mustache and rosy bronzed face and a hard felt hat banged the gate after him and advanced fearlessly, clearing his throat. He stopped dead in front of the bevy.

"Is this Mrs. Windlesham's house?" he demanded, his white mustache twitching.

There was an affirmative chorus.

"I am Mrs. Windlesham," said that lady, in plump helplessness.

Her eye wandered, as if her attention was elsewhere. She was thinking of lunch, with something that bordered upon despair. The little fierce man cleared his throat again.

"Ah," he said. "Can you tell me if Miss Windlesham is here?"

The others hung back, waiting for what was to follow. They all stared at

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THE CHOW JOSS

By HUGH WILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

A grain of sand can hide a mountain.
Chinese Proverb.

YUT embraced Christianity to the extent of two bowls of rice at the South Mission in Hang-chau. He listened to a sermon whose theme was the reward of virtue. He joined in the singing of a song, *Lei-liao sui t'ang hsia*—

On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming.
There is rest for me.

Then, spiritually refreshed when the service had ended, he unscrewed the silver handle from a walking stick belonging to the Rev. Wesley Pruitt and slid out to the mission compound. He headed for the Pawnshop of Mutual Sorrows, adopting a circuitous course calculated to confuse pursuing demons of heaven or earth. At the pawnshop he entered through the Scalding Tear Door and came out through the Door of Delight, richer by two Mex dollars.

Fate plans for a fool. Within the hour Yut had joined the gambling group around a yellow bowl in the cabin of a junk moored in the tidal flow off Hang-chau. The game was see 'ng low—sing low—played with three dice, and the action was fast enough to afford the participants a new thrill, enjoyed but not advertised, every ten seconds. For Yut the moment of disaster was delayed until the first hour of morning. Then, paying off a dozen obligations imposed by a low sequence of the three dice, Yut was broke to a brass cash, which, even for a Chinese gamester, is the irreducible minimum. Zero!

"Damn Milo Fo, damn Kwan Yin, damn all the treacherous deities! The superior man bows to the will of heaven."

Rest Lay Beyond the Mountain, But He Could Not Pass, Because With Each Endeavor the Circle of Pines Became a Forest, Then a Labyrinth

Saving face with a quotation from the Sage, Yut passed the three dice to the next man, and before the tumbling triplets had rattled into the next chapter of chance he edged out of the first line of battle. He lifted a corner of the woven-reed curtain across a doorway and made his way along the deck, tangled with gear, to the bow of the junk. Clutched tightly in his hand was the last brass cash. Above him, the First Moon, gorged on twinkling sky rice, had fattened from crescent slimness to the roundness of a Canton merchant; but the bulk of the trembling tide, for all of its cargo of moon silver, was black. That was well enough, for it meant that the tidal monster was near, and this suited Yut's purposes. The gods of earth and heaven had failed him and none remained save the resident deities of the sea.

He cast the brass coin into the black tide.

"Here is a loan of ten thousand taels of silver," he explained to the sea demons, who were not versed in money values. "Pay it back, without interest, at your pleasure."

A Chinese proverb holds that a man who can be bought for ten thousand taels of silver is worth one brass cash, and an inverted version of this truth flashed through Yut's mind when he saw, drifting toward him on the night tide, the clothed body of a man.

Native corpses of bankrupts and of neglected creditors were common enough on the debt-paying tides of the First Moon, but this drifter was clad in black. A white man, dead or alive, bought with one brass cash might be worth a girdle cargo of gold.

The angled prize in the bight of a fiber rope, towage to low freeboard, up and over the low rail—and Yut discovered that his catch was not dead. A palm's breadth of scalp with a pendant wedge of blood-matted hair hung down over the drifter's left eye, and the shoulder fabric of his coat was slashed with three long cuts; but now, with his throat cleared of Yang-tse water, the gargled curses came more clearly and the man's delirium held the wild snarls and groans of an insane rage that came as the subconscious sequel to remembered conflict.

Three players, leaving their gaming places at the sing-low bowl, came out of the cabin and along the deck to where Yut had landed his catch; but before they arrived beside the unconscious man Yut had completed his exploration of the drifter's pockets. A thin package, three inches square, was all that he discovered, and this was stowed away in his girdle before his companion gamblers had traversed the moonlit deck of the junk.

"A white man," Yut announced. "His head is bleeding and his arm is half cut off and the demons of evil have entered his brain through the open portal of his crushed skull."

"Launch him over the downstream side," one sing-low addict advised.

"And quickly, before the moon lantern discloses him to other eyes," a second added. "There are foreign ships and look-see sailors watching all around us."

A wounded white man, under cover, is a dangerous and embarrassing chattel for a native in any of the ports along the China Coast. The drifter was returned to the cradle of the dark tide.

In his own hovel near Feng Hill Gate, Yut opened the thin package which he had taken from the drifter's pocket. A linen wrapping held the loose top in place on a teakwood box. In the box, nested in yellow silk whose rotted fabric testified its age, lay a square tablet of brown jade, mottled and roughened with the caustic reagents that had scarred it through centuries of intimacy with the seeping distillates of its burial earth. On the face of the tablet, rudely incised, were six ideographs in seal characters, and on the reverse Yut saw an irregular grouping of crossed lines, accented at their intersections by conical pits which had been drilled into the stone.

In the dim yellow light of a burning wick that hung over the edge of a cup of rancid fish oil, Yut read the six ideographs. Reading them as this text is read, they were in two lines, the radicals being, Gold, Sand, Jade, Treasure, Lock, Key In the manner of Yut's reading they were, Jade Key, Sand Lock, Gold Treasure.

With the modifying phonetics, Yut rounded out the equivalent of a declarative sentence, "The key to earth is a precious thing and golden wealth is locked up." Here was the folly of some paradise-loving death craver. Death was the only key to earth. He tried again: "The key that will unlock the golden wealth of the earth is a precious thing." That was better. There was cold reason there, common sense. The frown on Yut's brow softened. He postponed his problem. "Now to sleep. Man is not born with knowledge."

Thinking of the drifter he could not sleep.

Before dawn Yut made one of a coolie crew, shipped on a Dutch tramp that cleared for Java on the next tide. The South China Sea, back then to Yokohama, across to San Francisco, ashore past the guard, and sanctuary in Ross Alley. Of Hang-chau nothing remained except remembered danger and the brown jade tablet, Jade Key, Sand Lock, Gold Treasure.

To his countrymen in the basement cavern in San Francisco which was his hiding place for eight weeks, Yut offered no biographical data.

"The silent man is never strangled by his own tongue."

II

YUT'S cavern was part of a complex system of substructures developed beneath half a dozen business buildings which occupy the site of the old Flower Theater. Before the fire, the space below the stage of the show house had been the kitchens which served the gambling rooms located under the audience room of the theater. Exits from the gambling rooms, barred by three-inch plank and boiler plate, led to Ross Alley and to Washington Street through the dressing rooms of the theater and through a pawnshop. A labyrinth before the fire for games of tag in which the police, who were usually "it," had to hire native guides to lead them out after each raid. The Flower Theater's subterranean real estate had boomed to beat the band after the fire, until at the time of Yut's arrival even the third-level cockroaches were pure albinos. At some remote date in the future—say, ten thousand years from now—a learned group of archæologists will discover lost Lincoln pennies at street level in Ross Alley, and the deeper they dig below that plane the more modern the coinage dates will become.

In a crypt of this maze for eight weeks Yut cooked for a group of his countrymen. In this time he learned forty English words—jazz, yes, no, swellchicken, hellokid, bootleg, hokum. He heard a presidential message, thirty-four Funny Bunny Bedtime Stories and sixty miles of jazz by the Hoot-Owl Six, amplified through a loud speaker owned by a neglected slave girl, and then he was promoted to a semidaylight job in the basement of the Lo Han Bazaar, a Chinese store on Grant Avenue owned by Sinsky & Welch, Importers of Japanese goods.

Side lines of hooch and hop were the principal sources of the Sinsky & Welch income, but the public sniffed the Oriental atmosphere of the Lo Han Bazaar—an atmosphere derived from a liberal daily dose of coal-oil insecticide—and bought the Japanese kimonos made in New Jersey, the hand-painted Chinese baskets made in Iowa—and goodness, paw, ain't it quaint!

Yut's job was Sandowing crates and boxes and scraping shipping marks from secondhand packing cases whose later destination was the Los Angeles branch of the Sinsky & Welch enterprise. From where he worked he could hear the tumult of Grant Avenue. Cable cars clanging at the cross streets, joss-house gongs of strident Connecticut brass, one-ton trucks with five-ton exhausts cracking through open cut-outs to advertise their ricked cargo of shaved hog corpses, the ice-cream man, in good voice, chanting his way

toward the fool's job in Paghacci, and then the drum, the violin, the tambourine, voices singing, "On the other side of Jordan, where the tree of life is blooming." Yut remembered the words he had learned in the Hang-chau mission. "*Lei-liao sui t'ang hsia.*" He whined his vocal contribution—"In the green fields of Eden there is sweet rest for me."

Rest was what he wanted. Rest became, presently, after two months of days each of which included fourteen hours of labor, the consummation of life's torturous plot, devoutly to be wished. Rest could be bought with wealth. Peace? Coarse rice to eat, water to drink, one's bended arm for a pillow—that was peace, in the definition coming down through the centuries from the Sage. Well, the Sage was a fool in the first place, and he had never lived on Grant Avenue. Money meant peace. Rest could be bought with wealth.

On Saturday night, when he received his wages for the week, Yut headed directly for the group around the bowl in the see 'ng-low gambling room, underground where the Flower Theater had stood. When the three dice came to him "Fill the hourglass with quicksand, that the road to wealth may be shortened!"

"Fifty dollars?"

"Fifty dollars." Yut ventured five weeks' wages on his first throw.

"The rich fool never contemplates poverty!" A cook from a Jackson Street house cackled a phrase from the Four Books as he met the wager. "*O men tseo pa*," meaning, "Let's go!"

"*Chin pao!* A present recompense!" With a high sequence of four-five-six Yut had doubled his money.

He risked the hundred on his second throw, and won again.

By midnight he had won eight thousand dollars. The stakes were higher now, for big men had heard the news of Yut's luck and some had come to play.

At one o'clock Yut was broke. Saving face, he laughed, "*Hai*, the superior man bows to the will of heaven."

Brandy was offered to him. He drank it, thinking the while of his fourteen-hour job in the basement of the Lo Han Bazaar

"A corkscrew cannot pull a man out of trouble," he reflected. "True enough, but one day of life can hold a thousand years of sorrow."

Yut drowned the one day in alcohol.

Throughout Sunday he slept, in a stupor imposed by his consolation prize

He was awakened late Sunday night by men who carried him to a dark doorway on Grant Avenue. Demons possessed his skull, the chill claws of the fog dragon pierced through his clothes. When his distress had been multiplied by a dawning memory of his brief career as fortune's master, regret and its companion of realized futility added the salt of anguish to his suffered wounds.

A drum boomed half a block away, and its overtones synchronized with the exploding pulse within his brain. A flight of notes from a tambourine tinkled along the needle points of his auditory nerves; but even as he twisted his head in vain evasion, he heard the voice of a girl, singing, and his dry lips essayed to affirm the sweet rest awaiting in the green fields of Eden. "*Lei-liao sui*"—under this tree of life in the deep shadow there would be rest that could not be bought with wealth. He slept, dreaming of springtime in paradise, and the evil odors on the night airs were the perfumes of dawn lilies, blossoming from the earth-stained bulbs of rotted yesterdays, and the winking lights that fronted the Chop Suey Low were the first almond blossoms.

Reality came with a kick from a Portuguese brakeman on a scavenger wagon.

Yut returned to the Lo Han Bazaar and began another fourteen-hour day

At noon, enticed by copious draughts of water, hunger had returned to him; but he was broke, and his credit seemed to be impaired in the gorging circle about the rice pan. He considered pawning his coat, dismissing that project when he remembered the night temperatures of the season. He thought then of the brown jade tablet, still twisted in the girdle about his waist. He produced the piece of jade and showed it to one of the clerks of the Lo Han Bazaar.

"You can sell this to some rich and eager fool for ten dollars and I will sell it to you for half that much."

When the clacking dialogue of barter had quieted, Yut was in possession of two dollars. He bought an incredible amount of rice for thirty cents, and ate it all.

In the afternoon the temporary owner of the jade tablet displayed it in the center of a tray of bamboo back scratchers and shell cuff links, and sold it within the hour to an impetuous white man for six dollars. After the white man had paid for his purchase, he read the Chinese inscription on the tablet, singing the radicals in what sounded like good Mandarin, not understood by the Cantonese clerks of the Lo Han establishment. It was then that three fellow employes began to ridicule the clerk who had sold the piece of jade. After the white man had left the store they voiced their criticism:

"The white man is a fanatic collector of old jade; he would have paid ten times what you asked."

The white man was not a fanatic collector of old jade. He was a hotel clerk from Santa Barbara visiting San Francisco on account of the climate, and his wife had sent him out to buy some sort of a yellow pendant that would show up well against a black silk dress. When he showed his purchase to his wife, again singing the fake translation of the inscription as a merry jest, she laughed bitterly and wore her gold beads

Late that evening the Santa Barbara man gave the jade tablet to a new acquaintance, an explorer who was headed for China to join an expedition in search of petrified menageries.

"You never can tell what you may need on these expeditions, no telling when a good jade tablet might come in handy. There's one thing sure, though—you won't have to look for your petrified camules and concrete rhinoceros horses with this bootleg hooch over there. Real Scotch in China—not a pink elephant in a case of it."

III

OPIUM in wholesale quantities is smuggled into Honolulu from the Portuguese establishments at Macao, across the West River delta forty miles from the cocaine and morphine stocks at Hong-Kong. In Honolulu the Portuguese control of the Macao opium terminates in favor of job-lot smugglers who bring it into San Francisco on local boats sailing between Honolulu and Pacific Coast ports. These short-run boats are not searched for contraband, and thus the opium door has been wide open. Sinsky & Welch, owners of the Lo Han Bazaar, patronized the Portuguese opium ring for several years, and the business relationships were mutually satisfactory until the employment of the firm's capital in an oversized bootlegging project delayed an opium payment or two. With the first delay, the opium agent at Honolulu resorted to polite business phrases. With the second, he threatened to cancel the Sinsky & Welch agency. Further than that, tempted by half a dozen offers of business arrangements more profitable than the one then in force with the proprietors of the Lo Han Bazaar, he carried out his threat without further notice, incidentally arranging for a Federal raid of the Sinsky & Welch premises, calculated to end the opium-jobbing careers of that enterprising pair.

The Lo Han raid was accomplished, closely approximating the plans of its absentee Portuguese engineer, and the employes of the bazaar were booned with three days of leisure in jail. Yut enjoyed his holiday at government expense and then he was cast out of bondage along with half a dozen of his fellows, judged, at the preliminary hearing, to be not involved in the mesh of illicit enterprise. The manager of the Lo Han Bazaar, a Shanghai Chinese, was held, and warrants were issued for the two proprietors, who had gone A. W. O. L. long ago. Destructive testimony was not lacking at the Shanghai man's second hearing. Seven residents of Grant Avenue, seeking to eliminate competition, told the truth as far as they knew and then continued their narratives without change of voice, manner or facial expression. After smiling through all of it the Shanghai manager of the Lo Han Bazaar was released on cash bail in the sum of ten thousand dollars, suffering a delay of six minutes while the currency was en route from a Market Street bank. The Shanghai Chinaman's name was Sin Yet, and the first thing he did after his release was to walk directly to the shop of a Chinese printer near the Lo Han Bazaar, where he dictated the text of an announcement which appeared on handbills distributed throughout Chinatown that night. The notices read, as nearly as they can be translated:

"Why do these seven men attack their own people? Why do they make trouble for our merchants? Why do they mix lies with the truth in their testimony to the white inspectors? We have one perfect way to rid ourselves of this crew of traitors. These warnings are distributed so that our Chinese people may know that the doom of these seven men"—here the names of the seven appear—"is decreed. With their death, peace will come to Chinatown, and against informers our people will be warned.

"TONG OF SNAKE KILLERS."

The Tong of Snake Killers was christened before

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"Here is a Loan of Ten Thousand Taels of Silver," He Explained to the Sea Demons, Who Were Not Versed in Money Values

BIG NAMES

By FRANK CONDON

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

Miss Mobley Came to Work, and Not on Foot

IT HAS been my earnest effort at all times to keep the red finger of scandal out of these Hollywood reports and to avoid anything that seemed ribald, opprobrious, shocking, outrageous or otherwise splashed with blots about the main escutcheon. In my innocence, I fancied it would be possible to go pretty thoroughly into the history of the Gil-and-Shorty Comedies and at the same time omit all scandalous detail, but I now clearly see where I was mistaken. It cannot be done.

Therefore I wish to warn people who are irritated by motion-picture scandal to hang up the receiver, because this particular chronicle is full of inside information which is rarely discussed above a whisper—reeking with tittle-tattle, you might say.

It started in the usual conventional way. You could trace the scandal straight back to the root of all evil, tens and twenties, with fifties on the bottom. O'Day and Grogan, of the moving-picture corporation bearing their names, had been bitten by the bug of ambition during an era now gone, and while in this exalted state they projected a monster schedule of pictures which called for larger production, bigger sets, expensive actors, longer location trips, and this and that.

In four months they were flatter than twin flounders. Cash on hand became a mere memory. The studio slowed down to a walk and staggered along for weeks, with everyone saying it certainly was pitiful to see O'Day and Grogan in defeat. There was the musty air of the tomb about the plant, with carpenters and mechanics walking softly and actors plaintively asking for small sums. O'Day and Grogan sat and groaned at each other from opposite sides of a mahogany desk and eventually laid hands on a man named Jessen, formerly a distiller and now an oil king, with two closed cars.

Soon after Jessen walked into the studio, waving a check book, the institution reopened its eyes, cameras began turning and again actors stood before the cashier's window, moderately certain of more than a kind word. This was in 1919, when Hollywood was still a pup.

Gil and Shorty had been steadily whacking out their two-reelers during the financial dry spell, ignoring the woes of O'Day and Grogan, because the comedies were inexpensive, popular with the fans and brought immediate receipts when delivered. Gilfillan directed and Shorty Hamp played opposite him and made suggestions, none of which Gil ever accepted. The female lead was being played and had been played for a long time by Miss Bessie Bellair, a short, blond and comely young woman; and though Bessie was not a genius or highly gifted, she was reliable and useful, and Gil intended to continue her indefinitely. President John O'Day sent for his comedian.

"Gil," he said, with no preparation, "we're going to let Miss Bellair go."

"Who's going to let her go?" Gil inquired.

"We are—the company."

"Why?"

"Because there's a new girl coming in. You've played Bessie in a dozen or more comedies and that's enough. Change is good for everybody."

Gil glanced sharply at O'Day and the official stared guiltily out of a window, like a small boy caught sticking pins in his baby sister.

"What's the name of the new female?"

"Mobley—Irene Mobley."

"Oh," said Gil, whistling softly through his teeth. "That's it. A friend of Mr. Jessen, hey? And I'm to be the little hairy goat. Suppose I continue to run my own company in my own way, and tell everybody around here to take a long running jump—what then?"

"You can't do that, Gil. We'll have to use diplomacy at this particular time. It won't last forever. You can understand just how Grogan and I are fixed, and as a personal favor to me, Gil, I want you to take on Miss Mobley. At that, they say she's a mighty clever actress."

"And chooses her friends right," added Gil. "All right, John, I'll do it for you, because we've been over some rough rocks together and I never desert a pal. Only I wish to state that it's this kind of funny stuff that's putting the motion-picture business on the bum—and you know it."

Mr. O'Day silently shook hands with his comedy star, and Gil went out gloomily into the sunshine to find Shorty Hamp and talk it over.

Miss Bessie Bellair was formally dismissed from the service soon after, with Gil reluctantly swinging the ax.

"I thought you liked my work," Bessie remarked.

"I do," Gil admitted. "I am giving you your release to make room for Irene Mobley. Irene is a friend of the Good Samaritan who put his money in just as we were sinking the last time. Can you get it, or do you want diagrams with an arrow pointing?"

"A select and lovely business," said Bessie. "My next job is going to be in a canning factory."

"It's temporary," Gil consoled. "I've seen these things happen before, and they never last. Call me up once in a while, because you're coming back with us."

Miss Bellair packed her belongings, put her powder puff into her black bag and disappeared; and Miss Mobley came to work, and not on foot. She was a good-looking young woman, experienced, calm, with a slight dash of the patrician, which is not unusual in the films.

There are more unpedigreed aristocrats in Hollywood than there were in Rome the night Nero reached for his fiddle.

The new leading lady was a trifle too tall to work well with Gil, who is no giant and who likes diminutive women opposite him. He growled, but made no official complaint, and the comedy unit moved on schedule. We swung into line for the next two-reel picture with Gil, Shorty Hamp and Miss Mobley, the story of which I had devised and which we called Cold Turkey.

Horace Rascoe, our high-speed scenario writer, provided a workmanlike continuity and had about reached the concluding scenes when the good ship hit another reef. Rascoe strode into Gil's dressing room down behind Number Two Stage, where we were gathered together discussing locations, sets and costumes. There was murder in the scenario man's eye. He is a gloomy fellow, even in his happy moments; but this particular morning he looked like a man who has paid six dollars on a telegram from his sweetheart announcing her sudden marriage in the old home town. Gil glanced up from a map of Central California, where he was hunting waterfalls.

"I'm quitting," Rascoe said, tossing a handful of scenes upon the star's desk. "There's your continuity. It's done and so am I."

"What ails you?" asked Gil.

"I don't work in any unit with this Mobley woman. She's been butting in on me steadily since the minute she arrived. She spent all day yesterday telling me how to write the scenes that she's in. I don't like her and I won't work anywhere near her."

"Don't be silly," said Gil. "You can't quit."

"I've quit already," snorted Rascoe, "and that's all there is to it."

Gil argued and cajoled without avail and we lost our high-grade scenario expert. Gil crashed indignantly into the front office and found O'Day and Grogan poring over cost sheets.

"Now Rascoe's gone," Gil announced in bitter reproach. "Your Mr. Jessen and his lady friend are rapidly shooting my company to pieces."

"Sorry, Gil," said Grogan. "We'll have to make the best of it."

"I'm warning you," said Gil. "Too much Jessen around here. You keep on pushing me and you'll lose your comedies."

The problem of finding a new man to take Rascoe's place was speedily solved, and Miss Mobley, the competent new leading lady, solved it. It appeared that she had a married sister, and the sister's husband was one Perry Thorne, age forty, who at the moment was out of work and was looking for anything honorable. Perry had been employed by movie firms and could prove that he knew the difference between a long shot and an iris out. John O'Day summoned the harried Gilfillan.

"We're going to put this man Thorne into Rascoe's office," the boss stated. "He'll do your next script."

Dan McGuffy Was Wearing His Rented Suit, and His Manner

"Never heard of him," said Gil. "What makes anyone think he can write comedies?"

"Mr. Thorne," O'Day explained, "is a gifted and highly educated man and has written a number of excellent pictures."

"And," Gil added, "is Miss Mobley's brother-in-law. I wonder is her old man doing anything?"

"Thorne is good all around," the chief continued. "He writes comedies and he also can do straight drama. When he finishes this next comedy for you and Shorty, we will switch him over to Neilsen and start him on a five-reeler. Rascoe wasted a lot of time."

"He did, but he was good," Gil said gloomily. "And I wish he was back."

Mr. Perry Thorne moved into Rascoe's office the following morning and was subsequently introduced to the various members of Gil's staff. He was a serious man with a faint mustache, and from his first entrance it was easy to see that he was above the business of writing scenarios.

He was a college man and had written books, poems and a modern play full of profanity. The play was unproduced, the poems unprinted and the books yet to be published; but these trifles did not in any way lessen Mr. Thorne's opinion of his own high merit

He was an intellectual and he knew it. He belonged to a literary society in New York and a Greek-letter fraternity in Boston. Every mail brought him obscure but lofty magazines.

He subscribed to the London press and was generally a man of letters and distinctly out of place, as he admitted, in the production department of a studio.

"How'd you ever get to be a scenarist?" I inquired, watching him settle into Rascoe's old place

"Drifted in," he answered disgustedly. "Anybody can write scenarios. It is the lowest form of human endeavor. Writing scenarios, as I view it, is just one step above digging bloodworms for summer boarders, because if a man can write anything, he can write these crumby continuities."

"You don't seem wild about the new job," I ventured.

"I'm wild about the money. I get two hundred a week for writing this drivel, and how many novelists knock out two hundred a week, every week? Anyhow, it's a temporary job, because when I get some funds I'm going back to my real work. I'm an artist, but I have a family."

"What is the Concealed Kicker in All This?" the Barber Inquired

"He won't last three weeks," Shorty Hamp later announced. "Any man who thinks he's too good for the movies is through before he starts."

Gil thrust aside any feeling he might have had and plunged into the forthcoming two-reeler, aided by the new scenario writer. Mr. Thorne glanced casually through Rascoe's continuity and was forced to admit that it was a fair job. We encountered no snags until Gil reached the part about the waterfall.

"Where's there any waterfall around this part of California?" he demanded petulantly. "You fellows could have left out waterfalls and put in something easy."

"I know where we can get a fall," Thorne said. "There's a pretty one up in Monterey County; that is, if it hasn't gone dry."

"Then we better go up and look at it," said Gil; and accordingly he prepared to make a hasty trip North, accompanied by Thorne and the faithful Shorty.

That afternoon President John O'Day exploded one of his semiannual ideas. He summoned all the hired hands to his office and they drifted in, one by one, including directors, stars and heads of departments. O'Day cleared his throat and announced that in future the studio must bear down upon big names. Said the boss:

"We want famous novelists and famous playwrights around here, and whatever other famous people we can get. We have been making our pictures from stories by unknowns, and that's all a mistake. The other studios have got the jump on us and we must immediately alter our policy. From now on we want names, and the bigger the better."

There was ten minutes of earnest oratory, with the employes nodding vigorous assent. Seated among his fellows, Gilfillan listened and grunted. At the moment, he happened to be basking in the sunshine of universal approval, because his recent comedies had been fairly funny and had gone well with the ultimate consumer in the four-bit seats. Gil had played the lead in each of his comedies, assisted by Shorty Hamp. He had directed the action He had supplied what plot there was, and he had supervised the cutting and titling. The credit and responsibility were his

Therefore the star stood ace-high with the corporate powers, and for several weeks he had been strutting about the studio, chin up and chest out. When his comedies are successful, there isn't a more lordly creature than Walter Gilfillan, and he behaves like the Queen of Holland at a barn dance; but when the two-reelers slump, when business is bad and complaints begin to reach the studio by letter and telegram and messenger, Gil shrinks and shrinks and shrinks some more. His voice lowers and he becomes noticeably polite, even to the office people. He is pleasant and friendly with his assistants and a summons from O'Day throws him into a panic. After three poor comedies, Gil warps until he can eventually climb into a hospital thermometer and hide completely behind the mercury

Gil, Shorty Hamp and Mr. Perry Thorne departed for Monterey, California, and wound up in Carmel-by-the-Sea; and from this headquarters they began investigation, prowling over the countryside in search of a suitable waterfall. Several were discovered. As it turned out eventually, none was required, because Gil changed the course of the story and turned the waterfall shots into a dock sequence, which was taken on the banana wharf at San Pedro, with ocean travelers going aboard a liner for Honolulu.

The hotel where they put up was a select caravansary intended by the management for those who are accustomed to the better things. One was required to dress for dinner. There was no option about it. You dressed for dinner if you could find your studs; and if you could not, you presumably stepped out on the back stoop and ate your grilled beef bones with the hired help.

Naturally, such a hotel is filled with beautiful women in Fifth Avenue gowns, and pained-looking men who wander about in a lost manner, reading books on bridge. Gil was distinctly impressed with the high tone of the place. Shorty Hamp put on evening attire and sauntered about the ornate lobby, his surprise constantly growing at the number of people who mistook him for the head waiter.

Perry Thorne, being artistic and literary, immediately fitted himself into the higher life of the place and struck up acquaintance with the poets, sculptors, playwrights and other persons who do things along lofty lines and who have made Carmel what it is today.

"Who are all these people?" Gil asked.

"These are the brains of America," explained Thorne. "The artistic heart of the nation beats steady and sure in Carmel. These men and women are the true creators of beauty, who care nothing for money, and who live their lives free from the shackles of convention. You see that lame man?"

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Was That of a Man Who is Ill at Ease and Fearful That Something is Going to Slip

THE SECOND ROUND

By James J. Corbett

SINCE the last round ended I have received another shower of verbal pop bottles thrown in my direction by people angry because of the way I analyzed their favorites of glove and mitt Somehow nothing seems to hurt a man so much as saying his idolized hero of the ball field or ring is not quite a hundred per cent, that with his fine qualities he has certain faults, or that an old-timer who came before him hit a little harder or possessed a trifle more of skill.

So I have been called many sweet things from "an ossified octogenarian" and "an incipient paretic"—which sound polite but which the dictionary informs me aren't quite that—to a "fathead" and a "has-been," that need no looking up; and—well—so on down the complimentary line.

But since I have stood a rain of real pop bottles in the ring, and also did receive some nice words of encouragement, I guess I can stand the gaff and attack the middle-sized men, the welters and middleweights, some who fought long ago and some who are fighting still.

There is one question, however, that appeared in many of the letters that should be answered first that of fixing fights. Some declared that there was more of this practice in the old days than in the new under the present laws and boxing commissions.

It is true that occasional fights were fixed in my time, though none of those in which I participated which brings to mind a series between two negro heavyweights, the first a magnificent fighter, the second a mighty good one, and both of whom, it should be said, usually fought on the square. But there was a series of fights arranged between them some years ago when they toured the country picking up small but fairly easy money, which had a shady look—the fights, I mean.

The articles of arrangement were drawn up by the lawyer while the fighters stood by—so the tradition goes. The contract, of course, simply specified six bouts. The details were handled in the conversation, which went something as follows:

"Now," said one of the fighters; "Ah'll win the first in Noo Ahleens, you kin win in Saint Looie, and Ah'll win in Denvah."

"Hole on," said the other, scratching his head, "Ah want Noo Ahleens. Ah's got a gal down theah. She has nevah seen me fight, an' Ah jes' cain't let her see me lose."

"Foh de Lawd's sake! Dat's funny: Ah's got a gal down thataway too." Then he also scratched his head. "But Ah'll tell yuh what we'll do. Let's call it a draw theah; then Ah'll win in Saint Looie, an' you in Denvah," and so on. So the program was arranged.

Parson Davies' Protégé

HOWEVER, this must not be considered a typical case that would prove any general rule. For the colored race is childlike and often does not take its fighting any more seriously than it does its matrimonial adventures. For instance, I recall another fighter, who worked for the picturesque old promoter, Parson Davies, some twenty or so years ago. This black boy had ambitions to figure some day in a headline fight. Meanwhile he was mopping up floors, and occasionally, when the Parson took pity on him, appearing in a fifth-rate preliminary bout.

He was booked, one night in Chicago, to meet a white man, but said white man very early in the game gave him a good hard clip on the jaw. It did not knock him out or even daze him, but it hurt; and immediately the darky turned tail, crawled through the ropes and hotfooted it for the exit. The Parson hurried after him.

"Here," he said, "what's the matter? Don't you want to keep on fighting?"

"Yes, sah," replied the black boy, "but not tonight."

Then—not to dodge the question, but I can't help telling it—there was that colored fighter who trained about this same time at the old Broadway A. C. When he secured an engagement for a prelim he thought he saw a way out of settling with his many creditors, who, looking upon him as a black hope, had staked him to meals and clothes—a quarter here, a half dollar there, and so on. His scheme was this: When the big night arrived he appeared at the gate with a half dozen followers, each carrying a bucket, a towel or a sponge. Seeing these props the gatekeeper let them through. No sooner were they in, however, and in good seats, than he made for a side exit and soon appeared with another gang. And a second time he got away with it by explaining that they were his trainers and handlers; but the third time he appeared the gatekeeper grew suspicious just as the last creditor was passing through.

He stopped him and called to the fighter, "Here, boy, what are you doing with this army?"

Meantime he kept hold of the tail-end creditor, who was trying to squirm out of his clutch.

"Dat am no army," replied the debtor; "dese boys are jes' mah trainahs and rubbahs."

"Mebbe," replied the gatekeeper, "but he don't go in."

"Foh de Lawd's sake!" exclaimed the fighter. "He's jes' gotta go in. Why, he's the one wot's goin' to throw up the sponge."

Funny, and pointing a truth, perhaps; but then, I have pretty good grounds, from what I have seen, for believing that certain quite recent bouts were rehearsed.

An old hand cannot help but feel so when he sees a very big and powerful fighter take a few punches in an early round and while lolling lazily against the ropes, with no signs of real distress, throw up the sponge. It is particularly suspicious when said fighter is for these same few comparatively easy rounds drawing down a huge percentage of the house.

You cannot blame an old-timer, either, who has been through some grueling fights himself and who knows what a knock-out and distress really mean, when he sees another fighter, with prestige, fall quite early in the fight, then when the "ten" is reached, jump up with a pretty smile to face the camera. In a way I admire such ability, but it has its place behind the footlights—not the ropes.

There is usually this much of decisiveness, though, about even such bouts. In each case the better man won. It was simply that the fighter who would have been beaten anyway didn't go through with it, would not stand the gaff as the men of old used to do, or as little Criqui, the Frenchman, did in his memorable bout with Johnny Dundee when he took his fearful and unnecessary punishment so bravely.

Still, I feel that the practice is not general and never was. Once in a while a horse race is fixed, occasionally a ball game is thrown; so, too, now and then a fight is arranged to suit the principals and managers and maybe the gamblers. But there are too many keen rivalries, the purses and later results of victory are too big, and men are too ambitious naturally, too eager to win, for anyone to believe that more than a small percentage of fights are now or ever were fixed.

Crowds Watching Jack Dempsey Training for One of His Big Fights

Johnson

THERE is one famous fight which won and lost a championship that furnishes a good example of how unfounded rumors of fight-fixing circulate and will not down. I refer to the battle between Jack Johnson and Jess Willard at Havana. As at so many of the later important bouts, I was quite near the ringside and watched Johnson closely, and I am morally certain he would never have gone through twenty-six long rounds had the result been prearranged; he would have chosen an earlier round to flop in.

It is true that he was old for a boxer, had long been out of the ring and, as always, was a cautious fighter. But even at that, he led constantly at the sluggish Jess, showed whatever of aggressiveness was displayed in the fight—there couldn't have been much with two such men—and found when he reached the twenty-fifth that he couldn't last much longer. Immediately, in the intermission, he sent a message to his white wife, who had been sitting by the ringside, begging her to leave at once. He knew he was through and didn't want her to see his fall, showing in the end by this incident that fear of another race which has always handicapped black fighters, and far better ones than Johnson—Langford and Peter Jackson, among them. She had not been gone from the arena more than a minute when the end came and he fell.

For my own satisfaction I investigated the fight later, and Jack Curley and Harry Frazee, two well-known promoters interested in the bout, declared that there was nothing phony about it. This in itself was convincing, for they both had reasons to dislike Willard, and would have been tempted, had there been any ground for it, to belittle his victory.

A few minutes ago I declared that I had never participated in a fixed fight. I suddenly recall that I did—once. When I relate the circumstances I may be forgiven, and—well, anyway, the story will serve to show that a fighter's life is not all it is supposed to be.

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Tenderfoot!—By Courtney Ryley Cooper

A SHOWMAN friend and myself sat atop the white-painted corral fence which contained the bull-doggin' steers, watching the buckin'-horse contest of the annual rodeo at Colorado Springs. Out in the dusty arena dirt-smeared eardowners and horse wranglers were endeavoring to persuade wild-eyed murderers in the shape of equines to assume the command of a hackamore and the more resented weight of a contest saddle. Looping broncs sailed and sunfished, yielding in defeat at the crack of the judge's revolver, or bouncing their riders gently upon their craniums while the motor ambulance clanged down the race track and the surgeons in the emergency tent got out the restoratives and prepared for the setting of broken bones for another contest hand.

"Good show," I said.

The circus man nodded.

"Yep. Some of the boys from my outfit in it. Figured they might as well lay off from the circus and make a few dollars while we were playing the Death Trail."

If a Person is an Ordinary Human Being, All He Has to Do is to Learn the Few Laws of the Land, Develop a Love for Exercise—and He's a Westerner

Hero of Gallopin' Italy

THEN, with a sudden change of subject, he pointed to a modishly attired man among the mounted spectators

"See that bird in the white pants? Hero of Gallopin' Italy, or whatever it was. Hardest-boiled cookie I ever met in my life. Came on the show a few weeks ago and outrode every cow hand I had. They tell me that when they got a tough baby of a horse in the British Army he'd take it out and either bust it or bust the saddle trying. That's him over there with the slick riding boots and the white pants on. And just on account of that"—he grinned, shrugged his shoulders and lit a cigarette—"out here in the free and untrammeled West, where men are mendacious, I suppose you'd call him a tenderfoot."

Maybe. More probably not. There happen to be some qualifications to this tenderfoot matter as it is recognized today. True, there was a time in the West, particularly in the Rocky Mountain region, when, arriving footsore and weary after having walked all the way from the Missouri River in the expectancy of seeing free gold protruding from every foot of the Rockies, newcomers were called tenderfeet regardless of their past qualifications.

There was a reason for it. Despite the origin of the name elsewhere, it meant in the gold regions a green, gullible fool who had sufficiently believed the wild stories which had permeated the Eastern country to make a six-hundred-mile journey on foot in the hope of finding the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow—with the result that about all he discovered was the pot itself, full of beans, at a dollar a dish. Given a country filled with men like that, and a term soon springs into derisive and popular usage, even among those who but yesterday were tenderfeet themselves. But times have changed since Jackson found gold in '59 and started the real rush to the Rockies.

Discovery Rides, Lake Arrowhead, California

Clothing, for one thing, is not the mark of the man that it once was. Of course there's the natural derision regarding those bulbous tourist ladies who equip themselves in cute little khaki breeches with enough room on each side for a couple of watermelons, silk hose, a pair of worn-out high-heeled shoes, a round hat which insults a well-known make of car by using its name, and to touch off the scene, a natty little motor veil in a continual contest with the hair as to which can outstraggle the other. But that isn't because of a feeling of aloofness; it's merely humorous that anyone should get the idea that dressing in that fashion will add to the attraction of the outdoors. Because, strange as it may seem, to a real Westerner there's nothing that's really so comforting as a bit of the sport when it comes to the right kind of clothes.

A Visitor

LATE the other night my doorbell rang. Unusual, since my town out near the top of the Rockies happens to be one of those affairs commonly described as "nestling," and the process is usually in full swing by nine o'clock. I found on the veranda a snow-burned cow-puncher friend from forty miles over the range who'd taken a notion that day that he wanted to see me, and had consumed the rest of the time on horseback and in crossing the continental divide, breaking snow trail for fifteen miles of the way, sometimes through drifts belly-deep on his horse. He was dressed typically—hair pants, ragged red sweater, with a sheepskin coat on top of that, cowhide boots, filigreed gauntlets, and all the rest of the habiliments which go along with a first-class cow chaperon.

"Got a mighty tired hoss out here," he said. "That ole willer-tail that I've been using for packin' drug back on th' line all day long. I'll go down to the liv'ry stable, put 'im up, get squared aroun' a little myself, an' then I'll be back."

In an hour or so he got squared around, and the doorbell rang again. But this time it was a different-looking cow-puncher. The chaps had disappeared, to give way to smartly cut military-academy riding breeches. His shirt was linen and his collar exactly the kind which makes men look so handsome from their position just above the straps in the Subway. He wore puttees, and well-matched shoes extended from them. And were it not for his wind and snow burned features, the shade of his eyes blue eyes take on a peculiar lightish hue after years in the open—his strengthy hands and his natural drawl, he might have been anyone in the world. What the well-dressed cow-puncher should wear, it seems, is largely a matter of taste and of how much opportunity he is going to have for showing off that apparel. But one thing is certain: As a rule, he is not going to spend much time strolling down city streets in a ten-gallon hat and high-heeled boots—that is, east of Denver.

But, of course, you've seen them in every part of the United States. Boots stuffed outside tight-legged trousers, gauntlets over their coat sleeves, and beneath that coat a buckin'-hoss belt of variegated hand carving; the kind of cow-puncher who walks along in proud disdain of the glances shied at him, as though he didn't know there was such a thing as curiosity. The only trouble is that he isn't a cow-puncher. He's a contest hand. There's a difference.

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FROM AN OLD HOUSE

Spring—By Joseph Hergesheimer

THERE was an old blue rug across the oak floor, it reached from the sideboard to the dresser, from the hunting table to the stone hearth of the wide fireplace; the chairs not in use stood back from it, and its color, repeated in the chair seats, the glass in the beaufatt and on the overmantel, dominated the room. It was there, on our first night at the Dower House, we had the ham cooked and brought from the kitchen by Dorothy, in a dining room that was at once the same and very different; in the past the main stairway to the second floor had led from it, the walls were papered and the hearth brick. The first Bacardi rum in West Chester had made its appearance there, long before I knew it in the form of a double Daiquiri at the Telégrafo Hotel in Havana, and I clearly remember the difficulties which met the passage of Vinie McFadden, who was so indispensable for local dinner parties, from small table to table with a meringue. Vinie still, fortunately, came to the Dower House, but she found the kitchen more convenient now than formerly.

The Early Dresser

Then, in place of a gas stove, there had been a long coal range, sufficiently hot in summer; making the biscuits for which she was so celebrated, Vinie's face had often been as fiery as the coals she sharply raked. Now there were various closets and racks and additional sinks, boards on which she could separate and drain the leaves of crisp green heads of lettuce; and on which, in season, mint juleps might be comfortably made. When Vinie was in the kitchen I always went out to see her, and together we recalled the past, the gayety of vanished parties. She carried from house to house the details, the morsels, of the dinners she helped prepare; and, too familiar with her for the necessity of any formal proprieties, I listened absorbed in her humors: A neighbor had ten last night, and how they sat on those hired chairs—I knew them well, they were owned by Mr. Smith, the undertaker—she couldn't make out. There had been a right nice party of young people before the last dance, but she'd heard that afterward someone fell off the porch of the country club and all but ruined his ear.

She would talk and cook simultaneously, and I was as happy with one as with the other. In the new pantry, concerned with cracked ice and limes and what was incidental to them, I'd recall the earlier occasions when even a small dinner was an extravagance and paying Vinie for her services had an aspect of the reckless. Not all that I stirred in a pewter pitcher went into the dining room—she was growing definitely old and often she was very tired. But so was I; and that was part of the bond between us: we understood, remembered, things hidden from mere guests.

The hunting board, the only mahogany in the room, had come—belonging to William Paca—from Paca's Island, in Maryland, and it wasn't appropriate to the traditions of a farmhouse. It had been the property of a gentleman, part of a gentleman's existence, a fact it maintained and showed. It was for a breakfast eaten standing by men in the white-powdered leather breeches of fox hunting; and, rather than to me, it should have belonged to Charlie Murtagh, who was the master of the West Chester hounds. I had gone to Francis Brinton's, prosaically in an automobile, to see the hunting board; and, as usual, I was telling myself that I couldn't afford to buy it, when Charlie and Florence appeared on horseback. Above me in their saddles, easy and competent and secure, smart in their varnished boots and smoothly fitted coats, I realized that the hunting board was properly theirs; I realized this fully and asked Francis when he could send it to the Dower House.

They dismounted and Charlie Murtagh, with an elaborate appearance of indifference, asked me what the piece of furniture was we were examining. "It's a hunting board," I replied.

"You tell me it is." He showed an interest somewhat tempered by doubt. "I told you it was, at the Dower House," I answered. "Do you like it?"

Squarely faced by that demand he admitted that he liked it very much. "I suppose you've bought it, though there is no place in your house for a hunting board."

"There isn't, and I did," I told him.

Naturally, he went on, in an automobile I had reached it first; and he made some uncomplimentary remarks about me in this particular and in general.

I asked him, in the event that the hunting board wouldn't go into my dining room, if he wanted it, and he nodded; a simple admission which further betrayed his pretended skeptical humor. I forget now who left Francis Brinton's first, if it was the motor or a clatter of hoofs on the frozen road; but however that was, my thoughts followed Charlie with pleasure—he had a tonic quality of mind that always attacked sentimentality: the Sunday mornings at his house were almost as traditional as the earlier Sundays, at Judge Hemphill's. It was there, now that the poker games were lost, that I mostly saw Doctor Oat; announced by a fragmentary whistling at the door he would appear, and I'd sit listening to a long and purposely aimless dialogue, perhaps about a saddle or the chain of a bit. Then, invariably the conversation shifted to foxhounds—Charlie Murtagh and Oat, it seemed to me, had always just come back from the town of Oxford, where they had bought a hound puppy from a nigger, or they were going there for that purpose. They named the hounds of the West Chester pack with a careful ingenuity, and if any of their close friends were perceptibly attracted by a special feminine charm the name of the charmer was immediately attached to some dog with long drooping ears, liver-colored spots and a lugubrious voice. I enjoyed these conversations immoderately, but principally for the opinionated manner in which they were conducted. A thing was right, that was the way it must be done; or it was utterly wrong. The past, custom, existed with them, in their specific interest, as an immutable standard.

I was, however, again concerned with changes which persisted in my dining room: the large open dresser, with its spoon rack and unique hinges, had been replaced by a smaller cupboard with scalloped sides and a motive in the paneled lower walnut doors that, Mrs. Shackleton had assured me, was not later than the first quarter of the eighteenth century. A wall had beautifully accommodated the hunting board, and my mind was divided between the superior propriety of a Lowestoft or a Liverpool punch bowl for it. The modern tall silver candlesticks it now held would, in the near future, go, but the pitchers could remain. My conversations with Charlie Murtagh began to have the tang, the aroma, of green mint. If I had lost, lately, my power to enter fully into the gayety of parties, I found an increasing pleasure in the companionship of the men who were my intimates; as time drew on I became more dependent on them, for I had passed the age when it was possible to form new attachments.

In all my thousands of pages, I had written only one comparatively short book about friendship, The Bright Shawl; and there, as far as practicable, I had avoided the use of that particular word. It had come to have as little meaning, almost, as the term love; but while, even blurred by long misuse, love had very deep connotations, friendship was only a shadowy phrase. I didn't question its existence, its great worth, for certain people; but I couldn't free myself from doubting the sheer desirability of self-sacrifice; one of the indispensable possibilities, I was given to understand, of friendship. Fortunately I had never been in a situation that demanded the probable loss of my life for another; a nobility I had no longing for, in spite of the honor in which, naturally, by all the potential others, it was held. I had at least realized this from experience—that it was unfortunate to have to depend on other men through moments of importance; I didn't want my safety or success to hang in such a veering quarter. The further unkind truth was that I didn't wish to lend sums of money to the needy, keep people at the Dower House through periods of adversity or employ myself with securing for them the recognition of their various merits. It was difficult to fix which was the worse position, to be indebted to men or to have them in your debt; it was only the difference between lying or listening to lies. And, while the latter was, of course, the more comfortable, it was, at the same time, more dangerous.

The Costly Table

I didn't, intrinsically, believe in the candor or good sense of men who seemed to hold my interest before theirs. That was, at its best, a miraculous trait in a few women; but men ought to be more aggressive and self-confident. By this I didn't mean disloyal; practically all fine types of service, seeming wholly disinterested, were ultimately directed inward; it was necessary for men to die for their convictions, even for their attachments; but the good served was the necessity in their own hearts. The convictions, the attachments,

A Hunting Board

The Wall Towel and My Grandfather's Chair

in most cases were not notably assisted. No, the best, the most durable, companionships were those between men who were not essentially dependent on each other, who didn't, in short, need each other

Charlie Murtagh was a successful lawyer; in a totally different world I hadn't been, exactly, a failure; he was as safe from embarrassing demands on my part as I was from him; and in consequence nothing spoiled the complete cheerfulness of our hours together. We were, too, free from the exaggerated intimacies which destroyed so many pleasant human relationships, the prying into the lives of others which was no more than a particularly small variety of conceit. Everyone, nearly, had a vulgar desire to be more intimately informed of intimate things than anyone else; no one, really, was entirely free from it; but, pursued, it degenerated into a gossiping habit fatal to the integrity of affection.

And then I didn't like the slender books, bound in imitation vellum, written about friendships, the anthologies of high-sounding hollow protestations, the aphorisms of the literary confectioners. There was, at least, in The Bright Shawl, a choice of ways—Charles Abbott could have left the Tacon Theater and found, probably, a career of power and great usefulness, or he could stay in a vain effort to save the life of Andrés Escobar, who was his friend. He chose the latter, Andrés was killed, and all Charles Abbott's plans for the liberation of Cuba came to nothing.

But what had been most clearly brought before me, or, rather, brought back to me, was the fact that my time for making such attachments had reached an end: the world of my personal associations was formed and closed. Well, it was large enough and, like the furniture in the Dower House, better than I could have hoped for. The men who made it up were various and admirable; to a great extent they were not literary. There were men I could go long distances with in search of amethyst glass and early hand-forged iron; one gave parties for serious people where no one was ever serious; another knew more about the world of books than I might ever dream, and still another never opened a book from May Day to May Day; there were men for golf and at least two who never heard it mentioned without a derisive profanity; a banker to care for the investments I intended some day to make; a man in Southern California who had a house in an orange grove and a cook from Alabama.

They were all as busy as myself, some busier; we saw each other at long or short intervals and took up our companionship where it had been interrupted but not broken. In every case there was something specific, superior, that I admired; and I had no tendency to select for my friends those who didn't like what I wrote. I wasn't detached enough, sufficiently laudable, for that! I didn't mind if they had not read a page in my books, but if they had and, on the whole, with disapproval, then I was incompetent properly to appreciate their unquestionable honesty. But this didn't, fortunately, surround me with a debilitating curtain of flattery. If none of my friends actually disliked what I wrote they were very free with suggestions for the improvement of my character; my inconsistencies were faithfully drawn to my attention.

When, for example, I told Charlie Murtagh that I intended to write a book of perhaps sixty thousand words which would be largely autobiographical he exhibited a marked surprise, making it plain that he found a great discrepancy between the merit of the subject and the number of words devoted to it. "You will run out of material at ten thousand," he asserted. And when I told him that thirty, forty, fifty, thousand words had been written, his surprise became incredulous. It hadn't seemed possible, was his attitude. But then, he added, I had put a lot of other things in it, things like the hunting board And, of course, I had; the hunting board was, in a definite way, the object of the book it ornamented. So were the Chippendale sofa, the desk with the serpentine front and ball-and-claw feet, the walnut bed. I was writing about their part in the Dower House rather than mine; but, on account of the support they gave me, I was everywhere implicated; and, after all, I had made a place for them, gathered them together. For a number of years, until they would again be inevitably scattered, they could enjoy a proper company and setting. They were appreciated. No one could stain or varnish them or rub orange shellac into old curly maple. And they were used, warm with the pressures of bodies and the touch of hands; occasionally—but more particularly the glass—they were broken; and an ember from the open fire had burned the wool tapestry of the sofa

That gave them a value denied to more insensate objects; it was possible to consider them, to write about them, with affection. Most I had bought, but five chairs were inherited in my own right: three after Hepplewhite, with shield backs, the Chippendale side chair that stood before the desk, and a fine five-slatted chair in curly maple. I had known it through all my childhood when it had stood in my grandfather's room and regarded it with indifference; then it had belonged to my mother and somehow vanished into the darkness of a storage house Later—I had become conscious that such chairs were desirable—I vaguely remembered it; I thought, I told Dorothy, that we had a maple chair with a tall back; and, in consequence, excitedly we bore it from oblivion in Germantown. It had rockers, but they were so clearly a piece with the

(Continued on Page 214)

PHOTOS BY PHILIP B. WALLACE, PHILADELPHIA

Trivets and Skillets and Candlesticks

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PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 4, 1925

The Farmers' Question Answered

THE AVERAGE farmer is rather bewildered by what his Government has attempted to do for him and for his credit. He has witnessed the establishment and workings of Federal Land Banks, Joint Stock Land Banks and, later, the setting up of Intermediate Credit Banks. Every day someone tells him that agriculture alone is the beneficiary of so much governmental assistance in the way of easy credit and cheap capital. And yet the farmer feels that being killed by kindness ought to be a more pleasurable experience than it is. Though he is keenly aware of all that is being done for him, it somehow seems as if this paternalistic benevolence does not butter his parsnips quite so liberally as the prospectus said it would. He can, to be sure, pay for his farm on easy terms; but when he wants to buy a tractor, replenish his farm equipment or take on some blooded stock, and goes to his local bank for a loan, the best rate he can expect, in many states, is 8 per cent or higher. Small wonder, then, that the farmers of twenty states are asking why the cheap money they have been reading about is so bashful when they are doing their best to make its acquaintance.

We offer, for what it is worth, a specific answer to this question, and at the same time hazard a suggestion as to the means by which more favorable conditions may be gradually brought about.

Careful study of the matter forces one to the conclusion that the rural banker is very often like the horse in the proverb. Uncle Sam can lead him to water, but he can't make him drink. Congress has established Intermediate Credit Banks with practically unlimited funds, to be used in rediscounting, at a present rate of 4½ per cent, or under, any "note, draft, bill of exchange . . . or other such obligation, the proceeds of which have been advanced or used in the first instance for any agricultural purpose, or for the raising, breeding, fattening or marketing of livestock." It is provided, however, that no bank shall, without the approval of the Federal Farm Loan Board, be allowed to discount with any Intermediate Credit Bank any note or other obligation upon which the original borrower has been charged a rate of interest exceeding by more than 1½ per cent per annum the discount rate of the Federal Intermediate Credit Bank at the time such loan was made.

Congress virtually says to all the banks of the country: "You may take a farmer's note and rediscount it with an Intermediate Credit Bank at a rate that will show you a profit of 1½ per cent, without using any of your own funds and without assuming any liability except the indorsement of your customer's note."

It might be supposed that banks would be glad to avail themselves of this opportunity for profit; but many are not—for the simple reason that they already have, in all probability, a large volume of such notes upon which they are charging the borrowers 8 per cent. If they loan Farmer Jones or any other borrower at 6 per cent, intending to rediscount his note at an Intermediate Credit Bank and make this profit of 1½ per cent, they know he will probably tell his neighbors that he is getting money at 6 per cent, and they will therefore have to reduce the rate on all other loans.

The loss of 2 per cent on the considerable volume of notes already discounted would exceed the profit of 1½ per cent on the comparatively few notes they would rediscount with the Intermediate Credit Bank. Rather than submit to this loss, they forgo the privilege of rediscounting with the Intermediate Credit Bank, and continue to charge Farmer Jones and all their other customers 8 per cent. In other words, the Government has offered them a facility which it is not to their selfish interest to use.

The natural reaction of the rural banker, when cross-questioned upon this charge, will be to admit its truth and remind his inquisitor that a bank official is but the appointed steward of his stockholders and must administer his institution in such a manner as to yield them the greatest return upon their investment. This, in a way, is a fair answer. In another way it is not fair at all. The truth is that a number of highly profitable banking practices are made possible only by the ignorance of the bank-using public. This is true not only among country banks but in the larger money centers. These practices are no doubt entirely lawful; but if they were thoroughly understood public opinion would discountenance them and make them at first difficult and then impossible.

As soon as the rank and file of American farmers know precisely what their local banks can do for them, and do profitably when acting in conjunction with the various Federal agencies, the pressure of public sentiment will become so strong that rural bankers will see that it is just as important a factor, for the long pull, as the immediate interests of their stockholders.

The mechanism of agricultural banking is an intricate and dreary subject; but until they have mastered it a great mass of farmers will continue to labor under burdensome handicaps when dealing with local banks. For their own sake, they must find a way to make the horse show more interest in Uncle Sam's watering trough.

Make it Snappy

WASHINGTON dispatches contain heartening assurances that the next eight months will be diligently employed in mapping out and agreeing upon a program for the reduction of income taxes.

Already, we are told, there is a new Mellon plan, a new plan evolved by Chairman Green, and a dozen minor life savers sponsored by members of both houses. Optimistic correspondents would have us believe that the determination to reduce taxes is so earnest and resolute, that the teamwork within and between the committees concerned is so highly perfected, that the new legislation will slide through on greased skids, and by January 1, 1926, before the Sixty-ninth Congress is a month old, the modified revenue bill, enthusiastically passed by both Houses, will be laid upon the main desk in the White House to await the scrawling signature that will make it law.

We, too, should like to own the simple faith that believes in fairies. We, too, would fain count upon the happy consummation that these exuberant young correspondents have forecast; but somehow we find it hard to visualize the spectacle of important and needed business legislation hustled through Congress with never a hitch or jam.

This is not the way Congress commonly functions. Swift meetings of hostile minds, prompt and sensible compromises, votes based upon facts rather than upon political expediency, self-restraint in debate, united teamwork for the common good—all these things indicate a state of mind about as foreign to many of our congressmen as can readily be imagined. It is asking too much of any leopard to expect him to change his spots between April and December.

And yet the thing is not quite impossible. For all its settled ways of doing things, Congress is capable of amazing reversals of form. Contemporary history, history scarcely sixty days old, affords a dazzling example of the snappy and effective teamwork we have in mind. Consider the dispatch with which both Houses went over the top and passed the bill to raise the salaries of senators, congressmen and cabinet officers.

Even the most cynical must have been impressed by the fact that there was no mad scramble to snatch personal credit for the passage of this bill. Not even a yea-and-nay vote gives a clew to the identity of those who put the measure across. Senator Borah, indeed, endeavored to get a record vote, but he was unsuccessful. Nor did anyone start a filibuster to beat the bill.

In view of this remarkable performance, who shall say that it is beyond the realms of possibility to pass a new revenue bill with equal efficiency, bearing in mind that the projected legislation is to be formulated deliberately during the next eight months? If our representatives can raise their own salaries so swiftly and wholeheartedly, why should they be unable to raise ours by reducing Federal taxes promptly and substantially and by leaving our net incomes so much the greater?

If the new Congress will follow the snappy legislative model to which its attention is directed, the country will have no reason to complain of dilatory tactics. If the bill for the reduction of taxes becomes law before it is time to tack up our 1926 calendars, we shall be prepared to strike hands with Peter Pan and concede that there may be something in this fairy business, after all.

Readjustment of Prices

IT IS one thing to know that the country is prosperous—a vital thing, of course. Though less important in the direct sense, it is desirable to determine if possible why the country is prosperous. A glimpse at index numbers gives some information in this direction. It also gives an illustration of how valueless an average may be.

In February, 1923, the wholesale all-commodity index number of the Bureau of Labor Statistics was 157, with 1913 as base line at 100. In December of 1924 the same index number was 157. The number had fallen to as low as 146 in June, 1924, to rise progressively to 157 six months later. We were prosperous in February, 1923; also prosperous in December, 1924. Did the identical index number of 157 carry the same meaning for commodities at the two times, the same meaning for the purchasing power of the income? Not at all. The average hid substantial and very important differences. This is shown by tabulating the averages and the indexes for the different groups of prices:

	FEBRUARY, 1923	DECEMBER, 1924
Farm products	142	157
Food	141	158
Cloths and clothing	199	191
Fuel and light	212	165
Materials	130	133
Building materials	192	175
Average	157	157

Behind the identical average stands a substantial readjustment of prices. Prices of farm products and foods have risen, manufactured goods and services have declined. The prices of urban goods and services have declined. The end effect is a readjustment of prices that practically restores the farm population to a position of normalcy. The city is selling its goods and services for less and the increased buying power of the country will enable a larger volume to be taken. Behind the general index number of 157 in February, 1923, stood high prices for city goods and services and low prices for farm products. Behind the same number 157 in December, 1924, stood comparable prices for the different groups, not yet fully adjusted, but greatly improved over the previous position.

WHAT EUROPE THINKS

By Richard Washburn Child

NO GOOD reporter has an idea and seeks evidence to support it; the good reporter is the one who merely brings back the news. The idealist can go to Europe and come back with any kind of story. So can the alarmist. So can the propagandist. I had so much drugging about Europe after a year of absence from Europe that I went back to find out what Europe is really thinking politically.

It is difficult to analyze the reasons for the American opinion that the European is a strange mixture fitted out with a mentality different from our own; it is even difficult to account for the European idea that an American is a strange creature. It may be that each side of the water is confused because, as a noted French author said the other day over his coffee cup:

"In America you have mass thinking. You rush in a flock after a new idea, a new theory, a new diversion. You swim like a school of fish after Wagner's Simple Life, then it is Tagore, then psychoanalysis, then the Literature of Discontent, then mah-jongg, then the League of Nations, then cross-word puzzles, then the Russian theater, then something else. You put ideas on the market like a brand of cigarettes and they sell everywhere until a new brand is advertised. And you treat ideas as if, indeed, they were commodities which you can use and wear out as if they were not a part of the human being at all. If one begins to go stale, you merely throw it aside like an old dress out of fashion."

European opinion can assume that superior air if it chooses. With some justice, it can pride itself on being comparatively free, over long periods, from being herded and run. Over there, ideas usually travel more by a multiplication of individual thought, and take deeper root than under circumstances where canned thought is put on the market and radioed, movied and display-typed into lightly running short-distance mass zeal. Europe was unprepared for the spirit materializations conducted by certain world leaders of the political-séance type during and since the war. It was untrained in taking ideas in wholesale deliveries. It was nerved by stress and has found itself running this way and that off the main road, and up blind alleys, jumping fences for short cuts and coming up at nightfall in the woods of bafflement. These experiences are not serious to peoples with fur coats or fat pay envelopes; they are painful to those who have taken false hope believing they were supplied a necessity. Europe, unlike territories where the pinch was not so great, could not treat nostrums, panaceas, theories and ideas as if they were mere thrilling, transitory luxuries

And now the one outstanding fact about European thought, as the investigating traveler finds it, is that Europe is coming down again onto its intellectual feet. With a motor still overheated, it is making a successful landing on the field of facts.

The truth of the matter is that Europe, and perhaps the world, has had an intellectual spree. One feels this in almost every country visited. And it is clear that the spree affected peoples in two ways Some of them departed from all reality and went singing and weeping after impractical idealism. The others went laughing and shrieking after freedom, self-indulgence and anything bizarre. The world is just coming back, with something of a headache, to sobriety.

If one has lived abroad during this period—or perhaps at home there has appeared a whole thought vintage which may be called the wine of irresponsibility. There has been a passion of mankind to leap the inevitable, to dodge around the facts of life, to seize any and all proposals that promised an opportunity to the individual to take care, trouble, toil, service, thrift, and even morals, and check them all at any parcel room doing business under the name of that old faker, the New World. The New World had a great variety of gimcracks on its counter. Ready-made democracy was a mechanical toy which everyone was taught to believe was self-winding Self-determination was a rocket which often went off prematurely

Continued on Page 201.

THE NEW CAR

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Spring in the Blood

NOW that the breath of the air is Aprillian,
And all the sunbeams seem daffy-downdillian,
Now that the thickets are vocal and voluble,
And every snowdrift in silver is soluble,
Now that the small boy can hike on his bicycle
Without the fear of some imminent icicle,
Why should not we, freed from cold and its tentacles,
Join in the venerable vernal conventicles?

Mirth is as old as the ark upon Ararat
When the door opened to let out the bear or rat;
Mirth is as sweet on our lips and as dear amid
Us as when Pharaoh reared up the first pyramid;
Mirth is as likely to crinkle or crack a rib
As in the days of Sardon or Sennacherib;
Why should not we, in these times of modernity,
Join in the ancient and jolly fraternity?

Spring's in our blood; let them heap up obliquity
On our gay mood from the years of antiquity!
Spring's in our blood, and we are not more sham a lot
Than were the knights that went tilting at Camelot!
Spring's in our blood, and our hearts would fain tune a verse
To the blithe measure and verve of the universe!
Spring's in our blood; come and try our experiment!
We are for madness and gladness and merriment! —*Clinton Scollard.*

Snapshots of Famous People *Madame Zenia—the Beloved Opera Star Weeding Her Beautiful Garden*

Goldilocks and the Three Bears

As the Tale Might Have Been Told Had the Grimms Lived in the West

THE City Council of Dead Ford Corners was in executive session at the Two Bits Saloon.

"Mr. Mayor," announced Red Eye Boggs of the California Boggses, "I desires to orate on the subject of b'ars."

"Shoot, but only figuratively," said the mayor, who had been to Chicago and wore a boiled shirt.

"Wal," began Red Eye, "oncet upon a time thar were a female by the name of Goldilocks. She were hardly more than a yearlin', but she were plumb full o' curiosity. One day this critter meanders out into the mesquite to investigate, and the fust thing she knows she runs up agin the dwellin' o' three b'ars—a big un, a little un, an' a middle-sized un.

"There were three glasses o' likker a-settin' in the window matchin' the b'ars as to size. Wal, she tasted the biggest, but that were too potent, an' the middle-sized un were too wishy-washy, but the little un suits her slick, so she offers up a silent pra'er and a toast to the Los Angeles Real Estate Boom an' pours down the hull five fingers.

"Being young thataway and onused to likker, the drink makes her crave sleep immejit, which she done.

"By and by them b'ars come home. 'Who'n tarnation's been a-sniftin' my likker?' growls the biggest un.

"'Why,' says the middle b'ar, surprised-like, 'I ain't see the like o' this sence Bryan run on the free-silver platform. Some sheep-herdin' horntoad has been a-tastin' mine too!'

"'Dang my eyes if some greaser ain't drank mine all up,' squeals the little b'ar, and then he announces loud, 'An' here she be!'

"Wal, all this uproar waked up this Goldilocks individool, and drat me if she didn't get up and dust the cabin with them b'ars an' chase them clean offen the scenery. This were oncommon in a gal o' her years, but still she were from California, which is my home state."

Red Eye having completed his story, the mayor arose.

"Red Eye," he said, "yo're a danged liar."

"Them's shootin' words in Texas," said Red Eye, reaching for his gun, "but this ain't Texas, and it's sech consoomin' toil diggin' sepulchers in this rock-ribbed landscape I'll spar' you this time. Boys, the drinks is on me." —*Stuart Little.*

Our Lady of the Drive

Apologies to R. K.

A CHAIRMAN called a Committee,
A Leader spoke to her Crowd:
"Scatter and seek, for it's Cat Home Week
And our Quota must do us proud
The means are ours to gather,
As the ways are ours to contrive,
For we be also go-getters,"
Said our Lady of the Drive.

"Glean, from the Nabob's plenty,
From the Indigent Widow's need,
Tribute and spoil to reward our toil
With a Sweep to the Goal Decreed.
Many there be that murmur,
As hot on their trail we strive;
Cagy the folk that 'scape me!"
Said our Lady of the Drive.

A Chief sent word to a Unit;
A Captain rallied a Band:
"Hurry and park on the million mark
At our National Board's command!
This is our message and slogan,
The Cause of the Week must thrive!
And I—I am first in the battle,"
Said our Lady of the Drive.
—*Corinne Rockwell Swain.*

Adventures of Alice

ALICE felt somewhat embarrassed in the presence of such a large and distinguished group of ladies. It was her first venture into what the daily newspapers describe as Society.

"You'll like them, my dear," the Red Queen had explained. "They are absolutely the cream."

"The extra heavy cream," Alice thought as she surveyed the substantial, aristocratic figures about her.

The Red Queen introduced her.

"Mrs. Azel, Mrs. Bazel, Mrs. Cazel, Mrs. Dazel—this is Alice. Her great-grandmother was a Mazel."

"Then of course you're related to the Pazels," said Mrs. Hazel cordially.

"Why—I don't know," said Alice awkwardly.

"Certainly," insisted Mrs. Hazel. "Your great-aunt was a Nazel before her marriage." So that was settled.

The president of the Tuesday Morning Literary and Genealogical Society, Mrs. Azel, called the meeting to

(Continued on Page 124)

Mr. and Mrs. Beans

"Oh, Mom! I'm So Lonesome. Can't I Go Find Some Nice Little Playmate?"

"All Right, Buster Dear, But Do Bring Your Little Friend Home. Then I'll Know Where You Are"

"Great Caesar, Vi! What's That Pup Bringing—the 'Fleas' Home for the Friendless'?"

Vary the hearty soups you serve!

Hosts of people find a hearty soup one of the most tempting and satisfying of all dishes. It is so substantial and so delicious.

Campbell's Vegetable is the most popular hearty soup in the world.

But do you realize that with Campbell's you can vary these soups and always give your appetite the change it so welcomes?

12 cents a can

Three soups good to eat when you're really hungry! Order them today. See how skillfully the famous Campbell's chefs cater to your choice:

Vegetable Soup: Here the fifteen different vegetables are either diced, sliced or whole, blended with rich beef broth, cereals and many other ingredients.

Vegetable-Beef: In this soup most of the vegetables are in a puree in which beef broth is blended. In addition there are toothsome pieces of beef and diced vegetables.

Beef Soup: And when your appetite inclines to a similar soup, but with more of the beef—hearty pieces in every spoonful—this will be your choice.

Come one, come all and take your fall,
I'll show my giant punch.
I always lead in strength and speed
When Campbell's is my lunch!

Campbell's Soups

LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

DEAD BIRDS

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

He Picked Up the Dead Birds, Remarking, a Little to His Surprise, How Quickly They Had Commenced to Stiffen

IV

DRESSING for dinner, Marsh reflected on the Oriental philosophy by which Iona was under obligation to him instead of he to her. It struck him that his debt might still prove irksome enough, without thus cutting both ways. If Iona assumed responsibility for his future troubles, then must she consider his happiness also, when their ideas might not coincide. The situation appeared to be involved, Cicely sore and Iona starting something with him. A beastly mess, just when he and Old Man Good Cheer seemed to be going along together. Dodge also had seemed a little crisp on coming out of the water. In a word, Marsh felt that through no fault of his he was in all wrong.

This uncomfortable impression was not removed throughout the evening. Neither, for that matter, was it confirmed. There was not much opportunity, as two tables of bridge were made up, Cicely and Captain Peuplier, who was musical and had brought his violin, trying various selections of modern composers. They had met in Washington the previous winter, become friendly, and the fact that the gallant Frenchman made no secret of his matrimonial ambitions gave Marsh a stab of jealousy as the various efforts, with frequent murmurs of conversation, drifted in from the music room.

At eleven the bridge players settled their scores, Major Smith-Curran, who, to Marsh's surprise, had shown himself something of a bungler, being most in arrears. Marsh would have said that cards of any sort would be the man's forte.

The butler brought in trays of refreshment—sandwiches, savories, beverages—and Marsh noted that Cicely shook her head at her father, who confessed that he was breaking his régime. He would not have thought any régime required by so vigorous and temperate a man. Sherrill Dodge had always impressed him as singularly young for his years.

They all retired at about midnight; and despite the vexations of the day, Marsh enjoyed the first good sleep for weeks. He woke refreshed at about eight o'clock, and had nearly finished dressing when the valet rapped on his door with a request that he look in on Mr. Dodge before going down.

A few minutes later Marsh complied, to find his host in dressing gown and slippers, glancing through the morning paper.

"Good morning, Marsh. Hope you had a good sleep."

"The best for many nights, sir."

"Well, so did I. Been rather off it lately for some reason. Last night for the first time I broke training and ate what I liked before turning in. The doctors don't always hit it right."

Marsh glanced at his night table, on which were standing a small bottle of buttermilk and what appeared to be a jam sandwich. Dodge followed his eyes and smiled.

"That's what's been prescribed for me before going to bed. Last night I disobeyed orders." He tapped his newspaper. "I see there's a golf tournament over at Syosset today. What if we sail across to Cold Spring Harbor and take it in?"

Marsh naturally agreed. Dodge rose, stepped to the window, threw open the screen and let in the sweet soft air.

"Northwest breeze. Look at those starlings on the lawn. They're getting to be in the nature of a pest."

Marsh looked out. On the lawn, just beneath the window, a big flock of what many people mistake for blackbirds had alighted. They were walking rapidly about in the manner peculiar to their species, one foot before the other instead of hopping. Mr. Dodge stepped to the night table, took the sandwich, and breaking it in morsels began to toss them out. Some of the starlings fluttered, but they did not fly away.

"When I was a boy," said Mr. Dodge, "I had a Flobert rifle and used to go round potting at everything that ran and flew; squirrels and robins and meadow larks. All was game that came to my bag. The kids are taught differently now; encouraged to befriend fur and feathers, and it's right."

Marsh thoroughly agreed with this. They talked about the golf tournament, but Marsh had a vague impression that this was not the reason for his host having asked that he look in.

That came out presently, when Mr. Dodge, after a turn about the room, said abruptly, "You don't know Barclay very well, do you?"

"Not so well as I hope to some day, sir."

"Did you ever hear any gossip about his habits—or, to be more explicit, about his gambling?"

Marsh was about to answer in the negative, when he suddenly remembered some random chatter in a yacht club that had not impressed him at the time, but had to do with a stiff poker game in which Barclay had been a heavy loser.

"Only once," he answered. "But I never thought of it again."

"Races?"

"No; a poker game."

Mr. Dodge nodded.

"Every man has got to have his fault or faults, I suppose, and gambling is Barclay's. Like most such things, it is apt to reach the ears of the parent last. I've given the boy a good allowance since he's been in the diplomatic service, and two or three times I've had to fish him out of a jam. He inherited a lot of money when he came of age and I'm life trustee, and I suppose that makes him feel a certain right to indulge his folly. Sheer idiocy in Barclay's case on two counts. He doesn't need the money and he is a rotten poor gambler."

Marsh was surprised. Only the day before he had given Barclay a clean slate so far as his habits were concerned.

"Found a Four-Leaf Clover"

"The boy comes by it fairly enough," Mr. Dodge said. "His mother's father was a terrific old plunger. I saw the writing on the wall with Barclay when he was a little chap and I've tried hard to smother it out. Six months ago I gave him an ultimatum—told him the next big gambling debt I had to pay would mean his quitting diplomacy for real work."

"Has he toed over?" Marsh asked.

"Not to my knowledge, but I'm wondering." He checked abruptly.

Marsh did not need to be told what was the association of ideas in Dodge's mind. Thinking of Barclay suggested the Smith-Currans, who were guests at the house in accordance with an urgent appeal from the son and heir that his friends be shown every hospitality. This would have been all right enough had Major Smith-Curran and his daughter possessed any background of social position that Dodge knew anything about. But, as Marsh had learned from Cicely, Barclay's letter had been received only three days before their landing, and had confined itself to the very friendly relations existing between these people and Barclay, with scarcely any description of just who and what the Smith-Currans were. Dodge now touched lightly on this fact.

"I can't help but wonder why Barclay should have written me so urgently to ask Major Smith-Curran and his daughter here. It's not like the boy. He's even more particular about his choice of intimate friends than I am. Naturally I haven't made any special effort to place them; but two or three men I know who are sort of British social registers weren't able to give me any information, and they haven't volunteered anything themselves."

"Why bother?" Marsh asked. "Since Barclay's so particular, they must be all right."

"I'm not bothering about them," Dodge said, "but about the boy himself. It's got into my head that he may be tangled up with them some way, under an obligation of sorts, and that his letter and the conventional one of introduction Smith-Curran sent me with their cards may have been written under pressure." He looked meaningly at Marsh. "To square a debt, in part, if not in whole."

"Have you any distinct reason for thinking that, sir?"

"Well, yes, I believe I have. Otherwise I shouldn't say anything about it. Nothing more unpleasant than to question the character of one's guests. But something has happened, or at least I think it's happened, to make me believe they're here for other reasons than merely to meet Barclay's family. You were seated next to Miss Smith-Curran at bridge last night when I was on her other side. Did you notice the peculiar scent she uses?"

(Continued on Page 40)

CADILLAC-COACH

A New V-63 Closed Model at the Same Price as the Touring Car—$3185 f. o. b. Detroit

Many Are Deciding That Their Day of *Cadillac Ownership* is Here

A logical thing is happening in the motor car market . . . It is the "stepping up" of a large number of motorists from ordinary automobiles to the outstanding *fine* automobile.

For years, these men and women have desired Cadillac closed cars. For years they have been thinking, "Some day Cadillac will build a closed model priced but little higher than closed cars of average quality—then nothing will stop me from owning one."

Now, in the Cadillac Coach, mounted on the V-63 chassis with its harmonized 90° V-Type eight-cylinder engine and built-in Cadillac Four-Wheel Brakes, these motorists recognize the car they have been awaiting and anticipating.

Eagerly, they are fulfilling their desire for Cadillac ownership.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

The human desire to own the best suggests The CADILLAC

(Continued from Page 38)

"Why, yes, now you speak of it, I seemed to catch a faint, spicy perfume, rather different from the usual French sort more exotic. Not precisely a joss-stick odor but approaching it."

"That describes it. Well, I was the last to come up last night. Took my usual turn outdoors for deep-breathing exercise and to look at the weather prospects. When I had entered this room and closed the door I noticed distinctly that same Oriental aroma faint and elusive, but fragrant."

"You think that she had been in the room?"

"I'm sure of it," Dodge said, and frowned. "Why?"

"There can be only one explanation, Mr. Dodge," Marsh said. "She must have had a pressing reason for wanting to speak to you alone—if she did go into your room."

"I don't think there's any doubt about that, Marsh. I'd already noticed that peculiar perfume, and I noticed it again when I went in and shut the door. Her room is farther down the hall, next to her father's. She and Cicely went up together, and she'd scarcely leave a scent merely going past. Smith-Curran and I finished our cigars after the others had retired; then he said good night and went upstairs."

"Then you think she went first to her room, and after hearing her father enter his, she slipped out and went into yours?"

"It looks that way," Dodge admitted reluctantly. "The odor I got was very faint, but my olfactory sense is keen and I don't think I could have been mistaken."

"Then why didn't she wait for you?"

"I don't know. Perhaps she lost her nerve. She might have acted on impulse, then changed her mind about it." Dodge stood for a moment with a look of extreme annoyance on his handsome high-bred face. "It's rotten to feel this way about a guest in my house, especially a woman guest, but there are the facts. And I've got a hunch that whatever the motive may have been, it had something to do with Barclay."

"Why so, Mr. Dodge?"

"Well, Barclay's letter about these people was so warm; in the nature of an appeal that we show them particular kindness and hospitality. He didn't say so much about the girl, but dwelt on her father's distinguished military record—Boer War, Mesopotamia and at Gallipoli. He also said that they'd entertained him a lot at their place on the river. All that isn't like Barclay."

Marsh nodded. He had once or twice heard somewhat guarded intimations that Barclay Dodge was rather less democratic in his social relations than some royalties exclusive to the point of snobbery. This fervent recommendation of a hard-bitted British type like Smith-Curran and his uncommunicative daughter did not fit into the picture Marsh had formed of the heir to both the Van Varick and Dodge millions.

"What I'm rather dreading now," Dodge went on, "is that Barclay may have got into some sort of a jam through gambling, and that this young woman knows about it and wants to intercede for him with me. That's all I can think of to account for her looking into my room."

"She'd hardly choose such a time and place, would she?" Marsh objected.

"Not unless pressed for time, I should say. Maybe she's in love with the boy and is afraid that he may do something desperate. But that doesn't sound like Barclay either. After all, it is his own money, even if I am life trustee."

"Why not ask her point-blank, Mr. Dodge? Tell her you noticed that she had stepped into your room just before you came up and would like to know what she wanted to speak to you about."

"I've thought of that, but there's another thing to consider. What if she were to deny indignantly that she had done anything of the sort? That would put me in a nice position as host—to accuse a young woman guest of seeing fit to pay me a little call in my room after everybody had gone to bed."

Marsh was unable to suppress a smile. Even Dodge gave a wry one, then began to pace up and down, snapping his fingers with vexation.

"If it hadn't been that I was entirely aware of this cursed failing of Barclay's, I'd have assigned him control of his inheritance long ago. But I've known his sort of gambler. It's a mental defect, a streak of irrationality that borders on a monomania; especially where the subject is entirely sane in all other respects, and doesn't drink or run after women and has actually a bigger income than he needs. So far as his fortune is concerned, and no matter what its amount, such a person is absolutely insecure—needs a conservator more even than a drunkard or profligate. You can never tell what might happen. Until I am convinced that Barclay is cured, and that will take some showing, I shall continue to safeguard his estate."

"And in the event of your death, sir?" Marsh asked.

"In that case he gets control of it; his share from his mother, I mean. That amounts to something more than five millions, and according to the terms of the will the trusteeship ceases with my demise. Barclay's inheritance from me will continue to be held in trust."

Marsh had listened to all this with a good deal of astonishment. He had never imagined that so uniformly correct a young man as Barclay Dodge was generally admitted to be possessed any such grave mental defect, for it was really nothing less. Nor anything more, for that matter, as it can scarcely be called a vice for a man to throw away, if he sees fit, what is legally his own

But with his surprise at what he had just been told, Marsh felt also extremely complimented that Sherrill Dodge should have seen fit to honor him by this intimate confidence, as though talking to one of the family. The act aroused in Marsh an intense desire to be of service. And he was inclined to agree with his host that Iona Smith-Curran's indiscretion must have something to do with Barclay Dodge. Dodge now paused and stared at him with an expression of troubled perplexity.

"What do you think I'd better do? You're a clear-headed chap, Marsh. Otherwise you wouldn't have got where you are in so short a time. Would you cable Barclay, on the off chance? I might say 'Let me know precisely how things are with you,' or something of the sort. Perhaps a wire—'Just what are your obligations to the C-Smiths?'—might get something."

Marsh shook his head.

"I don't know Barclay well enough to advise you about that, Mr. Dodge. But so far as concerns Miss Smith-Curran, I think I'd wait a bit. If she wanted to speak to you in private so pressingly as to come into your room when everybody had gone to bed, the chances are that she will manage to get you by yourself within the next few hours. You might help her out by making an opportunity—ask her to walk round the grounds, show her your garden, or tell her point-blank that as she saw Barclay so recently you want to hear as much of his news in detail as she can give you."

"Well, that's sound advice, I should say. This thing has upset me a bit. I thought of speaking to the bishop about it; but though John Starr is my best friend and the salt of the earth, he likes to build mountains out of molehills, and

(Continued on Page 152)

"Well, Can't You Imagine a Person's Performing a Service Gratuitously, From a Disinterested Motive of Friendship?"

25 Miles to the Gallon

Startling good news to tens of thousands—the first announcements of the new good Maxwell's amazing results. Never since the Chrysler took the country by storm has the automobile industry known such whole-hearted response—such a dramatic and decisive triumph.

Not content with designing into this car power and pick-up equaled only in the higher priced fields, Chrysler engineering genius and fine manufacturing facilities enable the new good Maxwell owner to enjoy these performance advantages with unparalleled economy.

In almost sensationally low cost of operation and maintenance—as in speed and acceleration—this great car has written a wholly new page in motor car achievement, and in the accomplishment of the great organization which builds the Maxwell.

58 Miles per Hour

5 to 25 Miles in 8 Seconds

Balloon tires, natural wood wheels, stop-light, transmission lock, Duco finish *standard* on all Maxwell models. Shrouded visor integral with roof, heater, standard on all closed models.

Touring Car, $895; Club Coupe, $995; Club Sedan, $1045; Standard Four-Door Sedan, $1095; Special Four-Door Sedan, $1245. All prices f. o. b. Detroit, Tax extra.

There are Maxwell dealers and superior Maxwell service everywhere. All dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time-payments. Ask about Maxwell's attractive plan.

MAXWELL

The New Good MAXWELL

LEAVES FROM A WAR DIARY

By Major General James G. Harbord

UNITED STATES ARMY, RETIRED

U. S. SIGNAL CORPS. U. S. OFFICIAL PHOTO

Secretary of War Baker and a Group of Officers at Tours, September, 1918

TOURS, July 21, 1918.

THE last record made was in those splendid days of my brief command of the Second Division, which began July fifteenth and terminated July twenty-eighth, but was long enough for my headquarters to be established in seven different places—long enough to have left the Château-Thierry-Bouresches-Bois de la Brigade Marine region for that north of Villers-Cotterets—long enough to have participated in the stirring events of the eighteenth and nineteenth of July, attacking from the west toward the Soissons-Château-Thierry road with the French First Moroccan Division and our own First Division, A. E. F.—long enough, as I proudly believe, for the Second Division, which previous to July fifteenth was nothing but a collection of separate units, to become a united division.

Previous to July fifteenth one heard of nothing but the Third and Fourth Brigades or the Artillery Brigade, but since that date one hears of the fine Second Division. If my brief reign did nothing more than that it was worth while.

On the twenty-seventh of July the telephone rang and the message said the Commander in Chief desired me to proceed to General Headquarters for conference at once. It was a five-hour motor trip, and I started with an A.D.C. in fifteen minutes. Our way took us through Meaux, which I had last seen on May thirty-first, when the Second Division was hurrying from Normandy toward the apex of the German offensive then pushing toward Paris between Soissons and Rheims.

The scene was very different now, with the Germans—thanks very much to the Americans—hurrying north instead of southwest. Business that on the first occasion was demoralized, with people flying before the foe, the town being bombed every night, crowded with refugees, and retreating French troops of all kinds except cavalry, had again become normalized and was flowing in its accustomed channels. The scenes grew more and more familiar as we approached Chaumont, where I had spent so many months, and we finally arrived about nine P.M. All through the journey my mind was full of conjectures as to what could be the subject of the conference which I was called to attend.

With true Pershing directness he at once went to the point. He was dissatisfied with the administration of the Service of Supply; it was giving him more worry than anything else in the A. E. F. It had been suggested from Washington that the great canal builder come over in a coördinate capacity—note that it is "co" not "sub" ordinate—a perfectly impossible situation from any standpoint—a situation that would make for the failure of the expedition and incidentally of Pershing; or perhaps I ought to say of Pershing and incidentally of the expedition. A divided control here in France would mean nothing but disaster. So, said the general, though he realized what it meant to me to lose my division, and though he disliked to do it more than anything he had done in France, he had concluded that there was but one officer to whom he could turn in the emergency, that being myself; that he had thought of it for some weeks, but had said nothing; but that recently the whole staff had been consulted, and they, too, agreed that I was the one man who could do it; that my reputation won in the field would raise the esprit of the S. O. S.; that my long connection with the staff as its chief, and the liking which the Secretary of War had taken for me—that is what he said—and the confidence he had in me—all these things pointed me out as the man for the place. Would I think it over and tell him my conclusion next morning?

General Mangin, Commanding the Tenth French Army, in Which the Second Army Division Served at Soissons, July, 1918

There was much more in the conversation—much that pleased me, much that paid me for many an hour of hard work as chief of staff, which I sometimes thought little appreciated at the time—much of interesting comment on some of our contemporaries here and in the War Department—much of hope for the future—and finally I told the general that there was no reason for me to defer decision longer; that I was his man and whatever my personal wishes, they would go no farther than being willing to do anything he wished me to do in the way he wished it done. He said he knew I would answer just that way, but to sleep over it and see him in the morning. I knew it could not be answered any differently in the morning, but said all right.

Next morning, after some talk with the chief of staff, General McAndrew, in which he talked in the same way the Commander in Chief had, we went into the general's office together and I answered his inquiry as to what I thought about it by saying again that I stood ready to do anything he thought best. So it was agreed that the order should at once be issued, and I should meet him in Tours on Monday morning to accompany him around the ports. I left after luncheon on Saturday and drove back to my fine Second Division for the last time, with a heavy heart at losing it, and realizing to the fullest the sacrifice I believed I was making of my personal advancement.

I reached Droiselle, my little château, after midnight. Next morning I broke the news to the staff and made preparations for departure. The commanding general of the Tenth Armée Française sent over for distribution for gallantry in the battles of July eighteenth and nineteenth eight Crosses of the Legion of Honor, twelve Médailles Militaires, thirty Croix de Guerre. There was no time for me to attend to that award, which would have filled me with pride, and it was one of the duties I turned over to my successor, Gen. John A. Lejeune, U.S.M.C., the senior brigadier, who has since been made a major general and been regularly assigned to command the division.

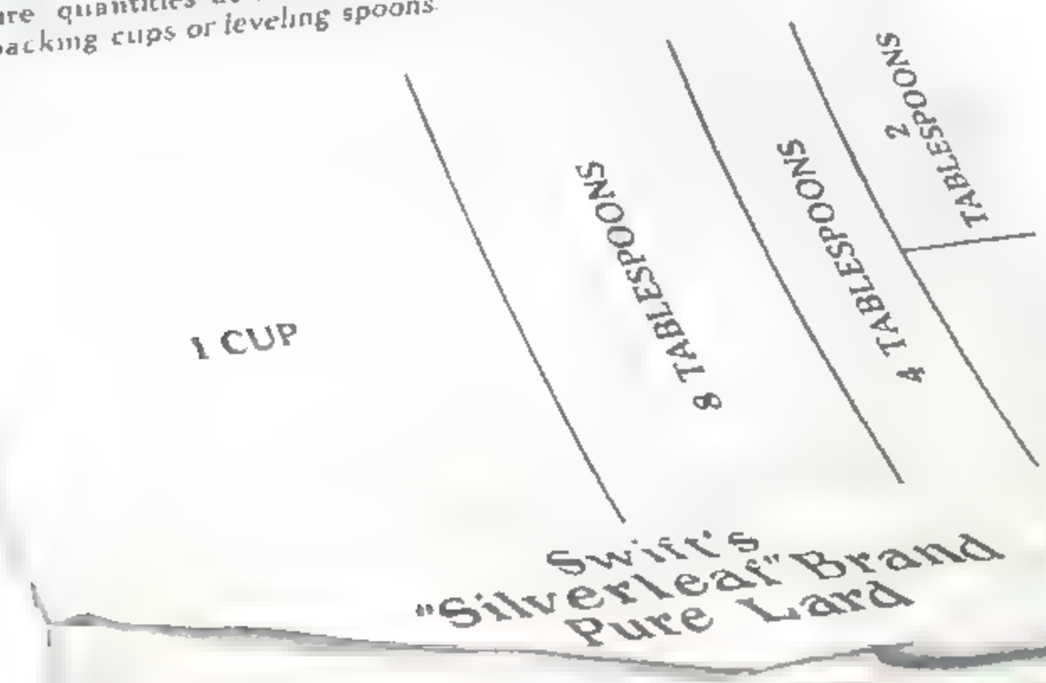
I had had an idea of strengthening the feeling of unity in the division by giving a weekly Sunday luncheon, when practicable, to the brigadiers and colonels and the heads of the general staff. The invitation for the week ending July twenty-eighth had been issued before I left for General Headquarters to receive my sentence, and they all assembled at the château at the designated time. I had planned to leave after luncheon, and the majority of them had not heard of my going until they came to the château. They were all there—the marine colonels with whom I had been so closely associated during nearly three stirring months; General Lejeune, my successor in the Marine Brigade; Upton and Malone, from the 9th and 23d Infantry; Ely, the new brigade commander of the Third Brigade; Bowley, the artillery brigadier; Mitchell, of the engineer regiment; and the heads of my own general staff sections. Malone had brought the 23d Infantry band, which seemed a natural thing to have done. It was a sad hour for me, but a proud one; for surely, if I can read human hearts

(Continued on Page 45)

Measure your lard this easy

"Silverleaf" way

Before removing the lard from the package, score it with a knife as shown in the diagram below. Thus you can measure quantities as needed without the time and trouble of packing cups or leveling spoons.



"Best to buy for bake or fry"

No delay, no waste, no inaccuracy

with this "Silverleaf" measuring carton!

You just score the print as shown on the flap of the carton, and there you are, with the whole pound of lard measured in an instant, ready for cutting the *exact* amount you need! Isn't that a wonderful convenience? So different from the old bothersome, inaccurate way of packing a spoon or a measuring cup!

And there is further satisfaction in knowing that the lard itself is an old familiar brand, tested by years of use and proved to be pure, uniformly fine, *perfect* for all shortening and frying.

Try one of these pound "Silverleaf" cartons. If your family is small, you will find it an ideal way to buy your lard, though you may also have this brand in pails of 2, 4 and 8 pounds. Just remember to look for the Swift name and the silver leaves on the label to make sure you are really getting "Silverleaf".

Swift & Company

In one-pound cartons or pails of 2, 4 and 8 pounds

Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard

"You remember Brown—"

"BROWN? Well, I should say I do! How's he making out?"

"Well, I hardly know. Seems to be doing all right in a business way. But he's on the ragged edge."

"You mean physically?"

"Yes. Oh, I guess it's nothing critical. He's on the job all the time, as far as I know. But you remember how much energy and go he always had? I don't think there was a better-liked man in the class."

"What's the matter with him?"

"That's just it. Nothing, as far as anybody knows—but he's lost the old punch. Just seems to get along, without any particular joy in life . . ."

* * * * *

Do you remember Brown? In fact, you *know* him, don't you? He's all around you. He walks on every street in America, and lives in every block. The man who has nothing the matter with him, but—

A doctor would probably tell him the same thing. No vital organ seriously impaired. No disease. But—

"Everything's wrong with you!" a frank physician might explode. "You're the accumulated result of years of 'trifling' bad habits. You've taken no regular exercise. You've tickled your fancy in the matter of food. You've clipped short your hours of sleep. Worst of all, perhaps, you've dosed yourself regularly with 'moderate' stimulants—you've taken caffein into your system meal after meal. Do you happen to know that the caffein you have taken in any one meal would be as big a dose as I would administer in a case of heart failure?

"The thing you need to do is to revise your mode of life. I can't do it for you. You'll have to do it for yourself."

We might dismiss Brown's case with that, if he were the rare exception. But the United States Life Tables for 1920 show that the average American begins to lose health and vigor—begins to slip—at the age of 31. In other words, Brown comes very near being the average American!

We go our way, confident that the buoyant health of youth will always be ours. We deliberately disregard the lessons of health which every school child learns. Avoid stimulants! Do you remember how often that was repeated in school?

Nervousness, sleeplessness, indigestion, headache—these warnings are brushed aside as trivial. Then, when the crash comes—or when the slow process of deterioration asserts itself in some insidious disease—we can only regret!

It is so easy to avoid caffein, without sacrificing the pleasure of a satisfying hot drink at mealtime—without giving up anything worth keeping. Drink Postum! It is made of whole wheat and bran, roasted to bring out the full rich flavor of the golden grain. It contains no trace of any drug. This is a drink you can enjoy every meal of the day, secure in the knowledge that you are contributing to health and efficiency.

We want you to make this test of Postum: Try it for thirty days on your table at home—check up on your feelings at the end of the thirty days—*then* decide!

To make this easy, we will give you a full week's supply of Postum, free. Enough for a cup with every meal for a week! Or, if you want to start today, you can get Postum at your grocer's.

This thirty-day test has taken many a man out of the ranks of the half-sick. Accept the offer of Carrie Blanchard, famous food demonstrator.

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"I want you to try Postum for thirty days. I want to start you out on your test by giving you your first week's supply, free, and my own directions for preparing it in the most delicious way.

"You will be glad to know, too, that Postum costs much less per cup.

"Will you send me your name and address? Tell me which kind you prefer—Instant Postum or Postum Cereal (the kind you boil). I'll see that you get the first week's supply right away."

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FREE —MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

Postum Cereal Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich. S. E. P. 4-25

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, the first week's supply

Instant Postum ☐ Postum Cereal — *Check which you prefer*

Name

Street

City State

In Canada, address Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., 45 Front St., East, Toronto, Ontario

Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), and Post's Bran Flakes. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

(Continued from Page 42

at all, those men were sorry to see me go. The hour wore away, the motors drew up in front of the house, and I said good-by and rolled away to the strains of the Twenty-Third Infantry March.

My little personal coterie followed me into exile. When I was promoted to be major general both aides said they wished to go wherever I went; my marine orderly, Moore, said he hoped the general would take him. The interpreter, Monsieur Legasse, a very fine young Frenchman, said he wished to go with me; the cook, a French soldier loaned to the Fourth Brigade Headquarters, the marine mess boy, and my chauffeur, Sergeant Philip Knowles, each applied to be taken along.

When my assignment to the 2d Division came it made it easy, and I moved the whole crowd up from brigade to division headquarters. Now that I was leaving the division, going back from the firing fighting front, I had some misgivings as to whether their allegiance would carry that far, but it did. I asked the aides to do as they wished and said I should have no feeling if they thought their interests lay in remaining with the troops; but they both answered, "Where you go, I go." The others applied one at a time during the last morning, and so I said yes, and the whole retinue of retainers followed me to Tours. Perhaps some day I can again turn their faces to the front

We remained all night in Paris, and were on the road at six A.M. on the twenty-ninth for Tours, the headquarters of the S. O. S. At Tours I found the general had preceded me by an hour and was in conference with the staff. I took over the command as soon as the conference was ended and left that night for the round of the principal ports and activities of the S. O. S.

We spent a week less one day in visiting the ports. In practically every place the Commander in Chief had the men assembled and made them an inspiring talk. All officers who fail at the front are sent back to be utilized in the myriad activities of the Service of Supply, where something can be found for men of almost any profession or trade. This record of failure had had a depressing effect on the spirit of the important work of the S. O. S. In many ways it is a bad thing, but it seems almost unavoidable.

As the war goes on more and more officers—especially of the untrained type—will prove unequal to the command of the big units with which we now make war. A battalion now is the size of a former regiment, and the latter, with its 3700 men, is larger than any of our brigadiers probably ever actually has commanded between the days of '98 and those of '18. The brigade itself is about 8000 souls. Many of these men, however, are equal to certain tasks in the S. O. S. Sometimes it is merely the physical strain to which they are unequal at the front. The loss of sleep, the thought of sending men forward in numbers to die at their orders, with the remainder of the strain, causes a collapse. Hallucinations arise as to what the Germans are doing or are going to do. Many lack the ability to handle men.

In at least one case a regular colonel sent back for incompetence in handling his regiment in maneuvers, after some months was given another trial with a different regiment, has made good and won a star. In another case a regular colonel, sent back, after some months has been given another regiment and has a second time been sent back as unequal to it. That probably ends his career in command; the experimental stage is over

In the month which I have now commanded the S. O. S. seven brigadier generals have been sent to me to dispose of in my command. The regular organization of the services of supply cannot be made to provide places for these men by removing men from posts suitable to such rank in order to make room for these failures with combatant troops without seriously jeopardizing its own efficiency. They can hardly be sent home, for every one on landing would drop into a circle of sympathizing friends who would feel sure there had been some mistake or injustice. Each would become the center of a circle of soreheads and little back fires would start which in their accumulative effect would seriously embarrass the Administration and make enemies for General Pershing and the cause he is commanding.

Major General Harbord and General Dawes in Paris, September, 1918

In the case of national guardsmen, who hold merely temporary commissions as brigadiers, they can be discharged as such and return to civil life. That, however, is open to the objection just mentioned. They can be discharged and offered a lower grade, where perhaps they can perform efficient service. That can be done in France without contact with their constituents at home or with the politicians, who in many cases have put them where they have been found incompetent. As to the regular colonels holding temporary stars, they can be reduced to their regular grade and kept in France.

The general method of handling them now, since I have taken over the S. O. S., is that the regulars shall be dropped unless, as sometimes happens, I can find a place where they can be used in their grade of general officer. If reduced, some stay under me in the S. O. S. and an occasional one is given a regiment and sent to the front to try it over in a lower responsibility than brigadier. The national guardsmen are brought in to me and sized up. If there is a possibility of using them in their grade it is done. If not, the inspection results in the belief either that they would be of no use in any grade, or that they could better be used as majors, lieutenant colonels or colonels, and the offer is made to discharge them and give them the grade thought appropriate, or to discharge them on return to the United States and let them explain why they are there, at the risk of creating back fires.

It requires some tact to bring in a brigadier and convince him that he can do better work for his country as a major, but I have accomplished it so far—with another candidate waiting for me on my return from this inspection trip. The regulars have with one exception been reduced. One gets another regiment and goes forward at once. And so it goes. It is war!

The personnel problem is the difficult one in the S. O. S. Many regular staff officers whose business it is to do this class of work get over here and are seized with the idea that they can command and begin to apply for service at the front. Two regular quartermaster colonels are now in for transfer to the infantry. Others are unable to adapt themselves to new conditions here, where their independence is not such as the permanent staff departments have hitherto been permitted to enjoy, and they have to be shifted to where they can do no harm by their inadaptability.

The special units, such as stevedore regiments, labor battalions, different classes of engineers, forestry troops, railroad troops, waterways -canal—troops, and the like, have afforded opportunity to many men in the United States to be placed as officers in units for which they have no training. Ribbon-counter jumpers are found in stevedore regiments who never saw a ship before the one which brought them over; lawyers appear in engineer units; longshoremen in the forestry regiments; railroad men in labor battalions, and so on. The colored stevedores are cornfield darkies who never smelled salt water or knew that ships existed except in traditions of the old days of the slavers when their Congo ancestors were shipped over in chains.

To unload ships and run railroads with that class of men calls for some optimism. For August our task was to take off 700,000 tons, and we took off 715,000. For each succeeding month we shall need to increase it 150,000 tons up to the conclusion of our present troop program next June. It matters not if our people at home build ships and send over men if we here are unable to unload the ships and get the supplies to the men at the front. The S. O. S. is the neck of the bottle through which all men and supplies must pass. We do not manage French railroads—yet—and their methods are those of the early Victorian era in railroad management. We are bringing over thousands of railroad cars and hundreds of engines, and for the present all our efforts at the ports are limited by the number of cars available to get tonnage away from the ports so more can be unloaded and the turn-around of our ships can be expedited.

The average round trip of a cargo ship is now seventy-two days, much of which is, of course, due to the convoy system, by which they wait until a certain number are ready before the convoy starts in either direction: and this

Continued on Page 221

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TILLICUM

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

XXI

FLESHPOTS and Eats-'Em-Alive, left alone, settled themselves, each after his fashion, to pass the time. Eats-'Em-Alive perched humped over on a fallen log and glowered at his feet. There was just so much of this to endure, and this was as good a place as another. At any rate, he was freed from the gadfly buzzing of that woman! Fleshpots, replete with food and warmed with drink and furnished forth with what his sophisticated palate assured him was a genuine *vuelta abajo*, was torpidly content. For the moment he was not having a bad time at all, if only his partner would keep quiet. But after a prolonged interval the latter broke the silence.

"I wonder why they don't send back that boat," he grunted.

"Probably they're using it to fish from," said Fleshpots sleepily. "It'll be along."

"Well, they're long enough about it."

Fleshpots aroused himself to look with distaste at the dour figure on the log.

"I didn't know you were so anxious to go fishing," said he sarcastically.

"Well, I hate this slipshod irresponsibility," growled Eats-'Em-Alive.

"This looks good enough for me," said Fleshpots, stretching himself luxuriously on the moss. "They can take as long as they want as far as I am concerned."

The little flat fell silent. All about, the patient-hearted trees brooding over the forest underlings seemed to watch, and the spell of their long duration mingled with the warm sunlight. Fleshpots dozed deliciously, and even Eats-'Em-Alive fell into a passive blank remoteness. Thus an hour passed. Then the older man jerked himself together with a snap and glanced at his watch.

"It's time the fools were making a start if they intend to get back tonight," said he. "But I suppose they haven't the remotest idea of time!" he added bitterly.

"There they come now," said Fleshpots, inclining his ear.

The cutter, manned by four sailors at the oars, crept around the bend, making its way against the strong current.

"How in thunder do they expect us to find room in that thing?" wondered Eats-'Em-Alive impatiently. "And what in blazes have they got with them?"

Both inquiries would seem to be fully justified. The cutter appeared to be full to the guards with goods of some sort, and atop perched X. Anaxagoras and Marshall. The cutter, under powerful propulsion, angled across the current from the island, nosed her way into the backwater and grated her bow on the pebbles of the beachlet. The two passengers picked their way gingerly forward and debarked; the four sailors with great promptitude began to unload the various bundles with which the cutter was filled. X. Anaxagoras and Marshall approached their astonished guests, a look of concern on their otherwise silly faces.

"I say," said Marshall, "I'm deucedly sorry, and all that sort of thing, wouldn't have had it happen for worlds! It's jolly awkward, having got you up here just for the day, and all that. But we'll make you as comfortable as possible, and by Jove," he laughed, "if I do say it, that is jolly comfortable! We have about everything mortal man could wish aboard, you know."

"I'm Going Hereafter. I Wouldn't Miss the Dawn of Realization for Anything"

"Would you mind telling me what you mean?" demanded Eats-'Em-Alive.

"Oh, yes, by Jove! Well, the fact of the matter is, we've broken down. Engine won't go. You see, the ball-bearing race of the thrust bearing has ground down so fine that the web of the piston-rod bearings ——"

"I know nothing about machinery," interrupted Eats-'Em-Alive impatiently. "Come to the point."

"Nothing at all?" asked X. Anaxagoras, with interest.

"Not a thing, and don't want to. What's the point?"

"Well, I'm awfully sorry," said Marshall apologetically; "but we can't move until we get it fixed. So"—he brightened up—"we're going to fix you up here, right as rain. You'll be much more comfy here than aboard, because, you see, the whole after cabin will be in a mess. We have to take up the floors to get at the thrust bearing, and since that's connected just forward of the stuffing box, it ——"

"I told you I know nothing of machinery!" interposed Eats-'Em-Alive with a slightly augmented vehemence, "and I don't want to. Come to the point, if you're capable of it. Do I gather we have to spend the night?"

"Yes, that's it," cried Marshall, as though relieved "You've guessed it first off! Good egg!"

"Humph!" snorted Eats-'Em-Alive. He took two paces toward the woods, and then two paces back to face them again. His manner was now informed by a suppressed fury of patience that restrained itself with difficulty merely in order to get the facts before it turned itself loose to blast all Nature. "And since there is not room aboard your confounded incompetent boat, you are going to have us camp here—is that it?"

"Why, that's what I was telling you," rejoined Marshall, as though slightly bewildered. "You'll be much better off, and get a good night's sleep and be fresh and happy in the morning. By Jove, I envy you—trilling brooks and little birds singin' all about and dew on the grass and all that sort of thing. For two cents—— By Jove!"—he turned to X. Anaxagoras—"why don't we all come and camp? Betsy would be delighted! Long evenin' around the camp fire and sparks in the air and what-you-may-call-its chirpin' out in the dark, and all that sort of thing. Topping!"

In military circles this might have been labeled a camouflaged anticipatory counterattack, and would recall the strategic axiom that attack is the best defense. It succeeded admirably. In the panic of a possible Betsy, the necessity of delay lost its immediate importance. Marshall allowed several seconds of dismay before he continued.

"But I s'pose it's too late now to get things up the river," he added regretfully, "and anyway I ought to be aboard. Do you know," he confided happily, "I'm an awful duffer about most things, but I'm strong on machinery. You wouldn't think it, now would you?"

The sailors, with a rapidity born of long accustomedness, had leveled a space, erected a small A tent. Now two of them were unfolding cots and spreading blankets, while the two others placed a folding table, chairs, a small chest and various other items of use and luxury.

"All the comforts of home!" said Marshall, pottering happily about among these preparations. "Nothin' missing! Hot dinner in the fireless cooker—great invention, what?—and coffee in the vacuum bottles, and"—he lowered his voice and diverted the current of his remarks ever so slightly toward Fleshpots—"fizz in the pail there with the ice."

"Well," Eats-'Em-Alive grudgingly accepted the situation, "how early tomorrow can you get me back?"

"Oh, I'm afraid not tomorrow," replied Marshall.

"What?" roared Eats-'Em-Alive in a tone that caused the four sailors to stop short in their occupations, and distant female deer of pessimistic temperament to inform their progeny that now would they be good, here was some brand-new creature of destruction loose in the landscape.

"You see," explained Marshall hastily and with deprecation, "the ball bearings run in a bronze plate, and that thrusts up against a steel race with ——"

"Damn your machinery!" he was interrupted. "Young man, I want you to know that I consider this an outrage. And I want an answer in plain words, if you can give one."

"Certainly sir," replied Marshall. "What answer?"

"How long before you will have this thing fixed?"

"Just as soon as we can," Marshall assured him eagerly "You see, the race is an especial forging; and then, too, we don't know quite how long it will take the kicker to get there and back, and that depends on the weather a good deal, of course; and then, too, there may not be a shop there, or it may be busy, or ——"

Eats-'Em-Alive turned with a sort of savage despair to X. Anaxagoras.

"Just a bit foggy, old chap," the latter told Marshall. "You see," he said to Eats-'Em-Alive, with a bland patience as though explaining in words of one syllable, "this bit of machinery must be mended at a shop. So we sent the kicker with it to the nearest shop. And we can't tell, naturally, quite when she'll get back "

"Well," stated Eats-'Em-Alive with decision, "I suppose there's nothing for it but to stay here tonight. But I've got important business to attend to, and I expect to be sent back tomorrow somehow to my property."

"I should like to arrange it," agreed Marshall; "most annoying, of course But the kicker is gone with the ball-bearing race and "

"You still have the sails on your blasted boat, haven't you?" demanded Eats-'Em-Alive with a sneer.

X Anaxagoras intervened before Marshall could speak.

"It's like this," said he, emphasizing his points by tapping his monocle on his forefinger: "An auxiliary schooner like the Spindrift has a convertible screw. That's so when she sails without power the screw won't drag her back. Well, naturally a screw shaft has to pass through a stuffin' box so the water won't all come in the boat, and then it comes to this thrust bearin' we've been tellin' you about. Now, of course, when you remove the thrust bearin', thus breakin' the connection with the power plant, your screw, bein' unattached ——"

"Will you tell me what you're talking about?" demanded Eats-'Em-Alive.

X. Anaxagoras mounted his monocle to stare at the other.

"I was tellin' you why we couldn't sail until we had fixed the machinery," said he

"Well, if you can't sail, you can have me rowed over. It can't be far. At any rate, you've got to get me back I didn't want to come on your confounded boat, and I hold you responsible."

"I'm frightfully sorry, of course, and all that," spoke up Marshall. "and I'll do all I can. But I doubt if the men would row that far and back. You've no idea"—he turned to Eats-'Em-Alive as though for understanding sympathy—"how independent these modern sailors are. But perhaps they might. I'll try 'em." He addressed the sailors, who had been attending with wooden faces to all the foregoing. "Men," he said, "this gentleman wants you to row him back to the mine tomorrow. Will you do it?"

"We will die first!" came back a chorus with startling unanimity.

"You see?" Marshall appealed to Eats-'Em-Alive resignedly. "One can do nothin' with them."

Eats-'Em-Alive swallowed hard, probably to prevent himself from telling what he'd do if men in his employ behaved like that. Instead he addressed the men direct

"I'll make it well worth your while," he offered shortly.

There was no chorus in reply to this, possibly for lack of rehearsal. After a moment's uncertain hesitation, Rogg spoke up with the air of one who has stumbled on inspiration.

"Gold cannot buy me," he mumbled

A strong upheaving undercurrent swept emotionally through all the Spindrift's people, restrained from breaking only by X. Anaxagoras' stern air of repression.

"All fixed?" he cried. "Then all aboard! Come on! See you in the morning! Ta-ta!" He hustled them aboard the cutter and they shoved out in the stream.

"Here!" cried Eats-'Em-Alive, starting forward.

"See you tomorrow!" cried back the healer of souls as the boat caught the current and swept away.

Once around the bend, the men rested for a moment on their oars, and their eyes crossed those of the two in the stern. Then all six burst into a shout of laughter.

"Most excellent performance," said X. Anaxagoras at last; "somewhat leaning toward the farcical, perhaps dangerously so if we desire full credence. But as yet the reactions are merely of exasperation. Rogg's improvisation or perhaps I should say timely recollection—was priceless."

"Look out he don't try greenbacks on ye," chaffed Pierce at Rogg, who turned red.

"Why didn't some of the rest of you say something then?" he muttered defensively.

"Point well taken," said the healer of souls, "and the line seems to me both pleasing and apposite."

XXII

A HALF hour later the three major conspirators sat at ease in the cabin of the Spindrift, which showed no traces of the upheaval so vividly portrayed by Marshall. Betsy was listening eagerly to the account of the expedition.

"I told you I could have gone," she commented reproachfully when informed that there had been no biting, kicking, scratching or gouging, and no more or worse profanity than is assimilable by any modern young woman properly brought up. "I'm going hereafter. I wouldn't miss the dawn of realization for anything. Do you think they suspect anything yet?"

"No, not yet. But the specter of suspicion cannot long tarry from that idyllic retreat. Not unless their troubles drive them quite off their heads."

"What shall you do then?"

"We must be quite unaware of the fact, even when directly accused."

"What fun!" cried Betsy. "Did he miss Arbuthnot?"

"He will tomorrow."

"What are you going to do when they get restless?"

"Let them. What can they do about it? They can't get within a half mile of the salt chuck, owing to the marshes We won't leave them any boat."

"Kinsey Landing is only a few miles away. They might walk over there."

(Continued on Page 80)

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MEET THE LIFE

By SAM HELLMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

When We Arrives the Boy's in the Middle of the Floor Orating to a Bunch of Hens

FOR a lotta years I been clambering around this bale of tears nursing the idea that I was a average sorta hombre with a fair to piddling notion about what was good and what was bad, what was pretty pretty and what was pretty ugly—in short, I've kinda figured that life wasn't holding out much on me. As far as I been concerned its baggy sleeves were rolled up and anybody could go up on the stage and see that there were no hidden wires or trick mirrors in the act. A piece of my Q and A testimonies on the subject would 'a' run something like this:

Q: Do you know life?

A: Sure. We went to different schools together.

Q: What do you think of her?

A: Not such a bad gal. She often slips me red hearts when I'm drawing to spade flushes, or a chunk of salt mackerel when I'm wild for a drink of water; but she usually squares herself by double-crossing me with a pat on the back when I'm all set and due for a kick in the face.

Q: Do you believe she's worth while?

A: All depends on how you work with her. If you takes her like you finds her and don't get too nosey about where she come from or where she's headed for she's a good kid. Treat her like a lady and she'll fifty-fifty with you; drag her into the slums and she'll make a quick bum outta you.

Coming from me, alla this deep philosophy blah may sound like the cat's cackle and about as important as the one-eyed Republican Turkish vote in Alabama. As a matter of facts I ain't never thought none about them things and never would 'a' while I was alive if it wasn't for Horace Peebles, a young ism that Betty Ritter fished outta some overeducated ash can. When I tag ism on this lad I'm just hitting him a glancing blow. They wasn't a gag in the whole bag of high-brow bunk that Horace wasn't a slicker at.

I first runs into him at a party that Hank Ritter's daughter's giving for the super-simp, the wife being keen for a peek at one of them young intelligents she's been hearing so much about. Naturally, I don't care nothing about going to the affair, which explains my being there. When we arrives the boy's in the middle of the floor orating to a bunch of hens. He's got the wild mop of hair and the three-act-tragedy eyes of a Horace and the general appearance of a Peebles. If you don't happen to know what a Peebles looks like, charge it off to lucky breaks.

While Kate's parking her wraps I listen in. Lots of the monologue don't click with me, but I catches enough to find out that nothing decent has ever been written, painted or sculped in America; that the lowest form of life is a bimbo who works for a living and raises a family; and that they is more bottled-in-bond beauty in a hog wallow than in a rainbow at sunset. I'm about to duck outta earshot when Betty grabs my arm and introduces me to Peebles.

"Glad to meet you," I grunts, mechanical.

"Trite," comes back Horace with a kinda sneer, "and probably untrue."

"Huh!" I gulps.

"You may be curious," he goes on, turning away, "but gladness at meeting me is not the emotion of a moment."

"Gladness at leaving you is, though," I snaps, and pushes over to a corner of the room where I sees Hank broadcasting grins my way.

"Howling catfish!" I yelps. "Ain't you got no control over that gal of yourn?"

"Control!" snorts Ritter. "What do you think this is—one of them mid-victrola families where the father had ——"

"More like a late-saxophone family," I cuts in. "Just the same, it seems like to me that as long as the mortgages to this dump is in your name you oughta have a little to say about the kinda tripe you let Betty hook into the house."

"Where," inquires Hank, soothing, "did that nasty Peebles boy bite mamma's precious petkin?"

I tells him of the stuff loosed by Horace and the line he pulled when we was knocked down to each other.

"That's nothing," shrugs Ritter. "What do you imagine he said when he met me this evening?"

"I suppose," I guesses, "he was sorry to meet you."

"Practically," admits Hank. "What he said exactly was, 'The families of your friends are usually disappointing, don't you think?' A little later on, I hears him flattering Betty with a crack about 'the sweetest orchids growing in the rottenest swamps.'"

"And," I growls, "he still lives."

"Well," says Ritter, "you gotta understand this lad. He belongs to a little group of earnest thinkers that calls theirselves realists."

"Meaning what, if I cared?" I asks.

"Realists," explains Hank, "is persons that sees life like it is. They looks right through the trimmings into the core. For examples, if they was to be a swell cake on the table over there you'd notice the icing and the chocolate filling and the rest of the doodads on the outside."

"What'd Horace see?" I wants to know. "The indigestion on the inside?"

"Oh, much deeper than that," says Ritter. "He'd see the humpbacked Lithuanian who baked the cake planning to strangle his invalid wife and three children because they stood in the way of a star he was trying to reach."

"That," I remarks, "is sure sinking a shaft into that cake. I imagine if he peered right pert into a drop of water he'd pipe an eel kicking his young to death on the account of them keeping him from climbing a tree. What does this joke do for a living besides chasing Lithuanian humpbacks through angel cakes?"

"Nothing," answers Ritter. "The breed of pups that Peebles kennels with live offa the folks they spends all their time sneering at. They're mostly youngsters with sex and suicide twists in their domes. Can you picture a bigger laugh than listening to one of these twenty-year-old sewer-sniffers explaining life and what it's all about?"

"How," I inquires, "did Betty happen to take up with that kinda puff-fluff?"

"Curiosity, I guess," returns Hank. "She went to some nut affair down in the Village and heard Peebles reading a poem he wrote hisself—An Ode to a Cesspool, it was probably called. She maybe just liked the way he combed his teeth or parted his ears. Anyways, now that poodle dogs and such is outta style the trick is to rope a woozy genius and hitch him to your cocktail shaker."

"You wouldn't call that flat-wheel a genius, would you?" I growls.

"Why not?" snorts Ritter. "These days anybody's a genius that's lost his comb, his other collar and most of his marbles. They used to call genius a capacity for hard work; now it's the capacity for being cuckoo. Rattle around a lotta tin cans and coal scuttles in the kitchen sink and you've started a new school of music; blow some yellows and blues and reds through a tube on a piece of canvas and the flat-chested frills'll kiss your hand and call you master; write a book and make a sentence outta each word and you're a literary find."

"What," I asks, "is Horace's line?"

"Peebles," replies Hank, "works the blank-verse-drama side of the street."

"It'd have to be blank," says I, "if it come outta his hatrack. I wonder what he's talking to Kate about?"

"He's probably telling her," offers Ritter, "that she owes it to herself to put rat poison in your Scotch if you was butting in on her soul-urge."

"Her which?" I comes back.

"Soul-urge," repeats Ritter. "I don't know what it is, but Horace has been playing it pretty strong around here tonight. I heard him telling Lizzie Magruder that she should oughta let her soul-urge loose."

"What did she say?" I asks.

"You know Lizzie," answers Ritter. "She said she wasn't holding it back none, but she thought that the neighbors had been looking at her kinda funny lately. You got a soul-urge, Dink?"

"No," I hollers, "but I got a toe-itch I'd like to scratch against somebody."

"Come on," interrupts Hank, "let's circulate around where Horace is and get a earful of young intelligence."

We drifts over to where Peebles is parading words and gestures in front of Kate and a coupla other janes, and tunes in just as he's kicking up Bill Shakspere's dust.

"A cheap jingler!" sneers Horace. "A banal bourgeois. A rimer for Rotarians. A clumsy word-chopper, cutting out lengths of meter with a dull ax. Stupid. Tawdry. Bah!"

"You're right," agrees Ritter, slipping me the droopy eyelid. "I don't think he's in the same class, for instance, with the Serbian poet, Boris Bullcow. You're familiar with his Sweet Vermin, of course."

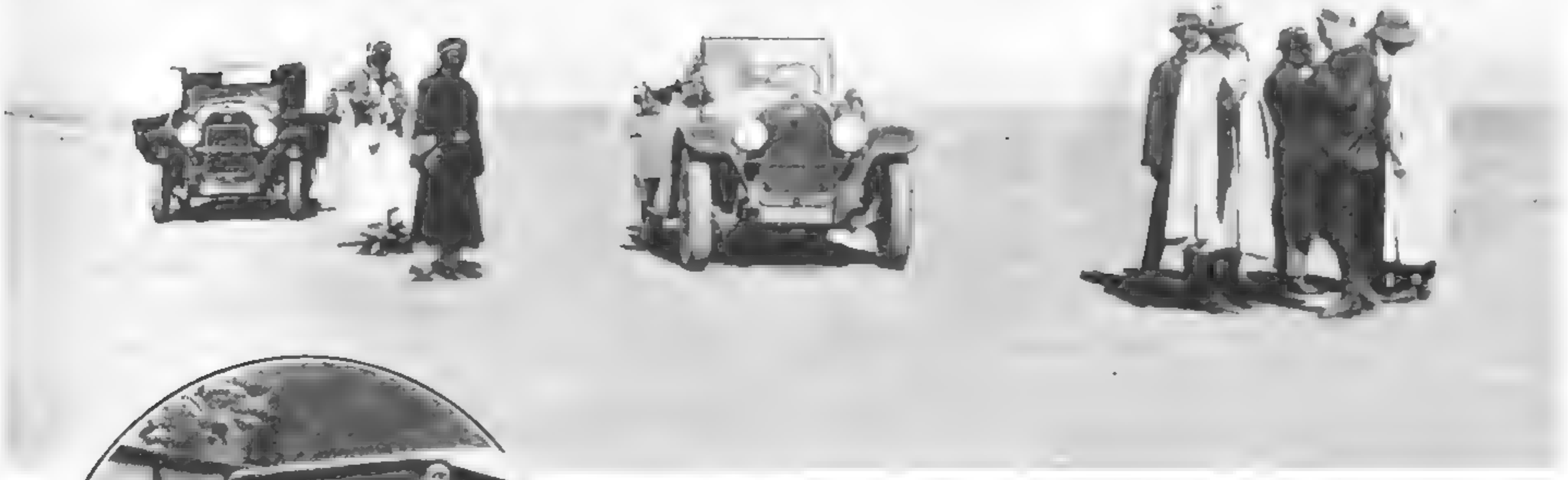
"Er—to be sure," stutters Peebles.

"What," inquires the wife, sitting in on the literary feast, "is your ideas of Longfellow?"

"To even suspect me," returns Horace, cold, "of harboring ideas about such a person is to insult my intelligence."

"Mine, too," adds Hank, quick. "To mention him in the same house with Boris Bullcow is a crime; to speak of them in the same room is monstrous; to join them in the same conversation is—well, disgusting."

(Continued on Page 52)



Buick cars of the Nairn Transport Company in the Syrian Desert

One of the Cadillac cars used to transport mail and passengers over the desert

Across the Hot Sands

—a stage route in Turkish Asia from Beirut to Bagdad

Since the dawn of civilization the land route between Beirut and Bagdad has been a barren waste, peopled only by nomadic tribes.

The regular route of travel is by sea —a journey of twenty days.

But the Delco-equipped Buick and Cadillac cars of the Nairn Transport Company now make this stage route daily over the desert in less than twenty-four hours.

Leaving Beirut the cars run along the Mediterranean coast for about fifty miles and then turn east from the sea and cross the Lebanon Mountains. Leaving the mountains the drivers steer due east by compass across the desert waste, inhabited by roving bands of Bedouins, until Damascus and finally Bagdad is reached.

In summer time the temperature frequently reaches the height of 120 degrees in the shade; if any shade is discernible.

The cars carry mail and passengers and since October 1923 they have traversed a total of 200,000 miles across the desert, during which time their Delco equipment has given faultless performance.

Many extreme tests of this nature have piled proof upon proof of the superiority of Delco—the world's finest starting, lighting and ignition system.

THE DAYTON ENGINEERING LABORATORIES COMPANY, DAYTON, OHIO, U.S.A.

Delco

STARTING. LIGHTING. IGNITION

That Sets Virge Off. He Acts Like a Madman

(Continued from Page 50)

"I'm sorry," says Kate, kinda crushed by Ritter's deep feelings on the subject.

"You might as well," he goes on, still glaring fierce at the misses, "couple fatheads like Browning and Keats with Ivan Garnigle and Lyof Kremowich the Younger. I feel quite nauseated. Let's go out into the air." And he grabs me by the arm and leads the way to the porch.

"Who's Boris Bullcow?" I thirsts to know.

"Son of old man Bullcow," grins Hank, "on his stepsister's side. I was sure Horace'd flop for him."

"Don't you figure he got wise," I asks, "after them other two phonies you rung in?"

"No," snaps Ritter. "That's the whole stock in trade of them kid intelligents nowadays—a handful of Russian and Balkan names which they springs without knowing nothing about 'em. Styles change with the long-haired boys. Once it was France that they played as being the real McCoy in art and literature; then it was Germany; now it's the Slavs. Horace didn't dare to take a chance on Bullcow. They might be such a guy, and if I could pull the gooda on him he'd be ruined. As a matter of fact Peebles is gonna meet Boris Bullcow before he is much older."

"Bullcow?" I puzzles.

"No other," returns Hank, serious, "than the author of Sweet Vermin, Laughing Germs and Graceful Garbage."

"How in the ——" I begins, but just then the frau comes to the door and motions us in.

"Mr. Peebles," says she, "has invited us all to a theater party tomorrow night at the Piebald Playhouse to see a piece called—er ——"

"Two Times Two is Less," finishes Horace; "by Ignace Prohunka, the Bessarabian symbolist. You've seen some of his work?" he asks, turning to Ritter.

"A few of his earlier bits," replies Hank, prompt. "Could I have a friend join us?"

"Certainly," bows Peebles. "Who is he?"

"Boris Bullcow," answers Ritter, calm. "He just landed in this country yesterday, and I should like him to see right quick that even in America we have our little molehills of art rising amid the dead-level plains of commercial futility."

"You educated son of a gun," I mutters, though it ain't the first time that Hank's crashed the dictionary for high-hat words since the cross-word fever ran his temperature up. Believe me, that boy got more outta them puzzles than a brace of two-toed sloths and a squad of gnus. However, I notices Betty and her ma looking curious at the old provider.

"Where," inquires his misses finally, "did you meet that Boris person?"

"In Paris last year," he tells her. "At the Sour Bone."

"Café'" she asks.

"No," says Ritter, short. "College. Boris lectured there on Bessarabian symbolism. I know," he continues, patting the sorta dazed Peebles on the back, "he'll be glad to meet one of our earnest young thinkers."

"Who's in this Two by Two show?" I butts in, figuring on giving my side-kicker a chance to lay down his vocabulary and rest a while. "Any actors we know?"

"There are no actors in it," answers Horace.

"You mean no regular actors?" I suggests.

"No actors at all," says Peebles. "Prohunka's work acts itself."

II

SOON everybody starts beating it and I don't get no more chances to third-degree Hank about his Bullcow. The next morning, though, I meets him going to town.

"Ain't it the snail's tonsils," I remarks, "the way the skirts tumble for them wild-eyed sofa huggers? Kate kept me up a coupla hours telling me what a whooping wonder this Horace hot-sketch is. She even thinks a whole lot more of you, now that you can talk glib about things she can't understand."

"The frills are mostly like that," returns Ritter. "How long do you think fortune tellers, bunk spiritualists, and that kinda kine'd last if they hadda depend on men for the palm-crossing prelim? The Gog-blesseems fall easy for anything that looks like it's got a mystery about it. That's why half of 'em get married. A husband's a mystery till he starts coming down to breakfast without a shave and props the sport page against the sugar bowl. Has Kate got any suspicions about Bullcow?"

"Not a 'spich," I assures. "She thinks you met such a bim in Paris, and even bawled me out for not getting to know the sorta swell people that you does. When I left she was wondering what she should oughta wear to mix with a Serbian symbolist. What's a symbolist anyways? The guy in the jazz band that smacks the brass plates together?"

"That's another kinda noisy bird you're thinking of," says Hank. "A symbolist," explains the cross-word-puzzle alumnus, "is a feller that shows you a platter of tripe and a bale of hay and expects you to see in them a tone poem dealing with the beauties of wearing tight shoes in a funeral procession."

"Ain't art grand?" I grins. "I wonder what Kate and the rest of 'em'll say when they finds out that they ain't no Boris Bullcow."

"What do you mean?" exclaims Ritter. "I told you Horace was gonna meet Boris, and 'gonna' is the right word in the right place. Wanna come along with me now and get acquainted?"

"Sure," I replies, sarcastic, "after I keeps a date I got with the governor of Texas. I promised to help her dry the breakfast dishes."

"Kid all you wants," growls Hank, "but Boris'll show, K. O."

"How, when and where?" I wants to know.

"The when," answers Ritter, "is tonight; the where is the Piebald Playhouse, and the how is—you remember Virge Griffen, don't you?"

"That hophead!" I remarks. "Hasn't he coke-sniffed hisself outta the picture yet?"

"Nope," says Hank. "In facts, he's offa the needle altogether. I got him a job with a book concern."

"And tonight," I cuts in, "he's gonna bat for Boris Bullcow."

"Smart boy!" applauds Ritter. "Move up one from the foot of the class. Virge, you maybe recalls, was just as nutty as Peebles when he first hit the burg, and he's still got a line of palaver that'll make Horace think that Griffen's the boy that introduced the Slavs to symbolism."

"Can he gargle Serbian?" I asks.

"Do you know Serbian when you hears it?" shoots back Hank. "Does Horace?"

"Anyways," says I, doing a little earnest young thinking myself, "Bullcow studied at a English college, didn't he?"

"That," returns Ritter, "makes you two from the foot of the class. Don't you worry no wrinkles in that school-girl complexion of yours over the details. I'll prime Virge up proper, and if we don't have a large and copious evening this evening I'm the mistakenest error that ever was wrong. Peebles'll be at the house for dinner. You call for him and Betty and the misses, and I'll meet you at the Piebald with Griffen. Yes?"

"Did I say no?" I answers. "Fret not, my pet. I'll be there in my pink organdie and with my hair in a pigtail. How do you imagine," I asks, "them lads can put on a show without no actors?"

"That don't make no never mind to the cradle intelligents," says Hank. "If they can think without thoughts and explain life without having lived long enough to get the milk stains offa their lips, they oughta easy be able to act without actors. As a matter of facts, I've seen lotta performances by regular companies that would 'a' been improved if the scenery had been left to itself."

About eight o'clock I drives over to the Ritter place, picks up the bunch and buzzes off toward the Piebald Playhouse. Peebles is sitting in back with Betty and Kate, and all the ways down I gotta listen to a lotta hog wash and sheep dip about the rottenness of living in a country where they smothers your soul under a pile of dollar bills and a hundred per cent Americans.

"Is they any place," I asks finally, "where they does let your soul play hooky and run loose?"

"Yes," answers Horace. "Russia, for examples."

"I see," I comes back. "Where there's no soap there's soul, and where there is they ain't. Why don't you go there?"

"No," says Peebles; "America has one great advantage."

"What's that?" I asks. "Free handouts?"

"The sensitive," returns Horace, "can suffer more exquisitely here."

"The who can which?" I exclaims.

"Ah," sighs Peebles, "what can you know of the delicious pain of being misunderstood, of the joyous ache of having one's ideals trampled upon, of the wonderful hurt of being laughed at by senseless clods?"

"That explains it," says I. "I've always wondered why guys that can't see nothing good in the United States and is always bragging about other dumps still sticks around. So that's it. The delicious pain of getting hurt! Well, we'll see if we can show you a real good sensitive time tonight."

Horace keeps on prattling the usual brainless blah of his kind, Kate interrupting now and then with some personal questions about where he come from, who his folks are, and them kinda etc.'s. Peebles stalls, but the misses is a sticker and squeezes the info from the kid that his home is in Kansas and that his father sells cattle feed to the Jayhawks.

"Cattle feed!" I sympathizes. "How you must have suffered!"

"Parents," says Horace, "are the crosses of youth."

"Look out!" screams the wife. "You almost hit that ash wagon."

"No, I didn't," I shouts, straightening out the wheel. "I didn't even reach back and take a poke at him. Somebody else musta done it. Cattle feed!" I continues, sad. "The secret must be kept from Bullcow. Hank tells me he's so sensitive that he was once known to have swooned deliciously at the thought of a friend of his step-cousin almost deciding to go to work for a living. I'm afraid that the joyous pain of hearing that one of our earnest young thinkers was brought up where the oat and the bran mash twineth would be too much."

"Suppose you drive," snaps the frau, "and cut out the front-seat talking."

"Let him go on," murmurs Peebles. "His words cut so blissfully."

That settles me. I ain't got another thing to say for the rest of the ride. In a few minutes Horace slips me the office that we have arrove, and I pulls up. The Piebald is just a ruined-mill kinda shack with nothing in front to show that it's a theater, excepting a little sign over the top of the narrow door.

"It's a remodeled stable, isn't it?" inquires Betty as we climbs outta the bus. Peebles admits it.

"Stable!" I comments. "You haven't traveled so far from the old man's silo in Kansas, at that, have you?" Which gives Horace a happy ache.

It's dark in the small lobby of the Piebald, and right offa the bat I can't pick Hank outta the murk. While I'm gazing around I catches a sudden flash of a wild-looking tramp rushing toward us, waving both mitts and shouting something that I don't get. He dashes by me, and the next thing I sees he's got two of his arms around Peebles' neck and is plastering kisses on both his cheeks. The womenfolks look on, goggle-eyed. When Horace finally breaks loose, Bullcow—for it was none other than Virge Griffen—busts into tears. About the same time I separates Ritter and his wide grin from the rear shadows of the lobby.

"Oh, my dear college," shrieks Boris, grabbing Peebles by his coat lapels. "I am what you calls radished with joys to meet ze so great American intelligent Peebles. Death, come you should now. I no care not. Ze eyes of Boris Bullcow could be blind, yes? What more is they worth for to see?" And Virge digs his fingers into his lamps like he was gonna pull 'em out. Horace just stands by with a silly smile.

While the raving's been going on I gives Griffen's make-up the north and south. He's got a soiled shirt on

(Continued on Page 52)

He's Got Two of His Arms Around Peebles' Neck

The Packard Six Seven Passenger Sedan Limousine $2,885 at Detroit

"A TALE OF TWO CITIES"—OR A HUNDRED

THE average Packard Six owner expects to keep his car nearly three times as long as the car he traded in.

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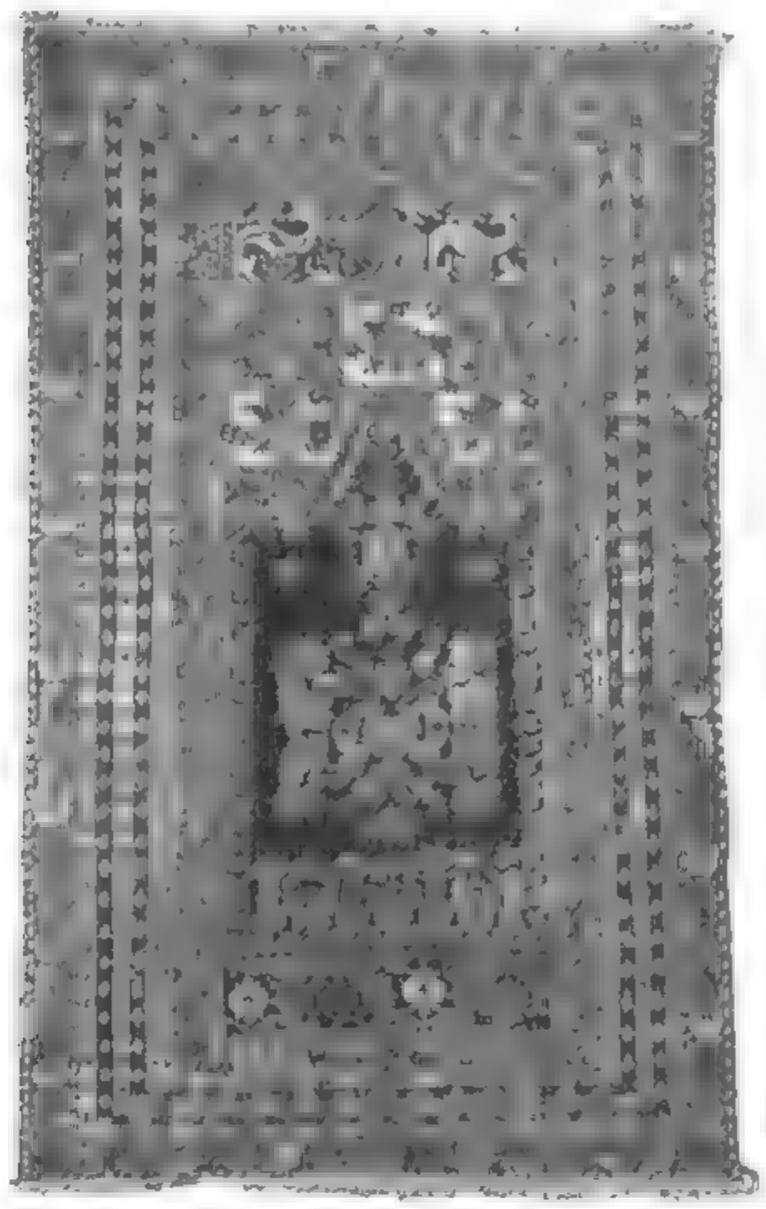
PACKARD

RUG HUNTING IN THE ORIENT

By Jordan Strand



Antique Ghiordes, of the 18th Century

WHEN I was a very little boy they took me one day to the house of the richest man in town, and put me down to play in the center of a big red carpet that spread all over the room, under the bookcases and the square piano, to the very walls. The room was full of new and wonderful things to play with, but I played only with the carpet, pressing my fingers into its thick soft pile, fascinated by it. I could not tell how it made me feel, nor answer my elders' questions, but when they took me home the carpet went with me, somewhere in my consciousness. For it remained with me all through childhood, steadily developing into the dream that some day, when I should become the richest man in town, I should have a red carpet like that. And I remember that I could never endure the Turkey reds and the flowered Brussels that separated our own walks of life from the bare boards beneath.

The years passed and sophomoric days came, and a night when I went to call on a girl; wilting flowers in my hand, coarse moist hair falling like sedge over the collar that pushed itself up under my ears, my feet in each other's way. The room was lit with softly glowing lamps and a tender expectancy. She was standing on a rug, all warm and dark, like a patch out of the night sky, scattered over with flower petals and bits of color like gems. About the room, over the divan and on the walls were other rugs, and every one of them opening a gateway into wonderful old lands, rich in legends and poetry, that I had never seen.

I could not say a word, but the girl saw the movements of my helpless eyes and understood.

My First Rug

"YES; aren't they beautiful?" she said. "Papa brought them from Persia."

I went home that night with a new dream. The red carpet and the richest man in town vanished together, and never came back. I had gone out to see a girl and I came back a lover, but of no girl; of rugs, and the things that go with them. All at once my young soul was filled only with thoughts of a solitary place, all my own, a little place, modest and cozy, in which a man could put music and a few cherished books and some Oriental rugs. And the leitmotif was the rugs, antiques preferably, with frayed edges and holes in them, or little square patches sewed in where holes had been, for that was the kind the girl had. Not that I thought much about her, for all my thoughts were with my new love. The birth of first love for Oriental rugs is like that; something mystical in it, a yearning after pure beauty in all its forms, a tender understanding of the handcrafts of simple men, whose life story is unconsciously told in their works. There is no thought of bargain and gain in that first rapture. Later, in the markets where its loves are sold, it becomes more sophisticated.

But it was many a year before I owned an Oriental rug. I bought my first in 1910, at Hodeida, the little port of the Yemen which feeds the trade of the Arabian hinterland to the mule-eared sailing dhows and the oily little steamers that beat up and down the Red Sea coast.

A caravan had come in that day with coffee and goatskins for the Italian trader, Carlo Mezzadri—he of the bold nose and eyes like an eagle—and when they had struck palms on the deal the lean Arab sheik in charge of the camel train dumped a rug down on the floor in front of Mezzadri, as baksheesh.

When he had gone out the trader contemptuously kicked it into a corner, and it lay there, a disheveled heap. It was coarse and old and moth-eaten, with a hole in it you could put your fist through, and the tones of its finery were muddied and tarnished. But there was a blue in it like the blue of the sky on a hot still day, and old mellow yellows swimming in the blue, and reds as warm as southern wines stained the borders. My heart was caught by its gentle designs, so much softer and less assured than those of the Sennas and Feraghans that covered the trader's floor. I picked it up and smoothed it out in the sunlight. It looked better, but Mezzadri wouldn't notice it. He was a connoisseur and liked only perfect rugs, such as were proudly conscious of their lineage and rectitude.

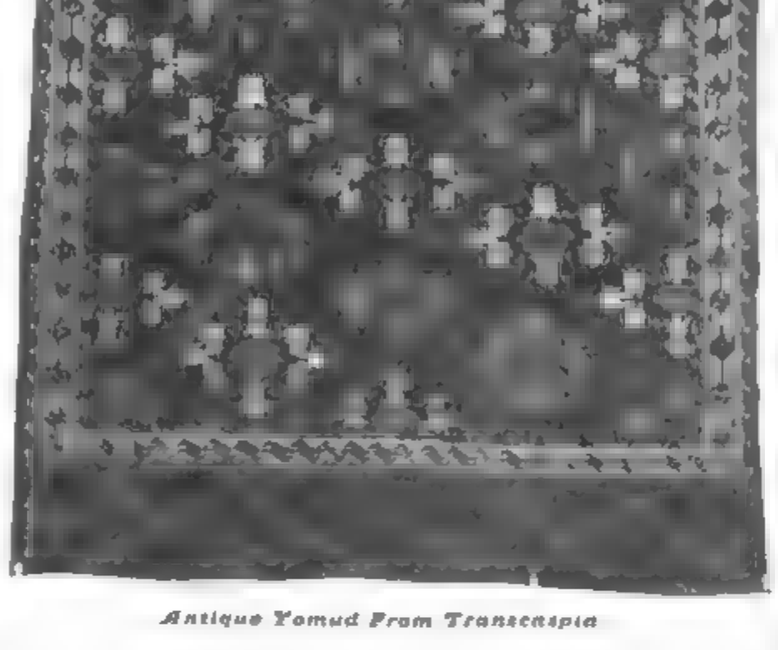
I had never owned an Oriental rug, for the reason that I had never been able to afford the kind that appealed to me. In the light of the trader's scorn this bit of bedraggled Shiraz looked to me like a possibility.

"What will you take for it?" I asked indifferently.

Mezzadri's eyes twinkled. He cared nothing for money, but he dearly loved to bargain; he had lived so long in the Orient that he was almost an Oriental.

"What would you give?"

"Well, I'll give you thirty rupees. It isn't worth much."



Antique Yomud From Transcaspia

To my astonishment, instead of the gently deriding laughter that the game calls for, Mezzadri replied soberly, "It's worth that." Then after a pause, "All right; it'll buy all hands two rounds of drinks at the club. Let's go!" And we set out for the club, I the happiest owner of a rug between Suez and Shanghai.

Bargains Few and Far Between

THAT was my first and my best buy. For about ten dollars I had acquired a rug for which later a New York dealer offered me twenty times that, and he didn't get it either. Nobody ever will who isn't stronger than I am. Of course it had to be cleaned and patched all over, and a felt back stitched on it to withstand the wear of Western leather-shod feet, but I have been looking for another prize like it ever since, and I haven't found one.

Other people have, perhaps, and bragged about it to every willing ear, even as I did; but they have had better luck than I.

I boasted so much after I had brought that rug home that when I went again to the Orient, in 1919, to Constantinople and the regions around the Black Sea, about everyone I knew asked me to pick up a few rugs for him. The idea seemed to be prevalent in America, and still is, that all you have to do to pick up choice antique rugs in the lands of their nativity is to go about, so to speak, singing a little song. Americans appear to think of the Oriental as a chap something like Lo! the poor Indian, who doesn't know the value of his antiquities and will part with them easy. Such people have never had first-hand dealings with an Eastern merchant; nor

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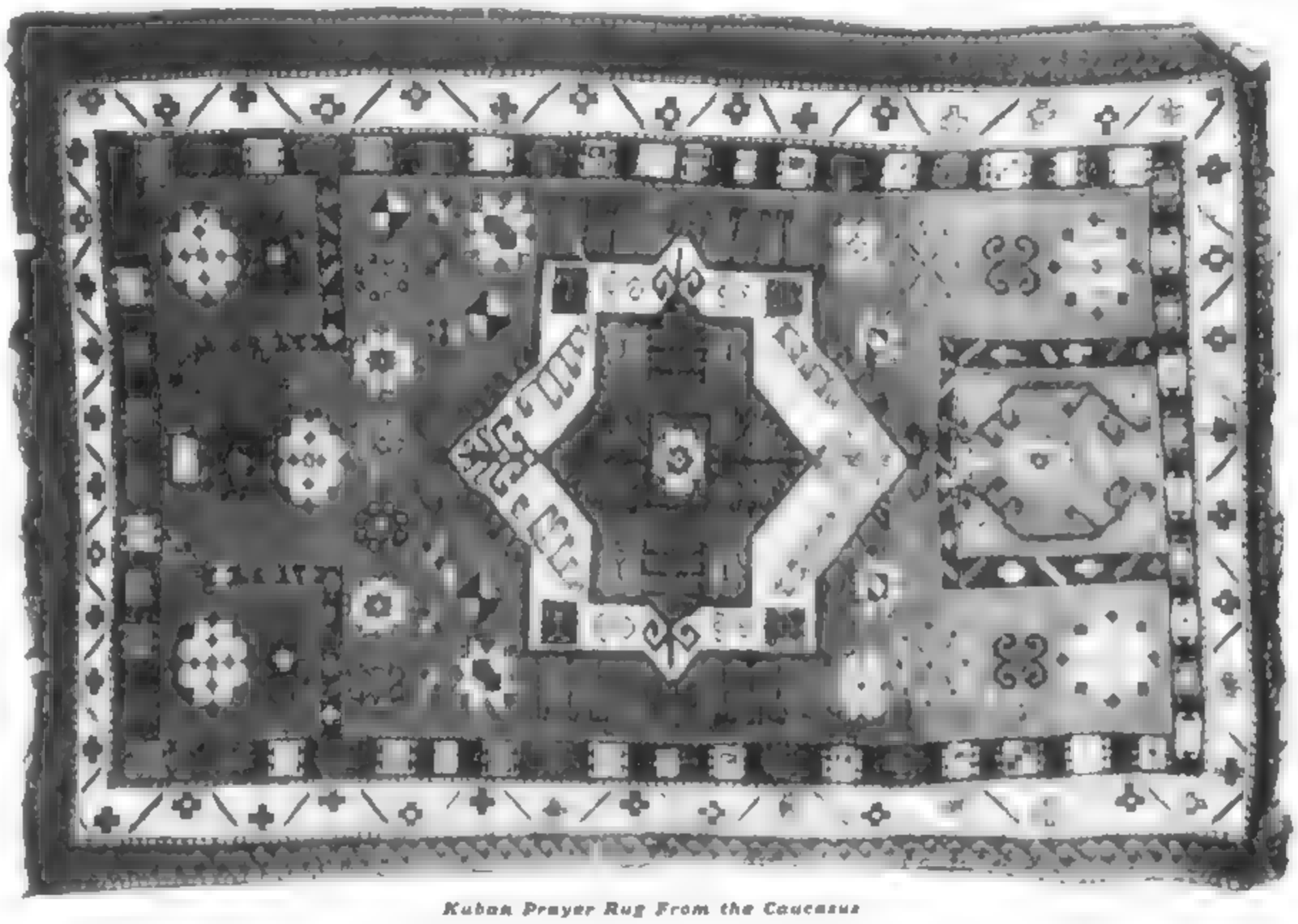

Kuban Prayer Rug From the Caucasus

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DODGE BROTHERS DETROIT
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TORONTO, ONTARIO

(Continued from Page 54)

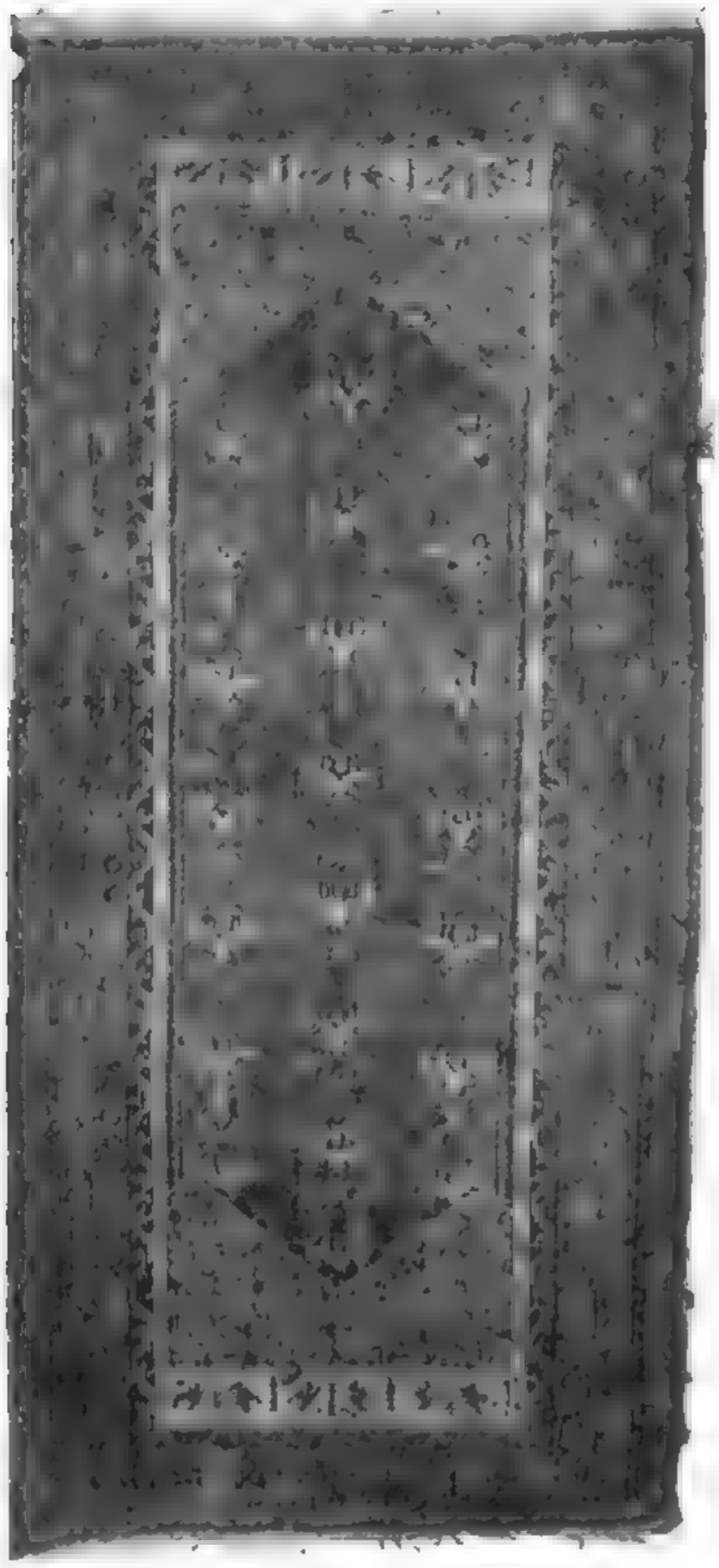
with a decayed Eastern gentleman—than whom there is none more decayed or lordly—obliged to part with his family heirlooms; nor yet with a tribe or family of rug weavers, who wouldn't sell an old horse blanket to a Westerner except through a broker, and he knows his business. It is to smile.

Costly Vanity

OF COURSE having been in the East before, I knew better. I knew the value the East sets upon its antiques, particularly rugs. The rug people have been making or selling rugs for centuries, and every one of them can tell who made any rug, and when and where, down to the name of the family and the village and sometimes to the very year in which it was made. They don't need to look at its face, or pile, or, in the case of an Armenian rug, at the date woven in; one long keen roving of the eye over its back and they will tell you the number of knots to the inch and the kind of wool used, and the kind of dyes, and where it has been patched and where it has been painted. And if it is a fake, or fabricated antique, they can tell you who did the work! They can, but they probably won't.

Knowing these things, and a very little more about rugs by this time, though I had roamed through the bazaars by the hour and read some books, I made no promises to pick up rugs for anybody. Indeed I carefully promised myself that I would buy no rugs for my own collection until I knew something more about them, to be learned in their native habitat. This I regarded as a very real concession to wisdom, for I loved rugs whole-heartedly

A Semi-Antique Kazak Rug From the Caucasus.



At Right—An Antique Shirvan. This is Also From the Caucasus. At Left—An Antique Kulah Kulleye

and believed in secret that I had a profound knowledge of them. Not wide nor technical, of course, but deep, through the gifts of sympathy and understanding. It is the lover's mirage, that secret belief that instinctively he knows his beloved by heart, and all devotees of Oriental rugs seem to have it. They feel, though they will not say, that they have a kind of genius for understanding rugs. The Oriental dealer comprehends this feeling in his customers very clearly, and preys on it.

True to my resolves, when I reached Constantinople I took particular pains to avoid the many snares laid for the feet of the unwary. I knew something of the differences between aniline and vegetable dyes, I could tell a Shiraz from a Shirvan, or a Kulah from a Kazak, and I knew the difference between a Senna, or Persian knot, and a Ghiordes, or Turkish knot. And I was sure that I could distinguish a period, or exceptional antique, from a modern copy, or the difference between any pure rug and one that had been washed or chemically treated to make it look like an antique. But I had gumption enough, then, not to thrust these high attainments into the dealers' teeth.

Where Aladdin's Treasures Lie

ACROSS the street from my windows in the big hotel of the Rue Kabristan were the alluring window displays of two of the largest dealers in Pera. They made a specialty of the rich Persian weaves, such as silk Kashans, burning like cathedral windows or the fires in opals, and soft mulled Sennas or old Feraghans of a divinely sapphire blue. Half a block farther down, opposite the Constantinople Club, was another, who put his faith in the appeal of blood-red Bokharas and the grim barbaric tones of Yomud, or flowered Joshekans. Across from the embassy, a stone's throw beyond the club, was a deprecating little shop kept by a little blond man with deprecating eyes, and just around the corner in a little street that leads from the Rue Kabristan to the Grande Rue de Pera were two more shops, kept by the blond man's brothers in bond, who specialized in the weaves of Anatolia. These form the stamping grounds of the ordinary tourist, who, aside from his flying visit to St. Sophia and the gyrations of the whirling dervishes, has usually no time to spare from the social functions of Pera in which to search further than the mushroom growths around his hotel and embassy for the riches of Constantinople.

It is across the Golden Horn in old Stamboul, the Turkish city, that one finds, nestled in odd corners and behind decrepit walls, the rug bazaars and the softly lit, dark browed shops with softly smiling, darker browed men inside them, which hold Aladdin's treasures. There you will find the stuffy den, almost submerged beneath the cobblestones, of Yousouf Ali Beg, who makes old carpets as good as new and new carpets that look like old; and there, too, you will find the great shop of a merchant family two hundred years old, with sixty rugs in it culled from the cream of the trade for a hundred years, which no money can buy. But you must look for these places; they will not look for you as the picaroons in Pera do.

I spent hours shopping, after the manner of women, pawing over yards of rugs and talking as I thought a millionaire collector ought to talk, but when I left Constantinople for the quaint and troubled world at the other side of the Black Sea it was with the proud consciousness that I had resisted every lure.

The Paris of the Caucasus

TIFLIS, the capital of the Georgian Republic, was the capital of chaos and hunger in 1919. In the happy days before the war it had boasted itself the Paris of the Caucasus, the brightest, gayest bit of human life between Calcutta and Bukharest, and long, long before that it had been the center of one of the oldest civilizations known to history. Next to Constantinople it had always been the focus of the rug-trading caravans from Central Asia, the mountains of the Caucasus, and even, in later years, for Persian and Armenian rugs by way of the railroad from

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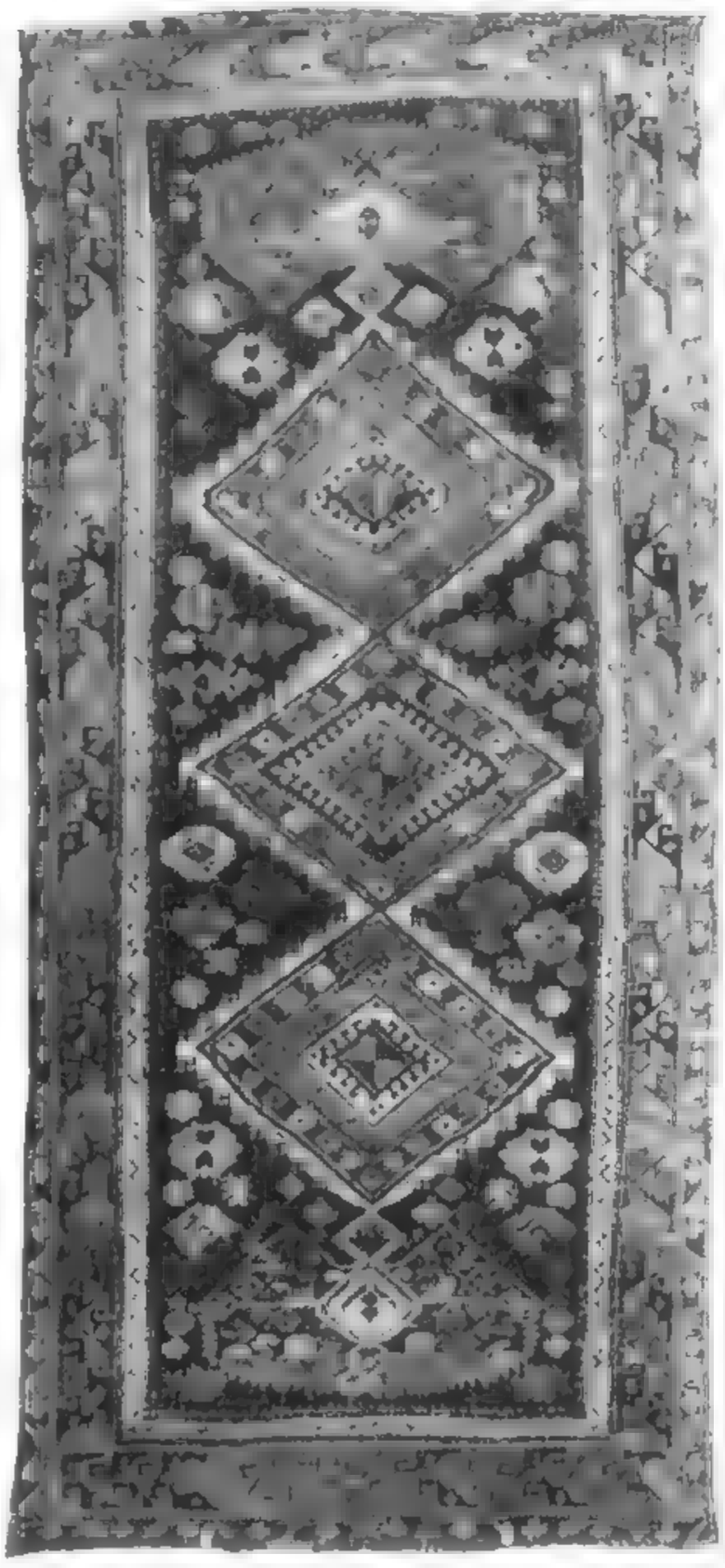

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(Continued from Page 56)

Tabriz. But in 1919 Tiflis was sad with its hordes of refugees from Armenia, ruined nobles from mighty Russia, beggars that beggar description from the ancient tribes of nomadic white men and Tartars that inhabit the mountains. All had been driven from their homes before the terrors of Bolshevism and the devastating Turk, and practically all were destitute. All that they had was the few possessions they had managed to conceal in their flight, and these were, by the nature of things, such as had not attracted attention. The nobles had jewels, the nomads rugs. They peddled them from door to door to buy bread, for all industries had been wiped out and they had no other means of keeping alive.

When I arrived a great American relief organization, with its large American personnel, had its headquarters at Tiflis, where it maintained orphanages and soup kitchens and from which it sent daily trainloads of food supplies into Armenia. Being basically for the relief of Armenia and Armenians, and Tiflis being in Georgia, there was not much it could do officially or in the way of food distribution for the Georgians. But in another way its name was Bonanza. Every native or refugee who had something to sell—a yellow diamond, an old carpet, a piece of treasured silverware, the best and the worst—took it to the American relief organization first, afterward to the foreign official missions, and lastly to the *speculanti*. But it was to the relief personnel that everything movable or which could be pried loose was brought first by the importunate owners, who would rarely take "No!" for an answer, no matter how emphatic it was made or how many times they got it. Whenever a refugee with a rug took to camping on a relief worker's trail that relief worker was a lost man.

This sort of hand-to-mouth trading brought some rare bargains to the buyers in a few instances, but not many. Most of the really good rugs had been shipped out and sold in Constantinople ahead of the German drive in the Caucasus in 1918, and those who had jewels sold only the poorest, for bread or to buy their way out of the country, and kept the best to sell when they would get to Paris. Tales of great bargains, however, filtered through—sometimes circulated in malice by the very ones succored, and sometimes by the boastful letters of the purchaser to his friends—to certain American commercial circles, and trial expeditions were sent out to investigate. Among these I recall a diamond expert from Philadelphia who spent six weeks in the Caucasus and bought one ring, and a rug dealer from New York who spent almost the same length of time and didn't buy a single piece. In most instances the American buyer paid full value for what he got, as he found out when he got his prize home and compared it with what he could have got for the same money there.

The Blandishments of Eastern Merchants

OF COURSE there were still left in Tiflis and the surrounding country, here and there, some pretty good old rugs, though they were not numerous, and rugs not so good were steadily flowing in. A few of the wealthy old families still kept their fine collections practically intact, sneaking out one of the least prized only now and then, and most reluctantly, to obtain the bread and wine required to sustain life. There were Persian and Armenian merchants down in the old Tartar quarter, deeply burrowed behind ruined walls or in a sunken courtyard, who could dig out a piece, when they liked, for the patient and discriminating eye. I took a deep interest in several choice bits until we came down to last price, and then my interest cooled. Those old-established merchants are rich, or their guild is. They don't have to sell; they know the value of their antique pieces and they know that they can wait, and they do.

Of new rugs, in summer some of the wanderers still brought them in, and I once came upon a temporary village in the hills near Tiflis, where the nomads had set up their looms under the trees. Women and children were busily passing shuttle and thread back and forth, back and forth, gay greens and reds growing into patterns like flowers under their nimble hands. Around them was the circle of their two-wheeled carts, joyously flaunting kelims and old saddlebags, mellowed by weather and smoke and dirt, while farther off, spread over the fields, the men and dogs peacefully watched their feeding sheep.

I had not been long in my new quarters before the rug dealers and the peddlers found me out. The dealers came almost every day—suave dark gentlemen with expressive, restless hands, always tapping you on the chest or picking suggestively at the vest buttons riding upon the swell of your prosperity, while they drove the argument home. To hear them tell it, every rug they had was a pearl without price. Of course the bazaars were full of common rugs, coming in and going out in an endless if inconspicuous procession—for there was a heavy duty to the government both ways—and the middle of the streets was cluttered with them. You would meet many of them astride the backs of peddlers or porters, coarse, gaudy creations, fairly drenching the sunlight with their aniline dyes; but many more would be laid flat upon the cobblestones in order that horses and goats and the countless bare or sandal-shod feet of the human throng might age them, while the strong sun drew out their too luxuriant coloring.

The mountaineers of Daghestan, the Lesghians and the weavers of Ganja still worked upon their looms the designs of ancient Assyria and Babylon, but they dipped them in the dye pots of Chemnitz. In all Tiflis I saw only these kinds at first, for they were the only ones offered me, and one has to make his quality known by degrees. Then I began to make friends and occasionally I would be asked to the house of some lovely Georgian princess for tea, with caviar and the mordant red Georgian wines, and we would sit upon some exquisite old Khorasan of pale blue and peach-blossom tones as soft as pastel, its integrity as plain to feel as its charm, and I would be told that Colonel John Jones of the American relief organization had said it was worth two million rubles! And that was a lot of money then, for all its charm. I should have liked to buy a carpet like that, but only the gaudy ones were offered me.

My predecessor and assistant in office placed little faith in dealers, but he had fallen for the peddlers and had secured some good rugs through them. The peddler was often an old Jew and in the very last stages of poverty and decrepitude, or a Tartar from the weaving tribes with his raw new carpets

Antique Feraghan With the Pearl Design

flaunted loudly on his back, and beneath the pile a ripe old kelim, probably torn as he passed, without the owner's knowledge, from some nomad's tent or wagon covers. Sometimes they were men of better quality, such as the Russian colonel with the big gold-handled sword and the long smooth nose which he had the habit of looking down as he talked you away into a room upstairs and whispered into your ear the tale of the tremendous bargain he had for you in the apartment of one of his friends. He sold me one once, only once, and I still have it, but I don't boast about it.

We had two favorites among the peddlers, and the foremost was Salomon, son of Selim the Magnificent and of Hagar, mother of Ishmael, a hurried, impetuous man in a pair of curling mustachios and the high polished boots of a Russian cavalry officer, who doubtless had given them to him. Salomon ought to have been a swashbuckler, but he wasn't; he was only a peddler. Old Mischa, the other, gentle and bearded like the Rabbi ben Israel, denied his prophetic mien with little gold rings in his ears and an appetite for potato brandy. At least twice a week Salomon would come in, glowing like a bed of coals, the carpet of the Golden Age rolled tightly under his arm; and he would go out again, flat as drenched ashes, confiding to Kuzma, the solemn doorkeeper, his last word, that Allah would bear witness how hard life was. I do not know how it was, but invariably old Mischa, padding softly, a bit of jewelry inside his shirt or a small rug folded in a piece of greasy silk, would follow close upon his heels, both in and out.

I now began to pick up a rug or two occasionally. Not so much from choice always as from an inescapable response to the necessities of people who could not eat unless someone bought their rugs. The rule of the East has always been that a rug is worth what you can get for it, meaning the utmost that can be cozened out of a customer, but the times were reversed by deprivation, and a rug in the hands of people in need was worth only what they had to take. If one happened to be their last hope, the rug would be literally forced upon him for next to nothing. Of course such rugs could make no more pretense than the owner's assurances—which meant nothing—to being antique; they were ordinary rugs, generally new. Several that I bought were of fair design and vegetable dyes; they would be good old rugs in time, but one or two were quite frankly washed, and at least one fairly dripped its aniline dyes on the office floor. What made me buy them was a pressure upon my sympathies that almost amounted to *force majeure*, and the absurdly low prices at which they were offered. Good sound old rugs were held still at good sound old prices, and always will be in the Orient, except in very disastrous times, for the excellent reason that the Orient knows how very scarce they are and how impossible it is that they will ever be made again.

One hot June morning Kuzma showed a man in who clicked his heels sharply together and bowed from the hips as he stood before me. His bearing was that of a Russian officer and a gentleman, but he carried on his back a very large Kurdish kelim, or pileless carpet, weight enough for a pack pony, and in spite of the intense heat he was buttoned from heel to chin in a heavy woolen overcoat, of the kind that Russian officers wear. There was a touch of stiffness, even hauteur, in his manner as he indicated that he would be willing to sell the carpet he had put down before me, although his manner seemed to say he was not accustomed to ridding himself of his possessions in such wise. It was rather a handsome carpet in its way, but ablaze with vivid reds and unsubdued yellows, altogether too showy for my taste. In fact it was only out of consideration for his pride that I allowed him to unroll it. He made no attempt to persuade me, but stood aside in silence as I went over it, and then, as gently as I could but quite definitely, I told him that I didn't want it.

Vegetable or Aniline?

I SHALL never forget the look on his face. He never said a word, but merely bowed, as if acknowledging a courtesy, and stood for some moments motionless. Then slowly, with fingers that trembled, he reached up to the safety pin that held his overcoat together at the throat and undid it. He had on not a thing underneath it but a pair of old boots and some tatters of underwear. I gave him an old suit of clothes that I had intended to throw away, and a shirt and some collars and a pair of socks; and when he left, there was nothing that I could do to prevent him from leaving me the carpet.

On another occasion old Mischa brought in a Shemakha, also a pileless carpet but with the ends of the woof threads left loose and shaggy on one side. It was really a pretty good carpet, though I care nothing for Shemakhas except the antiques, which are charming, and so I added three thousand rubles, or about two dollars at the time, to the old suit of clothes which I gave him, and he was happy.

Both these carpets were literally thrust upon me, but being absolutely sound, of vegetable dyes and of original design, they are more interesting than any domestic rugs, and I am glad I have them. Of my aniline purchase perhaps so much could not be said yet. Salomon came charging in with it one day, breathless with excitement. He had found for me a genuine Princess Bokhara, with the ruby luster so highly prized! True, it was new; but the Huzzain should see for himself. It was unrolled, and the office cat took one look at it and fainted, while the rest of the staff put their fingers in their ears to drown its shrieks.

"Take that thing out of here, Salomon, quick," I ordered, "before it hurts somebody."

But Salomon was entirely serious and a little disgusted with our levity. "See its beauty, Huzzain, that puce so delicate, so sweet; if one will but close his eyes he will almost think he can taste it. Ah, yes, it is a little bit bright, I will own, because it is new. I will not deceive the Huzzain; it is a new rug. But give it a little time and it will become old, and a treasure. See how fine is its weave, the design how simple and rich! It is *exquis*." And he clicked his tongue as if he tasted its exquisiteness.

"It is aniline," I answered as positively, "and I wouldn't have it."

Salomon was embarrassed and he looked down at his feet. "Huzzain," he said earnestly, "if not you, who will? Ah, Huzzain, you must buy it, for you are my father and my mother, and I have nothing left. It is raining and cold, and look at these shoes." I could see the white underside of his foot and his toes crowding at the broken places.

"Oh, well," I exclaimed, laughing, though there was nothing funny in the sight of high-backed Salomon standing there so sobered and needy, "I'll give you a pair of shoes."

(Continued on Page 60)

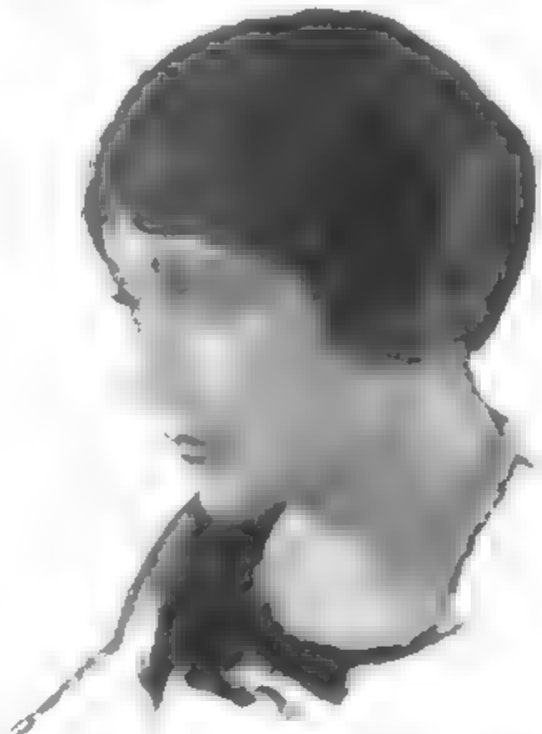
News of First National Pictures

"One Year to Live"

THE war, of course, sobered and saddened France. But Paris could not be Paris and abandon for long its gayety and mad quest for excitement. Here is a motion picture—"One Year to Live" that shows the French capital today alive again to the job of finding new thrills and forgetting the past. The story takes you behind the scenes of Parisian theatrical life; shows you its temperamental stars; and weaves a drama round a little French maid to whom a doctor has given one more year of life.

Aileen Pringle, Antonio Moreno and Dorothy Mackaill head the cast. The picture is an M. C. Levee production directed by Irving Cummings.

Above—Antonio Moreno and Aileen Pringle in "One Year to Live" Right—Rosemary Theby as the temperamental Parisian stage



Barbara La Marr
in
"The Heart of a Temptress"

THE beautiful and exotic Barbara La Marr, a rare flower in the garden of movie stars, is ready with her newest picture—"The Heart of a Temptress." It is not easy to find a story to fit that alluring La Marr personality, but here, as the European beauty who tolerates no masculine defiance to her charms, she is suited better, perhaps, than ever before in her career. Conway Tearle has the other featured role in the picture.

Have you heard that Miss La Marr will star in Galsworthy's novel, "The White Monkey"? Production has been started.

Ben Lyon
in
"One Way Street"

WE used to envy Ben Lyon his sudden rise to movie popularity but now that we know him better, we only admire him. He's altogether too unassuming and regular a fellow to arouse any ire. With Anna Q. Nilsson and Marjorie Daw this rising young favorite is featured in "One Way Street," playing the young American who goes adventuring in London society.

"One Way Street" is really a delightful story—growing round the core of a powerful dramatic situation.

Colleen Moore
in
"Sally"

AFTER her portrayal of *Selina Peake* in Edna Ferber's "So Big" you should not be surprised by any new personality Colleen Moore brings to the screen. But we think that you'll find an even more charming and delightful Colleen in "Sally." In the past she has been wistful, gay, dramatic, vivacious, even pathetic—but now comes "Sally" and in it Miss Moore with a bit of all her former selves. The picture is an adaptation of Flo Ziegfeld's musical play of the same name. Lloyd Hughes plays opposite Miss Moore, and Leon Errol repeats in his original stage role.

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3-in-1 Tire Repair Kit—Repairs Tires and Tubes

(Continued from Page 58)

He leaped upon the rug like a cat on a bird, rolled it up and thrust it into my hands as if he feared I'd repent such large-heartedness if given time. "There it is, Huzzain. Where are the shoes?"

There is no going back on a deal like that, and in time I hope my Princess Bokhara will look somewhat more as a Princess Bokhara ought to look. But not in my time.

In such manner were acquired, both by myself and by other people, most of the actual bargains that came out of the Caucasus during those difficult years, 1919–21. If one really got a bargain it was usually at the expense of someone else's necessity, and that is painful to recall afterward. Prices for good rugs ruled high. Though there were and are exceptions, it takes an expert to dig them out and to know them.

I had bought a number of rugs on my own judgment, some good and some not so good, when an expert finally sailed into my horizon and became my friend. He was from New York, though born in the Orient, and had dealt in rugs all his life. A very few of my purchases he praised, mildly; a few others he smiled over, as if at his own thoughts, and then set himself to teaching me something about rugs. I followed him about the bazaars, studying his methods as well as the rugs he examined, and reading the books he advised. Most of his instruction was in the form of lectures, illustrated by some rug before us. The whole course can be boiled down to a paragraph:

Don't buy a rug unless you fall in love with it at first sight. Don't buy it then, until you have taken it home and lived with it for at least a week. You may grow tired of it, and a dead love for a rug can no more be revived than dead love for a woman. If you are buying for beauty's sake, buy what pleases you, but don't complain if you find afterward that your purchase has little market value. If you want value in your rugs, old or new, put the accent on their commercial value—what a dealer might be willing to pay for them in the open market and not on their artistic value, or what a collector might be willing to pay. Let the other fellow buy the fine old rugs with the holes in them; keep your money in your pocket and keep up your search until you find the fine old rugs without any holes. Finally, if you are seeking antiques, seek on, but don't buy any without the advice of an expert whom you are sure you can trust.

They are excellent rules. I ought to know, because I've broken every one of them.

Methods of an Expert

We went, one day, to look at the rugs of a Persian who was a friend of my friend's, and there being nothing that interested me in his shop the Persian offered to let me have any of the rugs he was using in his house, so we went there. At first sight the prospect was disappointing; as in the shop, the best rugs were too expensive and the others had no appeal. Then, just as we had finished our coffee and were about to take our departure, the host excused himself and disappeared behind a curtain. From the careful manner in which he drew it together and also from the flash I caught of a large, liquid brown eye, full and soft as a gazelle's, which had evidently been peeking through a rift in the folds, we understood that he had gone to ransack the women's apartments.

In a little while he came back with a servant carrying several rugs, and as the man stooped to let them roll off his back one of them, a little Bokhara, slipped away as of its own accord and unrolled itself across the floor. It was so exquisite that my breath hurt in my lungs. Out of its rich dark fond, the color of pigeon's blood and rippling like satin, the severe octagons and the tiny diamond-shaped designs flashed into the sunlight the tenderest colors of spring—peach bloom and hyacinth, apple green and old rose, the soft yellows of Spanish wines, bits of turquoise and the deep, deep blue of lapis lazuli.

I saw the expert stiffen and his nostrils dilate. He picked it up, gently crushing it in his hands, and held it against his cheek. Then he recovered himself, but it was too late; any eye could see that this man of trade had been moved by this thing of beauty. To cover his retreat he put it on the floor and went over it, on his hands and knees, as if he were looking for a flea. And when he arose to his feet he smiled deprecatingly and turned his back on it.

"It is beautiful," he said, for there would have been no use in him pretending about that, "but there have been moths in it, and it has been cut."

The host spread out his hands, palms upward. "Oh, friend, it is true. It has been with the women of my household and with those of my father, and of my father's father, and it may have taken a little hurt. But what wouldst thou? Say thou, is it not a hundred years old, or is it not two hundred? Allah hear thee!"

I stepped across to the expert and whispered, "I must have that rug."

He shook his head and winked at me slowly. Then as if regretfully, but with finality, he turned to the Persian.

"The cut is bad. It is worse than a hole, for it spoils the pattern, and the price goes to nothing. We do not like cut rugs. Search yet a little, Hassan Effendi, and see if you cannot find more perfect ones."

When the merchant came again from the women's quarters it was with several servants loaded down, and he apologized that there were no more rugs in the house. Among the lot was a handsome Mir Serebend and a large Kazak of a warm red main ground, or fond, with borders of peacock blue and a deep harmonizing green, and a center medallion of burnt orange surrounded by very dark blue. Another Kazak, nearly square and of superb pile, had the same deep red background with a center that suggested the Russian Order of St. George, in yellow and buff with dark green wings. Weave and dyes were of the best, of sixty years ago, and the appeal in them was, to me, intense. I wanted them at once and could scarcely restrain my eagerness. But the expert dallied and haggled the whole afternoon away until at last they were piled on the backs of a couple of porters and it was agreed that we should keep them on the floors for a week, and if we still liked them we should pay the last price, about half of what had been asked at first.

A Dicker for a Kurd

As we left I could discern even in my expert's cold trade eye a kind of elation, though he denied it and continued to repeat his endless refrain, "Wait a little, until you have examined them in the sunlight, in the shade, under artificial light and for moths and spots that may have been painted over with a camel's-hair brush, and then ——"

It is an inexorable rule, and the simplest common sense. Yet how weak is man, even expert man! Ten minutes later, on our way home through dirty little commonplace streets, we passed a dark hole opening out of an old building, with a few unkempt rugs pegged up beside it. The sheerest curiosity directed our glances inside. The shopkeeper at the moment lazily reached up from his hookah, or water pipe, and pulled a rug from the shelves. In the subdued light it looked attractive as it unrolled, and involuntarily we stopped. The shopkeeper continued to unroll others on top of the first until, as the pile grew, he threw down a long narrow Kurd, almost an inch thick and heavy as a buffalo robe, but of a glorious deep blue, with pale blue fish swimming in it, and old reds and ambers in the border.

As my eye fell upon it, it seemed to stab me to the heart, and at the same instant I felt the expert's knee pressing me to keep silent. We let them pile several rugs on top of the Kurd, then gradually wandered back to it. Here such violent Persian ensued between the expert and the dealer that I thought it was going to end in a fight, but, instead, we abruptly left the shop.

Outside, around a corner, my good friend stopped me and though there wasn't another person within half a mile who could understand English, such is the force of habit that he whispered, "That Kurd is a good carpet. If you like it and we can get it for so much"—naming a sum less than half the dealer had asked—"it is a bargain."

We went back and haggled and stormed and wheedled until we got it at our own price, and paid for it on the spot! So much for the rule; but it is better to have an expert friend with you when you break it.

Eventually I bought all the rugs we had selected from the Persian merchant's home, and I have never ceased to be grateful to my expert friend for his assistance that day. He went away, but the little antique Bokhara still remains the choicest piece in my collection. It gladdens my heart every time I look at it and softens my spirit whenever my hands flow over its warm fine texture. The sunlight is brighter, the flowers more lovely and fragrant, the birds' songs sweeter, for its presence in my home. The cut is not there, for I never see it. I remember a terrible scar on the face of a college mate that, at first sight, used to repel us all. But as we knew him we grew to love him so that we never saw it any more; and my little Bokhara is of the same quality.

A little knowledge is a dangerous thing at any time, but particularly in the business of picking out Oriental rugs. After my course of instruction with the expert I remained in the Caucasus nearly two years, and got to thinking that I knew something about rugs. But I became acquainted with another American, a war veteran, who was supposed to know a great deal more. He was in Batum as the representative of a New York house for which he bought rugs in bales, and this naturally gave him a rating as an authority. He had rooms with a Russian-Greek family which had lived in Batum for more than a generation and owned one of the most imposing homes in the city. Visiting him, one day, I noticed hung high upon the wall a very large Khorasan carpet, so large that it flowed down over a divan and lay partially upon the floor, where the many shod feet that had passed over it in the years it had been there had worn it considerably. The light was too dim for careful examination, but I could see the dark, warm blue background, filled with the conventional pear, or Herati, design, and no less than eleven beautiful border stripes which reflected the subdued light in colors like a stained-glass window.

"What a lovely old carpet!" I exclaimed. "Is it yours?"

"No," he answered; "I wish it were. My landlady won't sell it because her husband brought it to her from Persia more than thirty years ago, and he's dead. I've offered her eight hundred dollars, but she won't part with it. It is one of the finest old Khorasans I have ever seen."

Some months later I was in Batum again. My friend was away, but his assistant was occupying his rooms. Again the cathedral-window effect of the Khorasan on the wall caught my fancy, and when I spoke of it the assistant said, "I think Madame X—— would sell it now if she could get her price, she is in such need of money. But she asks one thousand dollars, and there is no one here with that much money. If Colonel Blank were here now I feel sure she would accept his offer of eight hundred dollars, though she has refused it several times."

I told him, "I can't afford eight hundred dollars for it, but if the colonel can't get it I'll leave you my check for five hundred dollars, and if she'll take that you may send the carpet to me at Tiflis." I had such confidence in Colonel Blank's judgment that I hardly bothered to give the carpet more than a casual examination.

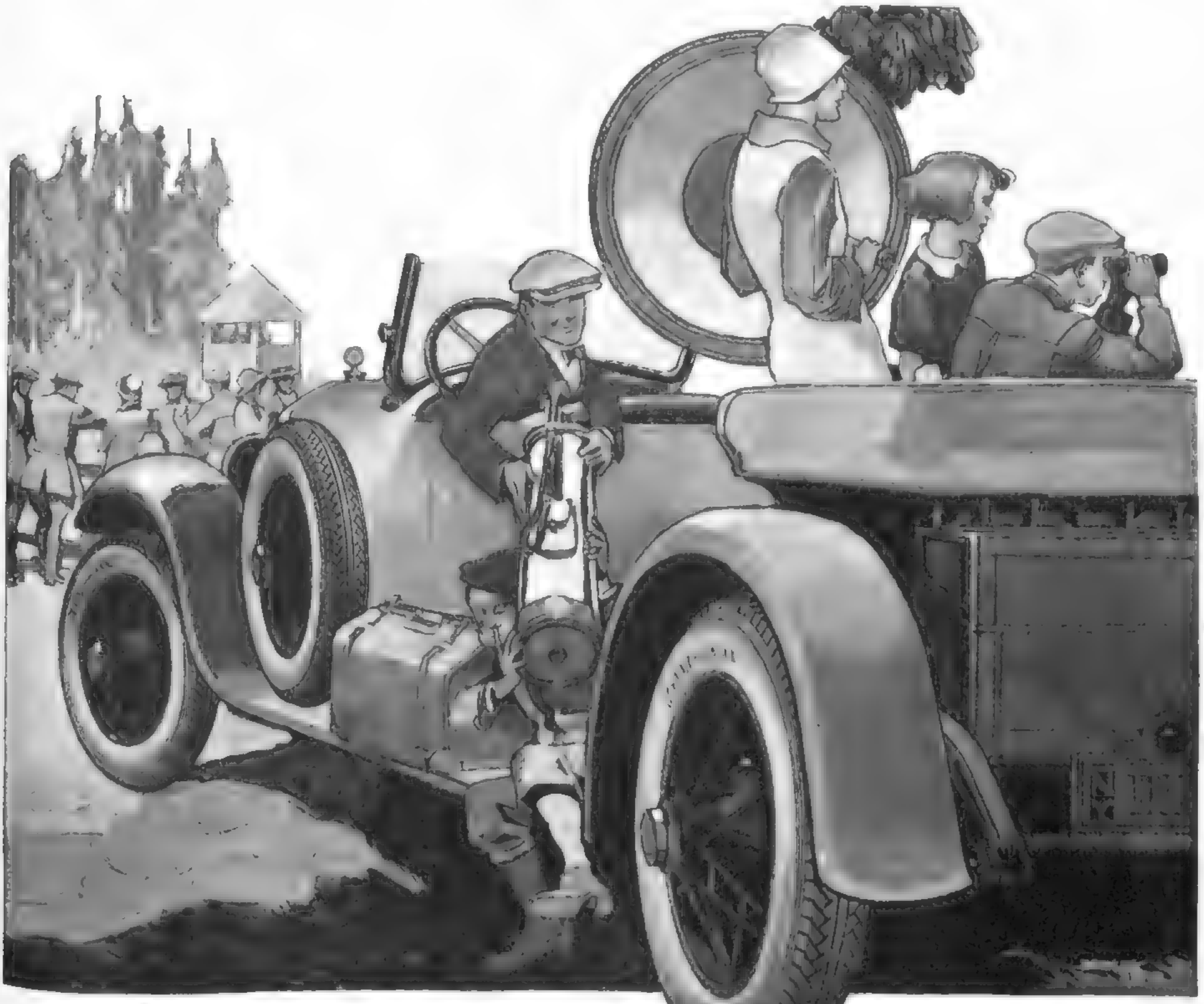
Growing Suspicions

A few weeks later the young man sent me the carpet, with an explanatory note that he had had great difficulty in getting it. I had no sooner laid it on my floor than I began to suspect its antiquity. It looked all right, and it didn't. Its pattern was traditional and its dyes vegetable, and it certainly had not been washed with acids; but it looked as if it had been manhandled somehow. The matter with it was hard to define, because it seemed to respond to all the tests except that of assuring the naked eye. I kept studying at it, and in due time found out that it was a comparatively modern copy of a very fine old rug, which, had I possessed an expert's knowledge of the periods and peculiarities of the art of weaving, I should have known at a glance. It had been beat and washed and scrubbed, and exposed to sunlight and dirt and the feet of thousands that tread the devious ways of the East, until it looked to the careless eye like its original. It was not worth the third of what I had paid.

A pure rug declares its purity clearly upon its face. If it casts the shadow of a doubt the expert rejects it. But such insight is acquired only by long and tedious experience in the handling of many rugs, and it can hardly be a part of the equipment of the amateur. His instinct may warn him, but usually, as in this instance, too late or too inconclusively to save him. As there was no question here as to the honor of the persons involved, or the validity of the transaction, I took my medicine; but what a yell I should have made had a dealer worked the trick off on me!

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Strand. The concluding article will appear in an early issue.

The KELLY FLEXIBLE CORD



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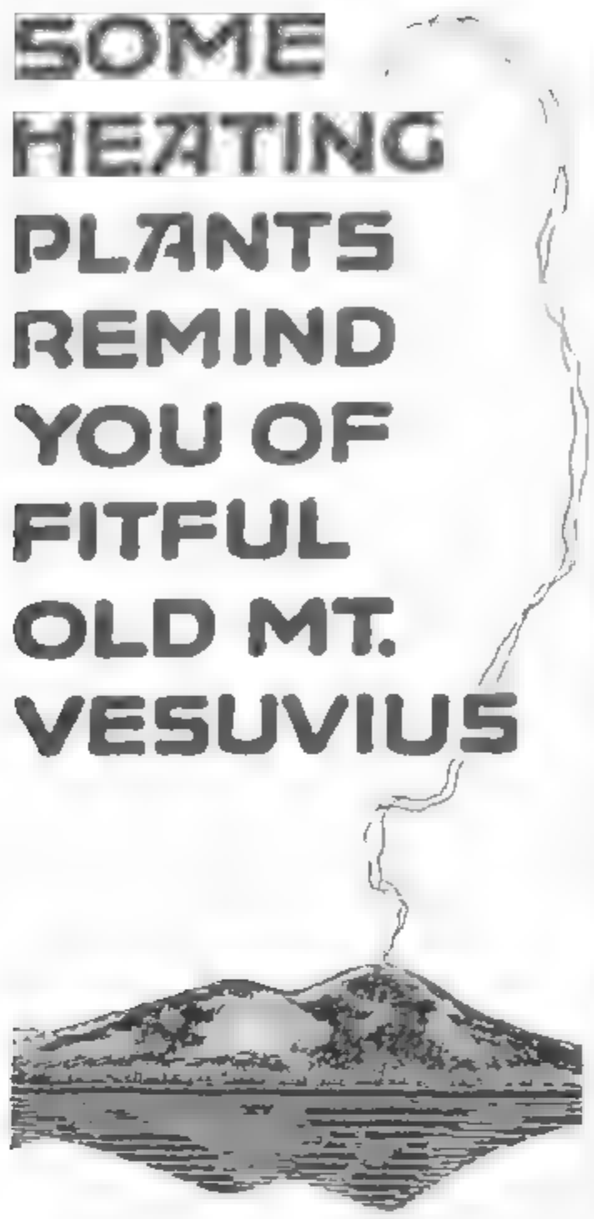
The Peregrinations of the Pecks

Pinehurst—perfect weather—horses for the family to watch—golf for Jim! The Pecks are traveling without any set schedule, stopping when, where and as long as they feel inclined, which is the only way to travel. So far, their trip has been broken only by three days of sightseeing in Washington. Just where they are going from Pinehurst we don't know yet, but understand that they expect to strike westward. Neither car nor tires have had a real test yet—but they will, before the end of the trip.

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRES

SOME HEATING PLANTS REMIND YOU OF FITFUL OLD MT. VESUVIUS



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MEET THE LIFE

Continued from Page 52

without no necktie, a suit of clothes that looks like it's been slept in for a month or so in a irrigation ditch, the shoe laces of his kicks are open, and his face stacks up as if the last time it was washed was never. I notices Kate and Tillie Ritter sizing him up and shimmying with the shudders.

"Great!" I whispers, edging over quiet to where Hank is. "Be sure and sit him down between the misses and Horace. By the way, Horace's old man's in the cattle business in Kansas. Maybe you can work up something outta that with Bullcow."

"Can I?" exclaims Ritter. "I should —— Listen to Virge."

"In Serbia," Griffen is reeling off, "they say Boris he should to America go. I say why. For why should Boris go where ze art is not, where ze soul is also a not? I laugh. Bullcow ze symbolist. What he do with low peoples who dollars chase? It is, I so say, like it would be throwing swines at ze pearls. But ah, they say, Peebles you should see. He is in America, yes, but of America he is not. Ze world, ze universe he belongs to. Then I say poor Boris Bullcow him too stupid for great intelligent man Peebles to talk with, but I takes what you calls it a chance. I comes. I lucky meets my friends Ritter. He your friend. So."

"Have they really read my Spinach Into Duck in Serbia?" asks Horace, eager.

That sets Virge off. He acts like a madman, shoving his fingers through his tangled mop, jumping up and down, and altogether acting like he was running a imitation of Saint Vitus instead of Boris Bullcow.

"You sure," I asks Ritter, kinda scared, "that Griffen's quit sniffing the snow?"

"Sure," says Hank. "I gave him a coupla shots of Scotch to tone up his sketch. That's all. Some acting, eh, bo? I thought you said they wasn't gonna be none at the Piebald tonight," he finishes with a grin.

"How," I inquires, "can a guy be as dull in the dome as Horace and fall for that tripe?"

"That's the way it is with them earnest young thinkers with soul-urges," answers Ritter. "They thinks a half-baked emotion is a full-sized thought. They got mighty little real sense, and no sense of humor at all. If they had a sense of humor they'd know what saps they were."

All this time Bullcow's champing around the lobby, making a lotta mad-dog sounds but not saying anything. The women has backed to the wall and a few other folks that has drifted in are staring loose-lipped at Boris.

"What's the matter?" I asks, anxious. "Has he forgotten his lines?"

"No," says Hank. "He's just getting up steam for the big scene. Listen."

"Has zay read Spinach Into Duck!" shrieks Virge, pushing his dark face into Peebles'. "Has zay? Is it that you would insult my peoples? For months we reads it, we talks about it, we cries about it, and about it we laughs. Itchik Dumbellsky he say it is ze beginning and ze end of literature. Is it permitted that I kiss your foots?"

I'm darned if Griffen doesn't stoop down and grab hold of one of Horace's hoofs. Peebles quick backs away, and just then the ticket chopper saves the day by tipping us that the show is about to start—the show inside, I mean. Hank takes Bullcow by the arm and I walks in with Kate.

"Is that terrible person drunk?" she whispers to me.

"Terrible person!" I gasps. "Be ashamed of yourselfs. That's Boris Bullcow, the great Serbian symbolist—the one you thought it was so grand for Hank to meet in Paris. You wouldn't expect a genius to wash his neck and wear a clean shirt like a ordinary member of the Elks or a four-minute speaker, would you? Don't you think he's wonderful, Betty?" I inquires, turning to the gal, who's following us with her ma. "Your father's asked him to stay at your house while he's in this country."

"He will not!" snaps Mrs. Ritter. Betty just sniffs.

"Oh, very well," says I. "If you ain't got no appreciation of genius I'll put him up for a month or so."

It's too late for the frau's comeback, because by that time we is all crowded together in a kinda box at the side of the theater. The whole playhouse is only big enough to hold about two hundred comeons, mosta the which look like crosses between piano teachers outta jobs and Bowery shoe-string peddlers. The seats are just plain rough benches, the walls of the dump were once whitewashed, and the curtain musta been swiped outta Greek restaurant's laundry bag. The box we is in, I figures, was one of the stalls of the old stable, with the smell once removed.

Ritter fixes it so Horace, Virge and the women are jammed in front while me and him squats in the rear. We is hardly set when out go the lights and up wabbles the tablecloth.

All I sees on the stage is a busted chair laying on its side, a rusty old stove and a bunch of rags that probably runs bases for a bed. For a minute nothing happens. Then Boris starts clapping his fins violent and Peebles follows suit. Pretty soon some of the audience joins in.

"Ah," gloats Boris, "ze life, it is like that!"

"What happens?" I growls.

"Happens!" yells Bullcow, turning fierce on me. "Everything it is happening. Ze motion, ze life ——"

"You explain it to us," cuts in Betty, with a smile at Horace.

He mumbles something and looks at Griffen kinda nervous.

"Yes, yes!" urges Virge. "Who I am to talk ze words when ze great Peebles, ze Spinach Into Duck Peebles, is here?"

"The symbols," says Horace, "signify this to the illuminutty: Sergei the Lame falls over a rock on the steppes, and as he gets up he finds that his flesh-body has gone and only his inner-self remains. He comes home to find that his wife, Yaka, is no longer the mate of his soul, but the spirit of food and drink. He kills her with a stove lifter, and placing a piece of coal in his pocket as a symbol of black memories he stumbles out into the night to find ——"

"A poker game?" I suggests, not being able to hold in no more.

"——to find," goes on Horace, "the all-in-all. That is the first scene."

With that the curtain comes weary down, and before anybody can say a word it straggles up again.

This time they is nothing on the stage but a cracker box and a table with a candle on it.

"Go on, go on!" cries Bullcow to Peebles. "You explain more."

"Please keep still up there," yelps a long-hair in the seats below us. "My mind can't hear a thing."

"Sergei," continues Horace, in a lower voice, "is now surrounded by great wealth, but he cannot escape the chill of the soul-drench that envelops him. He tries to escape the torture by hanging his seven children to the rafters of the palace, but his soul will not dry."

"Sergei," I mutters to Hank, "is all wet, and so's Boris. He's taken three swigs outta that hip flask of his in the last minute and a half. Better take it away from him before he crabs your act."

"So," goes on Peebles, "there is nothing left for him to do but cut off his ears and strike forth into the cosmic void for surcease. How well he fared we will see in the remaining twenty-seven scenes."

"Jumping bullfrogs!" I howls hoarse to Ritter. "Twenty-seven scenes! Ain't you and Virge got some tricks framed to bust up the show with?"

"Don't worry," soothes Hank. "All in good time."

"But," I insists, "what you got up your sleeve? You ain't gonna let Horace get off this easy, are you? We gotta show him up, don't we?"

"In a little while," says Ritter, "you'll see the hottest row between Virge and Peebles that ever was."

"How do you like it?" I hears Horace asking Betty.

"Rather depressing, don't you think?" answers the frill.

"Ah," murmurs Peebles, "but so is life depressing, and this is life."

"It may be life in Russia," I barks, "but it ain't in this country."

"Life is life," says Horace. "It's the same drab affair whether in Omsk, Russia, as it is in Olathe, Kansas."

"Did you say Olathe?" gurgles Bullcow, and his eyes pop.

"Yes," comes back Peebles, slow.

"Olathe!" repeats Virge. "Peebles. Say, you ain't Cal Peebles' boy, are you?"

"The works!" I whispers to Hank. "There they go!"

"Yes, I'm Cal Peebles' son," says Horace, in a dazed tone. "How do you ——"

"I'm Virge Griffen," comes back Boris Bullcow. "Don't you remember when I left Olathe? You were just a kid, I guess."

"But," gasps Horace, "Serbia ——" And all of a sudden I see tears come into the lad's eyes. I'm darned if I ain't sorry for him.

"Come on," I says, rough, to Hank, "let's get outta here. We'll get a smoke and come back later."

The curtain's up on more of Sergei's troubles, but nobody in our party is paying any attention to the stage. I drags Ritter off to a kinda alcove below the box.

"Darn it," he grits, "I forgot."

"Forgot what?" I asks.

"I forgot," answers Hank, "that Virge always got homesick for Kansas when he was piped, but how was I to know that they both came from Olathe, and that Horace was gonna mention the joint?"

"Well," says I, "we anyways has made a hash outta the kid. I'll bet they is something stirring in that box right now. Let's sneak up quiet and see."

We does, and what I expects to see I don't. Peebles and Boris Bullcow is got their arms on each other's shoulders and talking a mile a minute. The skirts are just looking on, all of them kinda smiling quiet.

"Say," I cuts in, hitting Horace on the back, "tell me—what does that stuff on the stage now mean?" Peebles looks at me kinda blank, and then turns back to Griffen.

"No, no," he says cheerful to him, "Buck Jones don't drive that hack no more. He's got a taxi stand at the station."

"Gosh," comes back Boris, "I'd sure like to be hopping offa the train and jumping into one of his buses now."

"Me, too, Virge," says Peebles.

"Well," remarks Hank, as we turns away, "we maybe has put a symbolist on the bum, but we got a member for the Olathe Rotary Club."

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THINK WHAT IS BACK OF IT

Why you catch **cold** *and how you can* **prevent it**

DO you catch cold easily? Do slight throat irritations make you cough frequently? Are you sometimes troubled with sore throat? Strengthen the tissues of your nose, your mouth, your throat. Regular, systematic care—easily and quickly given—will do it. Put Glyco-Thymoline diluted with water in an atomizer. Spray this solution up into your nose morning and evening. Spray your mouth and your throat also. Inhale as you spray. The taste is extremely pleasant, the after effect soothing and freshening. For years, physicians have recommended Glyco-Thymoline for the relief of colds; it is also a preventive.

IN the tissues of your nose, mouth and throat there are countless tiny channels, or blood vessels. Your blood flows through these passages, just as traffic would through a vast network of streets and avenues. But there are weak spots in the system. A famous doctor says that almost everybody has them. They slow up circulation, just as a bad spot in the pavement slows up traffic. They are the spots that germs attack. They are the spots that suffer from exposure. They are the spots that are at once affected by the air of badly heated and ventilated rooms. Nature's remedy is to rush to the spot an extra quantity of blood—to clear away the congestion. Sometimes this succeeds; but when it doesn't, that extra blood remains to make the congestion worse. Traffic is blocked; your blood doesn't circulate as it should; inflammation sets in, and you ask yourself, "How did I get this cold?" Glyco-Thymoline prevents colds because it unblocks traffic, widens the clogged-up blood vessels so that the blood circulates more freely. Thus, it aids Nature to keep you healthy.

WHY is it that your dentist always urges you to use dental floss? He knows from wide experience that minute food particles frequently escape the toothbrushes of even the most careful people. These particles hide in the hard-to-reach places. If they are not soon dislodged, they ferment. Fermentation produces acids that attack the teeth, break through the enamel, and cause decay. Unpleasant breath also results. Use dental floss faithfully, but also use Glyco-Thymoline. It checks fermentation, neutralizes the acids of decay and makes the mouth fresh, pure and wholesome. If you suffer from sore and tender gums, Glyco-Thymoline will stimulate the circulation and thus aid Nature to harden them and make them healthy.

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BIG NAMES

(Continued from Page 29)

Gil and Shorty glanced at a gentleman who was leaning against an onyx pillar, studying society.

"That," said Perry, "is Alfred Hussman, the man who wrote The Life of the Cell."

"A jail expert?" ventured Shorty.

"Not that kind of a cell," said Perry, and he continued to scatter bits of information.

"Carmel is an interesting and cultured spot," he said musingly. "Some day I shall live here among these people and do my own work. Monterey is likewise a magnificent old-time city. There is about it that which carries one back into the romantic past, and even today it still retains its ancient Spanish air."

Gil said nothing, being entirely without interest in Spanish air.

"I was in Monterey today," Mr. Thorne continued, "and spent an hour rambling through the real citadel of letters."

"The what?" Gil asked.

"Today," said Perry, "I lingered in a shrine which should be dear to the hearts of all Americans, where a true and magnificent artist has forever left his mark. I spent the afternoon in the home of Robert Louis Stevenson."

"Who's he?" Gil inquired, pausing in his defloration of an artichoke.

Thorne glanced across the table at his illiterate friends and there was scorn and surprise in his gaze. He looked at Shorty Hamp, but there was no sign of a smile. Thorne reflected cynically that here, before him, stewing in the juice of their abysmal ignorance, were men who made entertainment for the American people. . . . It seemed incredible that Walter Gilfillan not only acted in motion pictures but directed them and selected the stories with which to regale the public. It surely was a pointed demonstration of what people everywhere said and thought about the movies.

"Stevenson," said Thorne, almost coldly, "is one of the great names in literature. He is a real master of English. He stands, a towering lighthouse, amid shoals of second-raters, and I venture to say he will live on forever."

Gil's eye immediately brightened.

"You been spending the afternoon at his house," said the star. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"I am telling you," Thorne replied, amazed at the sudden glow of interest.

"How good is this guy Stevens?"

"Stevenson," corrected Perry. "If you mean how does he stand among the intelligentzia, I will merely say that he stands at the very top. He is a world figure."

"What'd he ever do?"

Perry smiled scornfully.

"Well," he said, "he wrote Treasure Island, Ebb Tide, Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde and dozens of other great works."

"And you say they're masterpieces?"

"Everyone says so, and they certainly are."

"And he's got a big name?"

"Of course he has."

"Then," said Gil firmly, "bring him around."

Mr. Perry Thorne remained perfectly motionless, staring at Gil, and from Gil to Shorty, waiting for the smile that it seemed should accompany such a remark. There was no smile. Gil's manner was serious and Shorty Hamp was removing the stuffed insides from an olive with every appearance of solemn interest.

"Bring him over!" Thorne faltered. "Did you say bring him over?"

"Certainly," said Gil. "If he's as classy as you say, I want to meet him."

Thorne chuckled inwardly and decided that the star was in earnest. He made instant decision. In good faith, a motion-picture actor and director was seeking an introduction to Robert Louis Stevenson, and Thorne said, "I suppose it could be arranged. I can probably bring him over, but you'll have to proceed carefully."

"Why?"

"He is a strange man, and frightfully eccentric."

"Leave him to me," Gil said. "I've talked to these authors before, and if anyone knows how to handle them, I do."

"When—when would you wish to meet Mr. Stevenson?" Thorne asked, smiling.

"We leave here Friday. Bring him over tomorrow night and we'll all have dinner together. . . . John O'Day has been howling about bringing the author and director together and here's a grand chance."

"Good!" said Thorne. "Tomorrow night for dinner."

It was such a delightful and striking commentary upon the intellectual depth of the movie makers that Perry Thorne spread the news among the artists of Carmel-by-the-Sea. There was gay laughter over the tea cups in the Red Bull, where the lady novelist pours every afternoon, wearing Russian boots and a bishop's miter.

"Whatever will you do about it, Mr. Thorne?" asked a young poet.

"If you want to see," said Thorne, "just drift over to the Casa Grande tomorrow night and watch this dinner party."

Members of the colony promised themselves the pleasure of seeing Mr. Gilfillan meet Mr. Stevenson. Thorne hired a motor car and drove to Monterey, passing by the ancient pile in which Robert Louis had lived and labored. He stopped before the White Front Sanitary Barber Shop, dismissed his vehicle, entered the place and directed his steps to the third chair from the rear. In this chair he had been shaved. In this chair he had listened to the verbal flow of Dan McGuffy, the only red-headed and red-whiskered barber in Monterey.

"Shave," said Perry, seating himself on his spine. Dan greeted him and began boiling a towel.

"Nice day," said Dan.

In addition to his fiery hair and bellicose whiskers, he had pale-blue eyes and a timid smile. He was soft spoken, inquiring and restless. It was his uneasiness that kept Dan changing towns, shops and lodgings. He was going to San Francisco next, as he told Perry.

"Have you got a Tuxedo and a bow tie?" Thorne inquired thickly through the cloth.

"No, but I can rent 'em for a dollar," answered Dan. "Where's the party?"

"No party," said Perry. "I am playing a joke on a friend of mine. There's a moving-picture man over at the Casa Grande, and I want you to go over with me tomorrow night and have dinner with him."

"Wearing a Tuxedo?" asked Dan.

"Certainly. I'll pay for it. I will likewise pay you five dollars for your time and you'll get a better meal than you get here."

"What is the concealed kicker in all this?" the barber inquired.

"As I said, it's a harmless little joke. For the time the dinner lasts, you are to be Robert Louis Stevenson, instead of Dan—Dan ——"

"—— McGuffy."

"Did you ever hear of Stevenson?"

"There's a Joe Stevenson in Salinas," said Dan. "Runs a dry-cleaning laundry."

"No relation," said Perry. "Stevenson was a great author. He's been dead for more than twenty-five years. This benighted movie actor thinks he's still alive. I'll introduce you and you eat your dinner quietly. The other man will do the talking."

"No," said Dan; "not me. They arrested a traveling salesman ——"

"This is a bit of fun," Perry argued. "No harm in it. In fact nothing to it at all, from your angle. I told him Stevenson was a queer character, so anything you happen to do will be all right."

It required argument, cajolery and seven dollars and fifty cents, payable in advance, to win the barber; but in the end Dan McGuffy consented to impersonate a famous figure, upon the strict guaranty that there would be no police interference or other incident of a disagreeable nature. Dan had always wondered what the food was like at the Casa Grande; and besides, he was more or less interested in motion-picture people. He had heard a great deal about them. They were always in the papers. Dan was a steady patron of the Rex Theater and knew this one from that one.

"Good," said Perry, sealing the bargain with cash.

He had a haircut and returned to Carmel-by-the-Sea, where he dropped into the Red Bull and promised the intellectuals an amusing half hour on the following evening.

The crowd of diners at the Casa Grande was larger than usual on Thursday evening, owing to Carmel's curiosity. There was subdued laughter and considerable whispering. Gil and Shorty strolled into the lobby at seven o'clock, clad in the height of fashion, and sat down quietly beside the potted palms. Perry Thorne arrived in a taxicab, bringing his quarry. The actual meeting occurred on the blue rug in front of the cashier's office, with Carmel looking on. Dan McGuffy was wearing his rented suit, and his manner was that of a man who is ill at ease and fearful that something is going to slip. His red hair stuck up straighter than usual. Gil and Shorty advanced from their sofa and Perry made his presentation speech.

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Stevenson," Gil said heartily, shaking hands. "We're just going in to dinner and you might as well join us and talk things over."

"Thanks," said Dan. "Is Mr. Thorne coming?"

"No," said Thorne. "I've got an engagement."

He disappeared immediately in the direction of the Queen Victoria Room, where he was joined by half a dozen chuckling spectators. Gil and Shorty led the bogus Stevenson into the dining room and the three of them sat solemnly down.

"We've heard a lot about you, Mr. Stevenson," Gil began, after the waiter had departed with their orders.

"But you don't look like what I thought you'd look like," volunteered Shorty, making amiable conversation.

The third chair from the White Front Sanitary said nothing, but served himself a tall glass of water, drank it and earnestly wiped his mouth. He had uneasy visions of something untoward happening, and he stole apprehensive glances about the dining room, seeing, however, nothing alarming, nothing but refined persons in evening clothes.

"Down in our studio," the comedy star explained, "we made up our minds that from now on we've got to have bigger names." Dan cleared his throat and grinned.

"Bigger names," Gil continued earnestly, "and bigger men. That's why I was interested in meeting you, because, naturally, I been hearing about you for years. I don't suppose you know who I am."

"Sure," said their guest. "You're the fellow that throws all the pies. I saw you not long ago."

"And not only that," said Gil, pleased to know that he was recognized by the great, "not only that but I direct and produce my own films, and there's another reason why I wanted to get together with a man like you."

"Certainly suits me," said Mr. McGuffy, wondering what the conversation meant and whither it was leading.

As the moments passed and no police officer appeared, Dan's uneasiness slowly vanished and he ate with greater gusto.

"What I want to know," Gil pursued, lighting a cigarette and growing businesslike, "is whether you got a story right now on hand that I can buy from you; or if you haven't got one on hand, can I get you to do a story for our studio, direct for the screen?"

Dan the barber carefully laid down the unconsumed leg of a chicken.

"What do you want?" he asked.

Gil repeated his statement, adding details.

"I get you," said Dan. "You want to buy a movie from me."

"Certainly," said Shorty Hamp.

"That's what I been talking about," added Gil.

The strained, uncomfortable manner fell from Dan McGuffy and he smiled for the first time. His eyes glistened and a bright color came into his cheeks. His whiskers seemed to lose their nervous rigidity.

"And not any of your old stories," the comedian said. "What I want from you is something that hasn't been published yet, because we've got an up-to-date studio."

The guest nodded comprehendingly.

"Have you anything on hand?" Gil repeated, and the last vestige of ice melted. The wall of reserve crumbled. Dan no longer felt the slightest embarrassment over his position. He began to talk freely, for Gilfillan had touched him upon a tender spot.

"Have I got a story?" he said, squaring his shoulders and sitting up straight. "Now you are talking!"

"What's it called?" Gil asked.

"Christopher Columbus," said the author, and pushing back his fiery mane, he released the floodgates of his conversation.

Like every other American citizen over the age of eleven, white or black, married or

(Continued on Page 66)

It Had *to be*

Next time you drive out in the country and see a village hardware store, ask the proprietor what kind of tires he sells.

He may not tell you why he carries the Mansfield and no other.

He buys all his heavy merchandise from one of the great Hardware Merchants in a nearby city, and Mansfield Tires pretty much as a matter of course.

But the wholesaler of hardware took nothing for granted.

He told us he could distribute tires at small cost as a part of his huge distribution of hardware but he also told us about that village storekeeper.

He said, "What we save on distribution must go into the tire because we must have tires for thousands of village hardware stores that have no tire repair service."

"The tire we sell to those country merchants literally must do service *without repair* until it has given its full and overflowing measure of value."

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Watch This Column

When you write to me recommending a book or story which you think will make a good picture, please also suggest the cast—the players who you think are best qualified in appearance and ability to fit the various rôles. The public viewpoint is always interesting and valuable, and we freely admit that we don't "know it all."

VIRGINIA VALLI and NORMAN KERRY ought to make a hit in ***"The Price of Pleasure,"*** adapted from the splendid story by Marion Orth and Elizabeth Holding. A young millionaire gives a shopgirl a week of society and happiness, and, thinking he has been cruel, marries her. His folks cut the girl and she runs away. He pursues her, and out of the cloud of complications the sun shines again. In the cast are Louise Fazenda, T. Roy Barnes, George Fawcett, Kate Lester and Ward Crane.

There is a complete cast of "Faust" in Universal's great spectacle, ***"The Phantom of the Opera"***—there is a full orchestra and a complete ballet, besides 5,000 others who appear in the grand masked ball. In addition to LON CHANEY, who plays the Phantom, the cast includes MARY PHILBIN and NORMAN KERRY (of ***"Merry Go Round"*** fame) and Gibson Gowland.

"The Last Laugh" is doing a remarkable business in the big theatres. It is most unusual and the critics praise it unanimously.

Be sure to see HOUSE PETERS in ***"The Tornado"***; PAULINE FREDERICK and LAURA LA PLANTE in ***"Smoldering Fires"***; REGINALD DENNY in ***"Oh, Doctor,"*** and HOOT GIBSON in ***"Let 'er Buck."***

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

Beautifully illustrated Universal Pictures booklet sent you on request

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
730 Fifth Ave., New York City

Continued from Page 64

otherwise, union or nonunion, sane or touched, sick or well, literate or illiterate, Dan McGuffy had his motion-picture story, his unrecognized drama, and it lay at the instant in a drawer at his room. Like the unnumbered millions, he had given in to the lure of the silent drama and had hurried home one night from a fast-moving photoplay of the open spaces, absolutely assured that he could do a better drama than the one he had just seen.

He had, on this inspired night, lighted the lamp, whittled four pencils, stuck out his tongue and begun work. The epic grew and he called it Christopher Columbus because that seemed to be its name. It concerned the adventures of the genial longshoreman who made us what we are today, and it went into his affairs with a thoroughness that has not been equaled in any of the standard histories.

Dan sweated and toiled, and when Christopher was finished, it was a large and smeary job of work, containing many hitherto unknown details about Queen Isabella, Mr. Columbus, his friends, his enemies, his ships, casual Indians, mutinous crews, a girl named Rosa, who, in some mysterious way, got into the narrative and became its heroine. There was a powerful scene on shipboard wherein Christopher Columbus denounced Rosa and refused to turn his armada about and go back to Spain, no matter how the villain felt about it, the villain being a dirty dog named Rufus O'Donnell.

In the course of the ensuing year and a half, the third chair rear had shipped his product both here and there, feeling that some studio would steal it. Nobody stole it. It was as safe as a bit of gum on a church pew, and it returned to Dan ever and anon in the unerring mail service provided by a thoughtful Government. In time its owner became discouraged and put it in a drawer behind a bundle of socks with holes in the toes. There it lay in the unrecognized obscurity shared by so many masterpieces, and Dan informed customers that all this talk about the movie people trying to get better stuff was the bunk, and he could prove it.

"It's called Christopher Columbus," he told Gil, at the end of a long and vivid recital, "and it sure ought to make a swell movie."

"How much do you want for it, Mr. Stevenson?" the actor inquired.

"I wouldn't know what to say," Dan replied modestly. "I'd leave that to you, Mr. Gilfillan."

"Are you sure this has never been published?"

"Never has been," responded the author. "I know that."

"Well," said Gil, staring at the carved ceiling and reflecting that O'Day would be pleased with this day's work, "considering that I'm making only two-reelers right now, and still keeping in mind the value of your name to our company, I'd say a thousand dollars would be about right. Does that suit you?"

"A fair price," Dan admitted.

"I'd give you more," Gil added, "only your story won't do for a comedy—at least, not as it stands. There will have to be plenty of work done to get that onto the screen."

"Go right ahead," Dan said cheerfully. "Do whatever you want."

The deal was presently concluded and would have gone through then and there, except for one small matter. Gil hunted for his check book, meaning to advance Mr. Stevenson the thousand and later on get it back from O'Day; but the author shook his head.

"No checks," he said firmly, his mind jumping ahead to scenes in the Monterey Fishermen's Bank, when he would try to cash a check payable to Robert Louis Stevenson.

"One of your little eccentricities," Gil grinned. "Well, that's the way with you authors."

Dan added that not taking checks was one of his notable eccentricities.

"I'll go right home and get the story," he said hurriedly; "and in the meanwhile, if you want to, you can write out your check and have the hotel man cash it. Then we clear up everything."

"Zeek!" said Gil, pleased with his evening's work. He looked about the room, hoping Perry Thorne had returned so that he might tell him what a grand thing had been accomplished, but Perry was not to be seen.

The delighted author of Christopher Columbus hurried to his lodging house, riding in a hotel car, found his scenario under the socks, smoothed out some of the more prominently dog's-eared pages and returned immediately to the Casa Grande Hotel. It was his wish to have the business deal consummated as quickly as possible, because motion-picture people are notorious for changing their minds. Gilfillan was waiting with the thousand, and a bit of paper which formally stated that Robert Louis Stevenson was selling and hereby did sell and Walter Gilfillan was buying and hereby did buy one complete job, to wit, Christopher Columbus, a dramatic work for the stipulated sum of one thousand dollars, all rights therein to be retained by the O'Day and Grogan Pictures Corporation, of Hollywood, California. Dan sat down and signed the name of a better man where Gil indicated, took his thousand dollars, hoped that Gil would make a fine movie and departed for home.

"I've been wanting to go to San Francisco," he said to Gil, on parting. "I know where there's a shop up there ——"

"A what?" Gil asked.

"A nice place," returned the seller, and a moment later he moved quietly into the night and was gone.

Before he retired, filled with warm shivers of enthusiasm, Gil dispatched a telegram to O'Day, stating briefly that he had, by the merest chance in the world, stumbled upon an extraordinary piece of good fortune, and that he was returning presently to the studio, bringing a very big name with him.

Shortly before midnight, Shorty Hamp passed down the long hall toward the elevators, yawning sleepily. Perry Thorne entered the lobby on his way to bed.

"How'd Gil get on with Mr. Stevenson?" Perry asked, grinning.

"How'd he get on? Listen, kid! You did a better job than you know when you brought them two together. Gil bought an original story from him for a thousand bucks, and we're going back to Hollywood and make the greatest two-reel Robert Louis Stevenson comedy ever turned out in the history of the business."

Perry turned the color of a codfish in wood.

"Say all that again," he requested.

Shorty repeated the facts.

"He bought it!"

"Sure, and paid for it."

Mr. Thorne turned rapidly, and instead of retiring for the night, he ordered a taxicab, drove to the railway station and started south, busy entirely with his thoughts.

When Gil and Shorty arrived at the studio the star's head was in the air and his manner was important. He dictated several memorandums and went immediately to the office of John O'Day. The president was elsewhere, but Vice President Grogan was visible.

"I've got some real news for the studio," Gil said, beaming. "This was an important trip."

"Find your waterfall?" Grogan asked.

"Waterfall nothing! I've just bought an original story for the screen by the world's greatest writer, and I doubt if anybody else but me could have got it away from him."

"What'd you pay?" Grogan demanded.

"One thousand bucks," said Gil proudly.

"For a two-reeler?"

"Certainly. Why not? It's time this company spent some money buying stories for me."

"A thousand dollars!" said the staggered Grogan. "What's it called?"

"Christopher Columbus," said Gil; "and it ain't the story so much, but it's his name."

"What is his name?" Grogan inquired, thinking of the absurdity of one thousand dollars in connection with the two-reel pictures.

"Stevenson," said Gil.

"Never heard of him," said Grogan.

"You wouldn't. You're a financial man; but wait till I tell O'Day."

"He'll drop dead," prophesied his partner.

The news was presently all over the studio that Gilfillan had returned from Monterey and that an important announcement was about to be made. A notice went up on the bulletin board requesting that the comedy unit gather in the office of President O'Day at three o'clock; and Shorty Hamp, at Gil's direction, telephoned the newspapers, urging them to send reporters.

At three o'clock the presidential office was an animated spot. George White came over from the publicity department, bringing his pad. Directors and department heads wandered in and Gil's comedy staff drifted along by two and threes. O'Day sat behind his mahogany desk and the scene was set.

"I understand Gil has an important news item to give out," George White remarked.

"So I hear," said the president, looking at his watch. "Where is he?"

At the instant, Gil and Shorty were approaching the studio in the star's limousine, and clasped to Gil's bosom, in its leather container, was the precious manuscript of Christopher Columbus.

"This is where we knock 'em dead," Gil stated cheerily as they emerged from the automobile.

"We sure do," Shorty agreed.

Two of Hollywood's social leaders halted the triumphant star as he was about to enter the shop—two energetic drive crusaders whom Gil had met before. They were large, imposing ladies and they were collecting funds.

"Mr. Gilfillan," greeted the larger lady.

"How do you do?" Gil said politely.

"You are just the man we want to see."

"How much this time and what for?" Gil asked; and it is a matter of fact that Gilfillan, the roughneck comedy genius of the films, is one of the freest givers in Los Angeles.

"It is for the new wing to the Children's Hospital," explained the collector, "and we put your name down for a hundred dollars because we know how generous you are."

"I suppose it's all right," Gil murmured.

"Indeed, yes, because this is to be the Robert Louis Stevenson Memorial Wing to the Children's Hospital. Isn't that lovely—to call it the Stevenson Wing?"

Gil, hunting for his check book, suddenly paused, hand on hip.

"The what?"

"The Stevenson Memorial Wing," informed the collector. "You see, Mr. Gilfillan, he dearly loved children and wrote many of his books for the little tots, and so it does seem very fitting that we should go ahead with the enterprise at this time."

"Who loved children?" Gil demanded.

"Robert Louis Stevenson, of course. He was fond of them all his life, and thus, on the thirtieth anniversary of his death, what could be finer than to start the construction of a memorial wing which will always bear his name?"

Gil stared at the ladies and then at Shorty and back to the ladies.

"You mean the writer, Stevenson?" he asked dazedly. "He been dead thirty years?"

"Next month; and we begin digging on the date of his death."

"This certainly is news to us, ain't it, Gil?" Shorty gasped.

"We knew it would be," said both ladies. "And now——"

Gilfillan turned and walked rapidly and rudely away, thoughts of charity shattered. He walked, not toward the studio, where an impatient group was awaiting him, but to his limousine. The irritated collectors stared and murmured in polite anger. Shorty hurried after his boss and friend.

"Gil, they're all waiting for you inside."

"All right," Gil barked. "Go on in and tell 'em I won't be there. Tell 'em I'm going looking for Perry Thorne, and when I find him, they better have that new hospital wing all done, because he's going to need four rooms to himself."

Mr. Gilfillan entered his car and it clattered away. The manuscript of Christopher Columbus fell unheeded to the floor, and Shorty walked falteringly toward the studio gate. He presently stood in the doorway of O'Day's suite, facing the expectant officials and the press.

"Where's Gil?" O'Day asked.

"He's gone looking for a fellow," said Shorty, "and if the fellow fights back, then it's probably manslaughter, but if he don't fight back, then it's just plain murder and that's all there is to it."

Leaving the astounded group to digest this cryptic utterance, Shorty slammed the presidential door and skittered across to Stage Five, which is always so jammed up with monumental confusion that a person can hide there for days and days.

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PLEASE EXCUSE ME

(Continued from Page 11)

So I wasn't altogether surprised that May evening when Bob Haley blew into the room announcing that the vendetta was over and that in ten days we were going to play Carlton for championship.

"Now listen," Bob said, "nobody in this university knows that the lacrosse team exists; and what's more, they don't know whether lacrosse is played in a tank or on a checkerboard, and after that they don't care. We owe almost a thousand dollars on the season, and to pay up with this last game we've got to count on support not from the university but from the town. Now the livest thing in town is the Society for the Suppression of Something or Other run by old Jake Lamson's daughter. Your bum knee has promoted you to the proud post of manager of this team. You were elected tonight. I elected you. Understand? Now go see Miss Lamson and tell her if she can get her society to sell the tickets we'll split everything above expenses."

And that was how it happened I interviewed the Queen of the Aurora Borealis in the family ice palace. Her voice was just as polite and chilly as before. It was clear she didn't recognize me as the messenger boy to whom she'd confided the fatal letters.

"I don't believe," she said, "that I have ever seen a lacrosse game; but I understand it is very graceful."

"Charms the eye," I put in.

"Tell me, Mr. MacNiff, is it in any way a rough game—brutal?"

I raised my eyebrows.

"Rough? Brutal? Why, it's played with rackets. You might say it's something between tennis and croquet, but more aesthetic."

She tightened her lips.

"I never read the sporting page," she said in a voice crisper and chiller than ever; "but I have been told that one of your players is a certain Mr. Hicks."

"Oh, yes," I answered, not knowing whether to guard high or low. "Oh, yes. Hicks. Little fellow."

"Notably brutal," she added.

I came back quick, "We keep him in hand. We never let him pull anything raw."

Her answering words were each and every one icicles.

"I should imagine it essential to keep Mr. Hicks well in hand if the game is not to degenerate into an orgy of brutality."

It was a bad start, but I talked hard and side-stepped fast and in the end we came to terms.

It was the best move the lacrosse team ever made. The members of the S. S. P. B. sold tickets right and left. At noon on the day of the game, when I came back from a little conference with the Carlton manager, I was smiling inwardly and outwardly; and thus smiling, I ran into Chet. He was standing outside the Warburton House and he looked as desolate as if he'd just been appointed consul to the last place on earth.

"What's the matter, Chet?"

"I am," he announced in the most lugubrious voice you ever heard—"I am the happiest man in the world."

I gave him a 12 h.p. handshake and forwarded best wishes to Dolly.

"And now," I said, "the worst being over, just what else is wrong?"

"MacNiff, I have a depressing but necessary mission which I must execute. I am on my way into the Warburton House to have an interview with a member of the Carlton College lacrosse team—with Mr. Bennings."

III

"BUTCH BENNINGS? What for? You'd better speak up," I went on when Chet didn't answer, "and tell uncle, because uncle knows anyhow." Chet continued to look over my left shoulder.

"Right now," I said, "you're sore. I'd probably be sore myself if I were in your shoes. But why try to take it out on Butch in a hotel? Wait till this afternoon. Everything's fair in love and lacrosse; and anyhow, there's no rule against hitting at a man's stick even if you know that by the time you land, his head will be where his stick was."

Chet spoke up.

"But I have not come with the desire to injure Mr. Bennings." There was a plaintive catch to his voice. "I wish nothing so much as an understanding an explanation. If I am to play this afternoon, there must be a friendly understanding first."

"I don't get you. Explain—explain."

Chet pulled his hat down over his eyes.

"For the last two weeks the terrible secret has been dawning on me; but only this morning, when Miss Parker made me the happiest man in the world, did I know it for the appalling certainty that I is."

"What appalling certainty?"

Chet's voice dropped still lower.

"Miss Lamson was right."

"Right about what?"

"Right when she said that I—I kicked the dog."

"But you didn't kick the dog."

"Not actually, perhaps, but potentially. I realize to the full now that potentially, if not actually, I am brutal."

"Mistake," I suggested.

"No mistake, MacNiff, no mistake. Game after game I have realized more and more strongly the tiger in my blood. When I see an opponent running with the ball, I have to struggle with a vicious desire to trip him or cross-check him in the small of the back or hit him over the head. So far, indeed, I have conquered these baser emotions; but today, after meeting a second cousin from Carlton College who told me of Mr. Bennings' attitude toward Miss Parker at the Carlton Prom, I realize that I am as weak as water."

"Then why not treat yourself to a wallop at Butch? It might do you both good."

"Your counsel is well meant, but superficial," Chet said sadly. "Either I must rid myself of my present desire to—ah—eliminate him or ——"

"Or what?"

Chet was firm.

"Or I shall cut the Gordian knot by refusing to appear at Collins Field this afternoon. Better to be looked on as a quitter than to commit a brutal assault in the name of sportsmanship."

Well, I tried all the arguments in the locker without result—which was why the interview with Butch took place, though I might add that as an interview it was just as unsatisfactory as it was short. We rode the elevator to the third floor and knocked at 357.

Chet piped up, "Please excuse me, but ——"

That was as far as Chet got.

Out of 357 came a roar like the voice of a man-eating dyspeptic tiger.

"Listen, guy, I've told you twelve times I got no photo for your paper. Understand? So promenade—understand?"

"But I assure you, Mr. Bennings, there is some mistake."

"You'll think there's a mistake if I come out there, because I'll swamp you—understand? So promenade—promenade!"

Chet turned white and began to tremble, and had started for 357 with his fists waving when I grabbed him by the shoulders. The little devil was fighting back, and I dunno whether I'd have got him into the elevator if I hadn't done a little quick thinking and changed my arguments.

"Chet," I said, "remember the preamble to the constitution of the local branch of the S. S. P. B. 'A conciliatory benevolence succeeds where the most aggressive brutality fails.' Chet, that remark is just as true now as it was when you wrote it, no matter how many tigers are ramping around in your circulatory system."

Chet gave a shiver as though he were coming out of a bad dream and let himself be propelled into the street. For a while he talked back pretty lively, but I kept firing the preamble back at him till he began to admit he was wrong and that maybe he could bring himself to play after all.

"MacNiff," he said finally, "the team may count upon me this afternoon. Let me apologize and thank you at the same time. For the last months I have been so detached from the S. S. P. B. that when my copy of the constitution of the local branch was lost I did not replace it. I shall procure another at once. And with the preamble before my eyes I shall meditate on the fundamental decencies until the game is called."

So far so good. And having ditched Chet, I proceeded to take up the next burden of the day, which was escorting Miss Lamson out to Collins Field and the box reserved for her as president of the S. S. P. B.

Well, it certainly was a treat that afternoon to look at the crowd. Instead of our regulation six rooters and Dolly Parker, the bleachers were filled, and more than half the boxes. Of course, in general, the spectators weren't students—that is, outside the Carlton rooters—but they'd all paid at the gate and that's what gives the meanest manager a sunny smile.

Miss Lamson and I burst on the multitude when the home team was running through a little final practice. Chet was with them, and as Miss Lamson spotted him her patrician features radiated zero weather. But she wasn't the only female with eyes for Chet. Two boxes away sat Dolly Parker, and if ever a face was worth a picture it was Dolly's. The emotions were fighting for elbow room fear, affection, outraged pride, thirst for revenge, and a few more.

And then just while I was sizing her up, the Carlton rooters began the C-A-R-L-T-O-N yell; our S. S. P. B. gang helped out with some kid-glove applause; and Miss Lamson, Dolly and I looked to see what had happened.

The Carlton team was trotting onto the field headed by the biggest man I ever saw in a lacrosse suit. Built like a hose cart low and powerful, gorilla arms, long-waisted, duck-legged, flat-headed, he gamboled out over the turf as though he didn't weigh more than ninety-seven pounds. Nobody had to tell me it was Butch Bennings; I knew.

In her box, Dolly stood up and shook two fists at him. Then, seeming to remember herself, she dropped back into her chair and began biting the corners off her program.

IV

I DIDN'T see Butch make his first score. Just before the face-off I was called out to the ticket window. As I passed the box Dolly stopped me.

"Oh," she said, "I'm distracted. I hope they won't let Chet play against that Bennings brute. If the big sausage dares to lay a hand on Chet I'll kill him."

I'd hardly broken away, after promising to exterminate Butch personally, when our gang left the field. Chet's face was serious, but a lot more hopeful than it had been in the morning.

"Things are much improved, MacNiff," Chet whispered. "I had a moment of weakness; I went to Miss Parker and asked her frankly if, at the Carlton Prom, Mr. Bennings had been as rude as my second cousin stated. She swore it was all a mistake. I'm not sure whether she was telling the entire truth, but at any rate it made me feel better. Since then I have been repeating over and over to myself that 'A conciliatory benevolence succeeds where the most aggressive brutality fails'; and each time I feel more reassured as to my self-control. Moreover, I am carrying the constitution of the local branch of the S. S. P. B. under my jersey. Whatever Mr. Bennings' conduct off the field, at present he is for me a gentleman and a sportsman and I shall treat him accordingly."

So, tossing Chet an "Attaboy," I limped off to the gate.

I'd counted on getting back before the game started, but there I was wrong. There were two wild screeches from the Carlton rooters: the first when the ball went into play, the second about half a minute later. I knew what had happened before I got back to the score board.

The Carlton gang was still howling and dancing up and down; on the home field, Chet was scowling and tapping his shoe with his stick; Dolly had tears streaking her cheeks and was doing to her handkerchief what she had done to her program; and four huskies were carrying Heiny Hall out to the side lines. Score: 1 to 0.

When I got back into the box the temperature of that lovely June afternoon had gone down about seventy-five degrees.

"Mr. MacNiff, this is disgraceful."

"I was called away, Miss Lamson, honest."

"I am not referring to your absence, but to the game, Mr. MacNiff—to the game."

"What's the matter with the game, Miss Lamson?"

"It is disgraceful, Mr. MacNiff, disgraceful! You told me it was a gentle game."

"Yes, Miss Lamson?"

"Something between tennis and croquet, but more aesthetic."

"Well, isn't it?"

(Continued on Page 70)

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(Continued from Page 68)

"It is an exhibition to appall a bloodthirsty savage, Mr. MacNiff—those men striking at each other with their clubs. I don't wonder Mr. Hicks finds congenial ——"

She stopped, because once more the ball had gone into play.

According to competent authorities, the second goal happened exactly like the first. Butch Bennings, the oyster's spareribs of lacrosse, flashed down the field through and over and around everybody that tried to stop him. Buck Flaherty had dropped back to point to replace Heiny Hall. Like an Iowa cyclone, Buck came sweeping through the outer defenses. Just as he swung his stick back over his shoulder for a shoot at goal the point man jumped forward to meet him. There was a clash, a thud, a bulge in the goal nets where the ball had landed, and Flaherty was lying on the grass entirely separated from his wind.

"Mr. MacNiff!"

"Yes, Miss Lamson."

"Mr. MacNiff, I must insist that this game be stopped at once."

"What's the matter with the game, Miss Lamson?"

"You know very well what's the matter with it."

"You mean there's been a couple of accidents? Why, honest, Miss Lamson, an accident may happen any time. I was reading in the paper just yesterday of a man who dropped dead playing checkers."

"I am not in a mood for buffoonery, Mr. MacNiff. It has already been demonstrated to me incontrovertibly that the game reeks with brutality. I insist now that it be stopped at once. Otherwise, I shall appeal to the police."

I began to get scared. A girl whose conversation is backed by a couple of million dollars has some awful good arguments.

"Now, Miss Lamson," I began, "let's be reasonable"

"I am not a person to be wheedled or cajoled, Mr. MacNiff. I have eyes. I know how to use them. The game is fundamentally brutal. That is why you are represented by such players as Mr. Hicks, and that is why ——"

Just then something happened not predicted by the astrologers. A center man generally minds his own business, which is to stay in the middle of the field, where he serves as a link between defense and home. Thus, ordinarily, Butch and Chet wouldn't have been more than passing acquaintances, so to speak. But this Butch was a glutton. He wasn't satisfied with packing the ball into enemy territory every time he had the chance; but when the occasion loomed he tore back to help out on the defense. This time he had scooped up the ball behind the Carlton goal posts and was steaming back up the field.

For a man who wasn't rooting the other way, it must have been a pleasure to watch him. There are tricks in every trade, and Butch had a whole sackful. Light on his feet in spite of his weight; so long-armed and so short-legged he could put his hand on the ground and pivot around it -he made our gang look like a lot of strangers in a big city. In fact, our home men acted as if they were too exclusive to have anything to do with Butch—all, that is, except Chet.

If Butch had any respect for Chet, he'd have done him the honor to side-step or dodge or squirm or wheel or something.

"The little fellow's paralyzed," Butch must have thought. "I'll run right over him."

There was Chet crouching like a rabbit the same as that first afternoon. I tried to yell, "Get him, Chet!" But I couldn't fetch a sound out of my throat. It was all dried up. And then, just when it looked as though Chet had petrified or something, he jumped.

"Please excuse me ——"

You could hear it all over the grounds.

"Please excuse me"—bing!

It was fair, all right. It was the fairest body check anybody ever pulled. But it was just as hard as it was fair.

I never saw anybody go so high as Butch went. For a little while I didn't think he was going to come down at all. He seemed to be kind of floating. His center of gravity had been way up in the air and when Chet hit him low he soared. But pretty soon a close observer could make out that Butch was describing a parabolic curve. And a little while after this Butch lit—mostly on his head. It sounded like a suitcase full of bricks being thrown out of a third-story window.

Forgetting all about Miss Lamson and the old leg, I vaulted over the front rail of the box and pegged it away to where Chet was lying on the field of battle with Butch beside him. As I came up Chet lifted his head, cocked an eye at Butch, who wasn't lifting anything, and said a second time, "Please excuse me."

And then along came Dolly.

Never, on the stage or off, have I ever seen anything that looked like Dolly at this dramatic moment. Her face was convulsed, and even that isn't the word. She'd gone back to the female-more-deadly-than-the-male stage. For a moment I thought she was a bit off her bean, because she kept making claw motions at Chet.

"Wake up, Dolly," I said; "this is Chet here. Calm down! Chet isn't hurt."

"Chet isn't hurt!" Dolly screamed. "What do I care whether the little viper is hurt or not? Look what he's done—the brute!"

Chet sat up, blinking.

"Please excuse me ——" he began.

Dolly had dropped down beside Butch, but she turned around enough to remark, "I'll never excuse you, you brute! You're the most terrible monster of brutality that ever walked on two feet. You've killed the best man that ever lived. Oh, Butch, speak to me! Speak to me, Butch!"

I didn't know what might happen next. I tried to make Chet stay quiet, but there was nothing doing. He struggled to his feet and stood there staring down at Dolly, who sat with Butch's head on her lap smoothing back his hair.

"Brutal!" Chet said in a whisper. "She said I was brutal!"

"Forget it! She doesn't know what she's doing."

Chet went on in a kind of monologue.

"Brutal! 'A conciliatory benevolence succeeds where the most aggressive brutality fails. A conciliatory benevolence '"

I tried to call the doc's attention, but he was too busy with Butch. Chet stiffened up and shook off my arm. Then he began to laugh in a hoarse way, and reaching under his jersey yanked out the constitution of the local branch of the S. S. P. B. "'Conciliatory benevolence!'" Chet yapped, ripping the thing across and then into four pieces. "'Conciliatory benevolence'—ha-ha!"

It was in the very middle of the ha-ha that a frost-bitten voice behind my shoulder blades remarked, "I demand that this brutal game be stopped at once."

Chet's head shot forward.

"Huh?" he said.

Miss Lamson flashed a comeback. It was her last.

"I am not speaking to you, Mr. Hicks."

"Well, I am speaking to you!" Chet bellowed. "And don't pull any of that S S P. B. stuff around here—you understand? Because it don't mean anything -understand? All you've got to do is to move yourself off the field—understand? And let the game go on, because it's going to go on whether you like it or not—understand?"

And the game went on.

During the rest of the afternoon's frolic Miss Lamson said to me from five hundred to a thousand times in a regular human voice, warm and choky, "Oh, did you hear what he said to me? Wasn't it terrible? Isn't Mr. Hicks beneath contempt to use such language to a woman? I hate him! I just hate him! And I'm going to tell him so. Oh, watch him now! Did you ever see anything so brutal?"

Well, at last she was right. If Chet had gone through the season like the little gentleman he was, he made up for it in the last three-quarters of that Carlton game; yes, in spite of his busted rib. There wasn't anything in the repertoire he didn't pull, and he never said "Please excuse me" even once. And when the game broke up with the score 6 to 2 against Carlton, Chet was a leading figure in the riot that followed. It was Chet that laid out the two cops.

Butch wasn't really seriously hurt, but he didn't get back into the game again. They say that when the Carlton coach tried to set him on his feet Butch rolled his eyes, caught hold of Dolly and muttered something that sounded like "Please excuse me." Their third engagement took all right, because two months later they got married; and the last anybody heard they'd gone into social-uplift work in New York and were prominent members of a peace society.

Naturally, after what had happened, with Chet being arrested and all, Miss Lamson had no use for him. But while she was telling him so at the police station she got the words twisted, and pretty soon the pair were demonstrating the principles of the Society for Promoting Friendly Feelings Between the Opposite Sexes. Chet quit studying for a diplomatic career and started right in managing one of his father-in-law's lumber camps out in Washington State. They say he's good, but a little rough.

MARTHA WASHINGTON

(Continued from Page 21)

He wondered why—he had "wondered often, your nearest relations being in this country, that you should not prefer spending the evening of your life among them rather than close the sublunary scene in a foreign country." And he related the events of the intervening years to her, none of which, however, "nor all of them together, have been able to eradicate from my mind the recollections of those happy moments—*the happiest in my life*—which I have enjoyed in your company."

IV

THAT was in 1798; but in 1759 Colonel Washington had just taken a wife; and there was married life, and all the future, to be faced. They stayed at Williamsburg for the session of the House, and then they went to Mount Vernon; Martha and George, and the two Custis children, whom their childless stepfather always treated as though they had been his own. Delicate children, Patsy and Jackey, who caused their mother much anxiety.

"My dear Nancy," she once wrote to one of her sisters, "I had the pleasure to receive your kind letter . . . just as I was setting out on a visit to Mr. Washington in Westmoreland whare I spent a weak very agreabley. I carred my little patt"—Patsy—"with me and left Jackey at home for a trial to see how well I coud stay without him; though we ware gon but won fortnight I was quite impatiant to get home. . . . We all injoy very good health at preasent. I think patty seems to be quite well now, Jackey is very thin but in good health, and learn thaire books very fast. . . . If I coud leave my children in as good Care as you can I would never let Mr. W——n come down without me." To the sessions at Williamsburg, she meant.

Little Patsy was well then, but as she grew up into the brunet "dark lady" so beloved of that countryside, it was quite apparent that her health was declining; the Virginia Warm Springs did no good, and in June, 1773, she died. And Jackey's health improved, but as he approached young manhood he was hard to manage; he would not pay attention to his books in the school at Annapolis; he was filled with notions of a European tour, and when they sent him to King's College in New York he was not contented. And the real reason was that he was in love with little Nellie Calvert, of Mount Airy, and so, finally, in February, 1774, they were married and went to live on his estate of Abingdon on the Potomac. It was not quite a year since Patsy's death, and Martha did not attend the wedding, but she wrote to her daughter-in-law:

"*My dear Nellie:* God took from Me a Daughter when June Roses were blooming. He has now given me another daughter, about her Age, when Winter winds are blowing, to warm my Heart again. I am as Happy as One so Afflicted and so Blest can be. Pray receive my Benediction and a wish that you may long live the Loving Wife of my happy Son, and a Loving Daughter of your Affectionate Mother.

"M. WASHINGTON."

Hers was always a great dignity, tempered with sweetness and grace.

■

THERE were fifteen happyyears at Mount Vernon, in the Mansion House among the farms; and if Martha could have had

(Continued on Page 72)

THE FLINT SIX MODEL "FIFTY-FIVE" BROUGHAM

Quality First!

While so many are attempting to build closed cars which can be sold for a few dollars less than others, Flint has kept steadily to the practice of producing enclosed models that are built better than others. The success of this policy is reflected in the increasing demand for the Flint Six line by careful buyers who realize that good construction is just as important as low price.

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FLINT MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN

BUILDERS OF HIGH GRADE MOTOR CARS

FLINT SIX

(Continued from Page 70)

her way they would never have been interrupted. She was extremely busy—her negroes, her cows, two hundred of them, her gardening, her needlework, her charities, her housekeeping—a mode of life, simple, prosperous and dignified, eminently suited to her tastes and capacities. The colonel was an enthusiastic gentleman farmer, she was an ideal gentleman farmer's wife, content to lead the well-ordered, generously fed, elegantly clothed—for the colonel was always in the fashion—and ceaselessly hospitable existence of that hunting, dining, crop-raising Virginia countryside; and to ride abroad, when her own guests gave her time, in her coach and four behind the white-and-scarlet liveried postilions. To Greenway Court, and to Gunston Hall, and to Belvoir, where Sally Fairfax still reigned.

But it was not to last. There was trouble brewing in the colonies; Mr. Patrick Henry was making speeches; Governor Dunmore was behaving insupportably; at Mount Vernon, Martha was fashioning cotton dresses striped with silk from the ravelings of old stockings and damask chair covers, while sixteen spinning wheels were constantly whirring in order to replace the imported goods which England wished to tax. And in September, 1774, Colonel Washington was on his way to the Congress at Philadelphia. But Martha seemed "ready to make any sacrifice," Edmund Pendleton wrote, "and was cheerful though I know she felt anxious. . . . 'I hope you will all stand firm—I know George will,' she said. The dear little woman was busy from morning until night with domestic duties, but she gave us much time in conversation and affording us entertainment. When we set off in the morning she stood in the door and cheered us with the good words, 'God be with you, gentlemen!'"

If things went wrong, if there was war with all its dangers of pillage and confiscation, Martha had more to lose, perhaps, than any woman in the colonies except Mary Morris of Philadelphia. But "What are all these evils," she said, "when compared with the fate of which the Port Bill may be only a threat? My mind is made up, my heart is in the cause." So, quite simply and with a rare, unconscious courage, those colonial ladies—Martha Washington, Abigail Adams, all of them—faced the future. And in June, 1775, there was a letter from the colonel:

"My dearest, I now sit down to write you on a subject which fills me with inexpressible concern, and this concern is greatly aggravated and increased when I reflect upon the uneasiness I know it will give you. It has been determined in Congress that the whole army raised for the defence of the American cause shall be put under my care. . . . You may believe me, my dear Patsy, when I assure you . . . that . . . I have used every endeavor to avoid it. . . . I shall feel no pain from the toil or the danger of the Campaign; my unhappiness will flow from the uneasiness you will feel from being left alone. I therefore beg that you will summon your whole fortitude, and pass your time as agreeably as possible."

At Mount Vernon they wanted her to seek shelter inland, and she did pack her valuables and papers; but she said, "No, I will not desert my post." But in November, with Jackey and his wife, "the Lady of His Excellency General Washington" was off to the headquarters at Cambridge at the invitation of the commander in chief. It was a noteworthy journey, made in considerable state, fraught with many courtesies on the way, solemnized by ceremonies of welcome and the military splendors of such picked bodies as the First Troop, Philadelphia City Cavalry. Plump, bonny little Patsy was become Lady Washington. And at Cambridge the general was in hot water over questions of social etiquette—already—but Martha smoothed everything out at once, gave parties for the young officers, and made lifelong friends—Mrs. Knox, Mrs. Warren—for herself.

"I think the Complacency of her manners," Mrs. Warren told Mrs. John Adams, "speaks at once the benevolence of her heart, and her affability, Candor and gentleness qualify her to soften the hours of private life, or to sweeten the cares of the Hero, and smooth the rugged paths of War."

VI

FROM then on Martha was almost always in camp with the army in its winter quarters, returning to Mount Vernon when the spring brought on a resumption of warfare; with an occasional trip to Philadelphia, as in 1776 to be inoculated, when the Hancocks invited her to "take the small pox" at their house, a hospitality which she did not put to the final test. She always insisted afterward that the sound of fifes and drums was pleasanter music than any which she had ever heard

And once, in six years, the general spent three days in his own home, on his way to Yorktown

There can be no question in these pages of taking more than a glimpse at these encampments of the Revolutionary War. What impresses one perhaps most strongly is the fun which they managed to get out of them. There was a society, there were dinners and parties, there was horseback

George Washington—From a Contemporary Engraving

riding, there were beautiful ladies, there was dancing. The general once danced with fat Mrs. Knox for three continuous hours at one of those "pretty little frisks"—High Betty Martin, no doubt, and Leather the Strap, and Pettycoatee. There were reviews and "genteel entertainments" for visiting foreigners and Indian chiefs, who appeared to Martha—the Indians—"like cutthroats all." There was also a vast amount of knitting and mending for the soldiers, in which Martha always took the lead; she enjoyed the rides with her "old man," as she did not hesitate to call him; and occasionally there were regular receptions at headquarters, all "according to the ceremonial," for the simplest matters had to be attended to ceremoniously always at the general's.

At Morristown, even Valley Forge—where the officers and men lived "chiefly in Hutts which they say is tolerable comfortable," and where Martha and Mrs. Knox and Mrs. Biddle and Lady Stirling shared the rigors of that dreariest of winters—they always had a good time. Especially at Morristown, where Lady Stirling and the Boudinots and Mrs. John Morton entertained bevies of young ladies—the Misses Livingston, Lady Kitty, Betsy Schuyler, a great favorite of Martha's who in turn entertained eager detachments of young officers, and among them Colonel Hamilton whenever Miss Betsy was of the party. Only the second winter at Morristown was rather uncomfortable for Martha. There were all the aides, and the family who owned the house, and eighteen servants, and it was extremely crowded; particularly when there was an alarm in the middle of the night and the Life Guards came rushing in, five of them at the opened window of every room, while Martha shivered under her inadequate quilts.

And then it was Yorktown; but in the home in which there should have been the deepest joy there was only sorrow. For Jackey was desperately ill at Eltham of a fever caught in the camp, and Martha, with Mrs. Custis, was only just in time to reach him before he died, on November 5, 1781. He left four children, the two youngest of whom were adopted by the Washingtons and taken to Mount Vernon—little George Washington and two-year-old Eleanor, the Nellie Custis of later presidential days. But there was hardly any time for private sorrows. A few weeks later Martha was with the general at Philadelphia, at the home of Benjamin Chew, in a city glittering with illuminations, uproarious with festivals and public functions; and in March, 1782, surrounded by the City Troop, they left for Newburg.

There again, except for Martha, who devoted herself to gardening, there was gayety and "frisking," however crowded and confused. Parties and dances at Mrs. Knox's, dinners at headquarters, and that great affair at West Point in honor of the Dauphin of France; a review and fireworks, which the General and Lady Washington, with a distinguished company of guests, went to in a barge festooned with laurel; a ceremony followed by a banquet for five hundred persons, and that ball at which the general, "with a dignified and graceful air, having Mrs. Knox for his partner, carried down a dance of twenty couple in the arbor on the green grass."

And then, at last, it was December, 1783, and they were at Annapolis. There were magnificent festivities and a ball; and the next day, in the presence of many ladies gathered around Martha in the gallery of the Senate Chamber at the State House, the general placed his commission in the hands of Mr. Mifflin, president of the Congress. The Washingtons reached Mount Vernon on the evening of December twenty-fourth; it was Christmas Eve, the war was over and they were home. "Such a racket the Servants made. . . . All Christmas afternoon people came to pay their Respects and Duty. Among them were stately Dames and gay young Women. The Gen'l seemed very happy, and Mistress Washington was from Daybrake making everything as agreeable as possible for everybody."

But now Sally Fairfax was not at Belvoir any more.

VII

MOUNT VERNON—but one can only stay for a moment. A glance at the familiar silhouette of that hospitable mansion which the general at this period compared to a "well resorted tavern," so perpetually crowded was it with visitors of every station; a smile for General Lafayette's French hounds, "if they discovered no great disposition for hunting in the field," at least "so distinguished themselves in the kitchen that one of their number carried off a fine ham"; an agreeable picture of Nellie Custis and her young companions, frisking—it seems to have been the word around her august grandfather; of Martha, dignified and affable, contentedly engrossed in her housekeeping; of the general, presiding in full dress at the head of his "good but not ostentatious" table, in the midst of a gathering which was a little inclined, perhaps, to idolize him, to treat him as though he had not been merely a simple Virginia country gentleman at heart—until he became, and Martha with him, just a trifle obsessed himself with the awe which he inspired.

And then it was April, 1789, and the secretary of Congress was at the door to tell them that the general was chosen to be President.

"My movements to the chair of government," he wrote to General Knox, "will be accompanied by feelings not unlike those of a culprit who is going to the place of his execution."

As for Martha—"I little thought when the war was finished," she exclaimed, "that any circumstances could possibly happen which would call the General into public life again. I had anticipated that . . . we should be suffered to grow old together, in solitude and tranquility. . . . I will not, however, contemplate with too much regret disappointments that were inevitable." She was resigned to grandeur.

One wonders what Sally Fairfax thought of it all when she heard the news. She was pleased, one may be sure of that—even Lord Cornwallis was pleased, and sent his felicitations to his old enemy—she was pleased, and, one imagines, very proud; proud of George, whom she had once befriended and advised; proud of Virginia; a little proud of herself, to think that she might have been riding in a coach and six to be the very first lady in the land of her girlhood. But now it was Martha who rode in the coach that May with her two grandchildren, through Philadelphia and Trenton—another gala day for the First Troop—to the ferry at New York, where they were waiting for her with the same state barge which had conveyed her husband across to the city a few weeks before. A tremendous barge, fifty feet long, festooned with red satin, and rowed by thirteen pilots dressed in white and blue.

There was a cheerful din of welcoming guns and bells, and they drove through the rather poorly paved streets to the Franklin Mansion on Cherry Street, where there were Turkish carpets and "the greatest quantity of plate and china I ever saw."

VIII

MARTHA was not to be very happy at New York, either in her Franklin Mansion or in the even more imposing McComb residence on Broadway, to which they moved in 1790

(Continued on Page 77

When your speedometer says:

"500 MILES"—STOP!

Lubricate these 20 to 60 Vital Spots that cause most all repairs

HERE'S the whole story of lower operating costs on your car. It's not the gas, the oil or the tires you buy that keep you poor. It's repairs! For the past 3 years the motoring public has actually spent more for repairs and upkeep than for new cars. And 80% of repairs are due to one cause—faulty or neglected lubrication.

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Your engine is easy to care for. It's the 20 to 60 exposed bearings, below the body line, that cause most grief. Their neglect has been due largely to old-fashioned, inaccessible, oil or grease cups.

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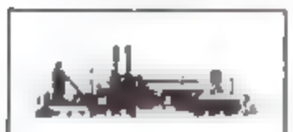

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If Alemite is not on your car you can easily have it installed. The cost is only $5 to $20 (Chevrolet, $3.99; Overland, $5.67; Alemite-Zerk type for Fords, $6.50.)—Prices in Canada and west of the Rockies slightly higher.

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A Victory for Beauty, Cleanliness and Economy!

BEAUTY and variety of patterns—that's one point on which Congoleum Rugs win an overwhelming victory! Fascinating Oriental motifs in rich glowing shades; floral effects in many different color combinations; as well as spick-and-span tile and wood-block reproductions. It's no trouble at all to find just the design you want for any room.

And Congoleum Art-Rugs win on quality, too! They are waterproof and seamless, with a firm, smooth surface that dust, grease and spilled things never penetrate or stain.

All the cleaning these rugs ever need is a simple, light mopping. They lie perfectly flat without tacks or cement, yet never curl up at the corners—never wrinkle.

High-grade materials plus most painstaking manufacturing methods insure exceptional durability and make possible the liberal *Gold-Seal* pledge of "Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Back."

"We mopped them up almost as easily as your mother cleans this Congoleum Rug."

The pattern shown is No. 396

Gold Seal CONGOLEUM ART-RUGS

THE *Gold Seal* which is pasted on the face of every Congoleum *Gold-Seal* Rug and on all Congoleum *Gold-Seal* By-the-Yard enables you always to be sure you are getting the one and only Congoleum. There is nothing else "just as good." Don't fail to look for the *Gold Seal*. Insist on seeing it when you buy.

Think over all these advantages—then add low prices and you will understand why Congoleum *Gold-Seal* Art-Rugs are by long odds America's most popular low-priced floor-coverings!

Popular Sizes—Low Prices

6	feet x 9	feet	$ 9.40	1½	feet x 3	feet	$ .60
7½	feet x 9	feet	11.70	3	feet x 3	feet	1.30
9	feet x 9	feet	14.05	3	feet x 4½	feet	1.95
9	feet x 10½	feet	16.40	3	feet x 6	feet	2.60
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The pattern illustrated is made only in the five large sizes. The smaller rugs are made in designs to harmonize with it.

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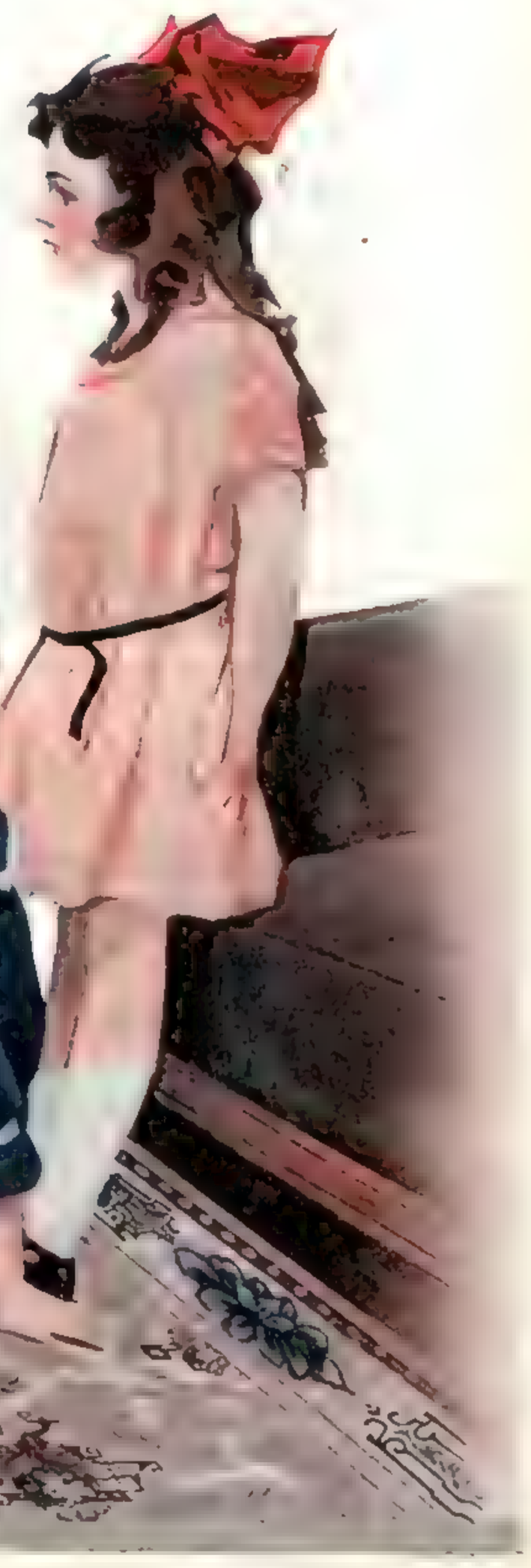

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Runabout	$260	Tudor	$580
Touring	$290	Fordor	$660
Coupe	$520		

All Prices F. O. B. Detroit

On open cars starter and demountable rims are $85.00 extra

Ford

(Continued from Page 72)

"I live a very dull life hear," she wrote "and know nothing that passes in the town. I never goe to any public place; indeed I think I am more like a State prisoner than anything else; there is a certain bounds set for me which I must not depart from -and as I cannot doe as I like, I am obstinate and stay at home a great deal."

The President was quite ill in New York, and his mother died, so that there was no personal gayety for them, and their official life was rigorously restricted; a state dinner to dignitaries once a week; his levees on Tuesday afternoons, at which he appeared in meticulous full dress, with yellow gloves and a long sword in a white velvet scabbard; her receptions on Friday evenings, attended by a great number of "respectable characters"—Lady Mary Watts, Lady Kitty Duer, Lady Christiana Griffin, Mrs. Ralph Izard, Mrs. Theodore Sedgwick, Mrs. Livingston, Mrs. Alexander Hamilton; enormously decorous affairs—dare one say dull?—rustling with silk and satin, colorful enough, with bright Italian gauze scarfs, decorated with ponderous globe-shaped headdresses trimmed with wreaths of roses as artificial as the hair which they adorned, sustained with plum cake and tea.

It was really not very gay. Of one dinner which he attended at the Mansion, Senator Maclay wrote that "It was the most solemn dinner ever I sat at. Not a health drank, scarce a word said until the cloth was taken away. Then the President, filling a glass of wine with great formality, drank to the health of every individual by name around the table. Everybody imitated him, charged glasses, and such a buzz of 'health, Sir,' and 'health, Madam,' and 'thank you, Sir,' and 'thank you, Madam,' never had I heard before. . . . The ladies sat a good while and the bottles passed about, but there was a dead silence almost. Mrs. Washington at last withdrew with the ladies. . . . I expected the men would now begin, but the same stillness remained. The P told of a New England clergyman who had lost a hat and wig in passing a river called the Brunks. He smiled and everybody else laughed. . . . We did not sit long after the ladies retired. . . . I took my hat and came home." It may have been the same dinner at which they served the trifle made of sour cream, "on which the General changed his plate immediately; but . . . Mrs. Washington ate a whole heap of it."

Perhaps it was the fault of New York itself, where, in spite of a superficially brilliant society led by Mrs. John Jay, few ladies—in the estimation of Miss Rebecca Franks, of Philadelphia, who was, of course, prejudiced—knew how to entertain company in their own houses "unless they introduce the card table." In fact, with rare exceptions, she did not know "a woman or girl who can chat above half an hour. . . . I will do our"—Philadelphia—"ladies the justice to say that they have more cleverness in the turn of an eye than those of New York have in their whole composition. With what ease have I seen a Chew, a Penn, an Oswald, an Allen, and a thousand others, entertain a large circle of both sexes, the conversation, without the aid of cards, never flagging nor seeming in the least strained or stupid. "Here"—in New York—"you enter the room with a formal set curtsey, and after the how-do's things are finished; all's a dead calm till the cards are introduced."

However, "the maidens, if they have favorite swains, frequently decline playing for the pleasure of making love; for to all appearance it is the ladies, not the gentlemen, who nowadays show a preference. It is here, I fancy, always leap year. . . . Lord," Miss Franks closed her revelations, "if this letter is seen I shall be killed!"

Some of it, too, was probably due to the excessive formality which enshrouded the movements of the first President. Always dignified, restrained, rather frigid—he was not a person to be slapped on the back, as Gouverneur Morris found out at the expense of a wagered dinner and wine lost to Mr. Hamilton—George Washington during his presidency exhibited certain chilling austerities of deportment scarcely calculated to enliven that society which he graced with his presence. The matter was one of considerable concern to such ardent republicans as Mr. Jefferson, who professed to see in the aristocratic pomps and rituals of the "court" an immediate relapse into despotic monarchy. Nor were they soothed by the protracted efforts of some members of Congress to hit upon a suitably high-flown title for the President. His High Mightiness, His Elective Majesty—these resounding appellations were solemnly discussed; and though Mr. Washington disapproved of them officially, one cannot but suspect that had they met with more widespread support in influential legislative circles he would have accepted them without a qualm. The fact is that the stateliness of the recent royal régime was strongly imprinted upon the minds of many of the leading men of the early Federal era, and that in ridding themselves of the crown's authority it had not been their intention or expectation to discard any of the distinctions and graces of social or public life as they had hitherto experienced it. Independence did not, as they conceived it, involve any diminution of ceremonial and address. The real trouble was, they were a little self-conscious about it.

And one may not, presumably, speculate on the effect which President Washington's personal state of mind may have had upon his external bearing. In 1758 he had wished that he were happy. Can one be certain, in all respect and affection for Martha, that in 1790, or at any time during his life, he was—fundamentally, in his inmost secret heart—any happier?

But when all is said and done, if Martha was discontented, if she was bored, if she was ill at ease, it was, perhaps, primarily due to her own self. She was a sweet, charitable, gracious little woman, enormously industrious and capable in the realm only of those domestic, simple, unpretentious pursuits which she understood and enjoyed. She had patience, fortitude and courage; she had a solid, almost massive, dignity, the ample poise of her rural gentility. But she was not a woman of the world—she was not Mrs. Jay or Mrs. John Adams; under her stiff brocades and her vast decorum, she was apprehensive of her capacities; her very dignity lacked that sparkle of wit, that felicity of instinct, that luster of manner for which, in those exacting diplomatic and political circles, it needed to be the setting. She was, in so many ways, a great lady; she cannot be said to have been a *grande dame*.

"With respect to myself," she wrote, "I sometimes think the arrangement is not quite as it ought to have been; that I, who had much rather be at home, should occupy a place with which many younger and gayer women would be extremely pleased. . . . I am still determined to be cheerful and happy in whatever situation I may be."

She was, fortunately, greatly beloved, and universally respected; and in the spring of 1790 there was a slight relaxation of severity. There were parties on the river and at Marriner's Tavern -which had once been the home of Mary Philipse Morris—and they attended the theater a little. And in August they went to Philadelphia, using the state barge for the last time. And after they had gone, the gentlemen who had provided the barge proposed to present it to the Corporation; but the Corporation, who were feeling peevish at the removal of Government from New York, replied that "as this Board can have no use for the said barge, they decline the acceptance of her."

IX

THE question of the location of the national capital had finally been settled. It was to be Philadelphia for ten years, and after that Conogocheague on the Potomac, wherever that might be—a place

Where the houses and kitchens are yet to be framed,
The trees to be felled, and the streets to be named.

For months Congress had done little else except argue this highly controversial point, while the Virginia, Pennsylvania and New York delegations scowled jealously at one another and enlisted the aid of intriguing lobbies. But now Mr. Morris and Mr. Maclay and the rest of them had won, and Philadelphia was delighted and New York disgruntled; but already the blessing was a little doubtful.

"Rents of house," someone wrote from the Quaker City, "have risen and I fear will continue to rise shamfully. . . . Whether the advantages we shall enjoy from the removal will be equivalent to the disadvantages time alone will determine. I am convinced, however, if things go on in this manner, a very great majority of our citizens will have good reason to wish the government settled at Conogocheague long before the ten years are expired."

And the Philadelphians had done a vast amount of bragging about their precious city—they were a self-complacent lot—but when the New Yorkers and New Englanders, and the Virginians for that matter, got there, there was nothing so very extraordinary about it.

"Philadelphia is a large and elegant city," Mr. Wolcott, of Connecticut, admitted; "but it did not strike me with the astonishment which the citizens predicted." And as for the people, all those famous Chews and Allens and Penns, they were very proud of their city, their wealth, and "their supposed knowledge"; but "I have seen many of their principal men and discover nothing that tempts me to idolatry. I must see and examine before I say much, but I do not expect that a more intimate acquaintance will furnish me with any self-humiliating sensations."

Mr. Jeremiah Smith, of New Hampshire, thought them, "from the highest to the lowest . . . a set of beggars. You cannot turn around without paying a dollar." And Mr. James Monroe declared flatly that "the city seems at present to be mostly inhabited by sharpers." Even the natives admitted it. "You have never seen anything like the frenzy which has seized upon the inhabitants here," a gentleman wrote to a friend. "They have been mad ever since the city became the seat of Government, and there is no limit to their prodigality. . . . The probability is that some families will find they cannot support their dinners, suppers and losses at loo a great while; but generally I believe the sharp citizens manage to make temporary residents pay the bills, one way or another."

In other respects Philadelphia was not without attractions.

"I have seen balls on the President's birthday," the Duc de la Rochefoucald-Liancourt observed, "where the splendor of the rooms and the variety and richness of the dresses did not suffer in comparison with Europe; and it must be acknowledged that the beauty of the American ladies has the advantage in the comparison. The young women of Philadelphia are accomplished in different degrees, but beauty is general with them. They want the ease and fashion of Frenchwomen, but the brilliancy of their complexion is infinitely superior. Even when they grow old, they are still handsome; and it would be no exaggeration to say in the numerous assemblies of Philadelphia it is impossible to meet with what is called a plain woman. As for the young men," however, "they for the most part seem to belong to another species."

Mr. Moreau de Saint-Méry also thought the Philadelphia women beautiful, although he found them afflicted with bad teeth and nervous maladies.

"American women are pretty," he said, "and the prettiest among them are those of Philadelphia. . . . This city presents them by the thousand from the ages of fourteen to eighteen."

But in his opinion they soon lost their color; and if they were adorable at fifteen, they were faded at twenty-three, old at thirty-five and decrepit at forty. And although they washed their faces and hands with great care, they never, he insisted, washed their mouths, seldom their feet, and even more rarely their bodies.

Maybe so; personal hygiene was subject to certain subterfuges in that day. But in spite of Mr. De Saint-Méry—who had other fascinating observations to make concerning the young ladies of Philadelphia, whose freedom of social intercourse with the young men of their acquaintance never ceased to astonish and alarm him, almost as much as he was annoyed by their habit of "allowing gentlemen to pay for their purchases in the shops and then forgetting to reimburse them"—the fact remains that in Mrs. William Bingham, in the Misses Chew, in Miss Sally McKean and in the Misses Allen, one of whom was considered the greatest beauty ever seen in America, Philadelphia could boast justifiably of as brilliant a native galaxy of belles as any other city could produce. And that in the competitive presence of the lovely Miss Wolcott, of Mrs. Otis, of Mrs. Ralph Izard, of Mrs. Elbridge Gerry, and of Mrs. John Jay, who had once, in a Paris theater, been mistaken for Queen Marie Antoinette.

And all these ladies gave very splendid entertainments, which attained a degree of luxury which might have seemed unnecessarily extravagant had they not been tempered by a simplicity and genuine cordiality of manners, to say nothing of an elegance

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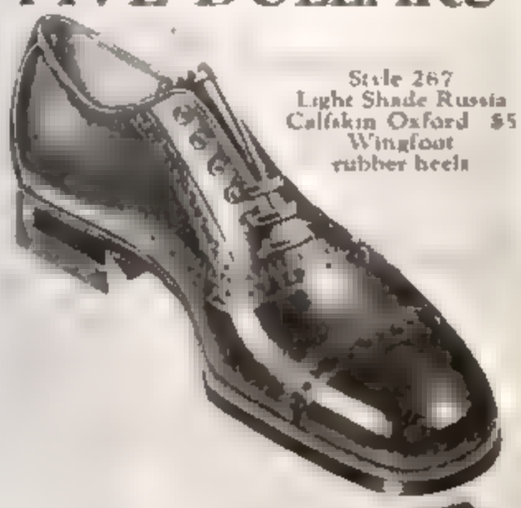

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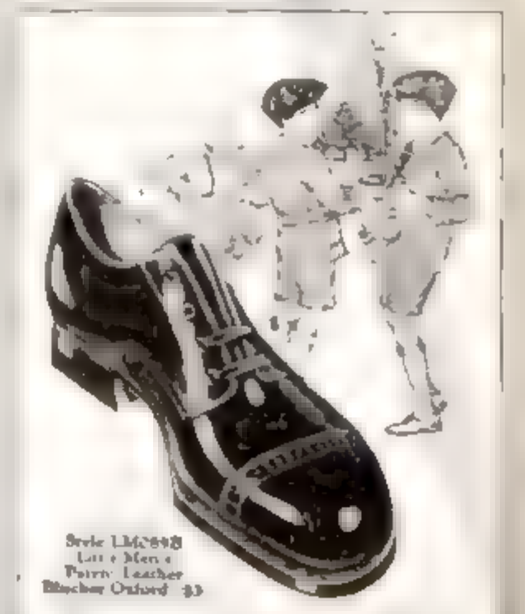

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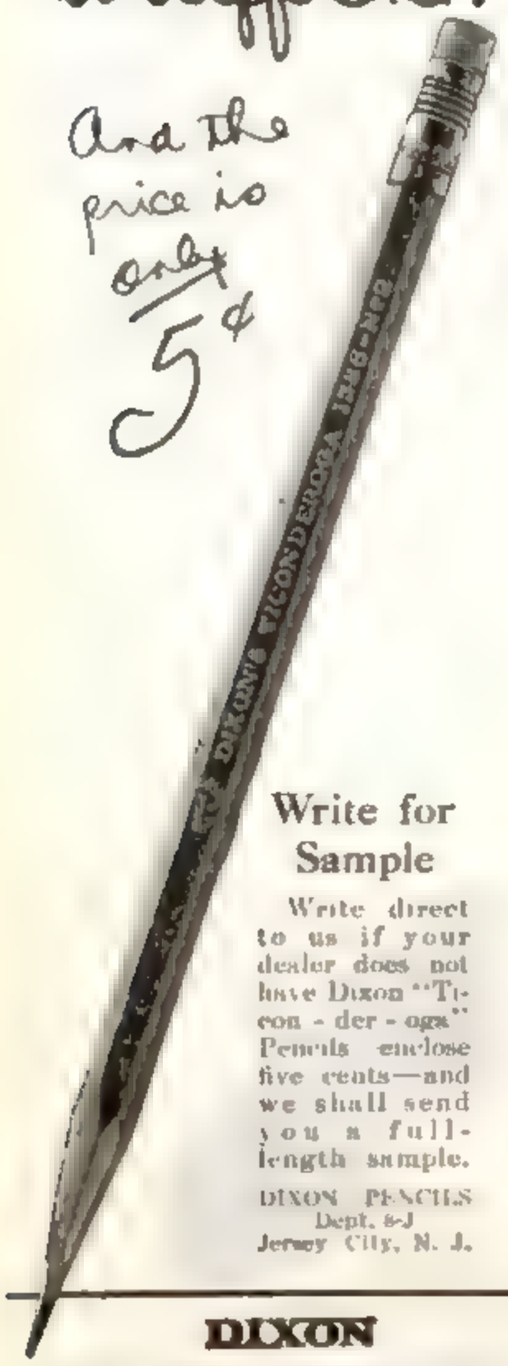

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and intellectual vivacity, which made Philadelphia society the envy of contemporary life. Mrs. Samuel Blodget, Mrs. John Adams, Mrs. William Bingham—when these great ladies of the world sat in state in their resplendent drawing-rooms, there was gayety spiced with an excellent wit, there was conversation enhanced by a ready culture, there was a most precise decorum graced by a matchless charm. A spirited scene, soon to be further enlivened, in 1794, by the winning exuberance of merry young Dolly Madison. And when the Chews and the Clymers and the McKeans gave parties and at the Dancing Assemblies, the whole town came—that is to say, the Third Street part of town—the girls in white brocaded silk trimmed with silver, with watches hanging from their tasseled sashes and feathers in their hair; and Don Carlos de Yrujo, for one, who was soon to marry Sally McKean, all covered with gold lace and jewels.

But of them all, there was none more admired than Mrs. William Bingham—the Anne Willing whom the President had known as a child—the lady who had returned from a sojourn in Paris, London and The Hague to establish a salon in her Third Street palace with the white marble staircase, which became a cherished legend in Philadelphia annals, and who died when she was not yet forty.

x

AND Martha had a much better time in Philadelphia than in New York. The Washingtons lived in one of Mr. Morris' houses on High Street; a double house possessing, according to Mr. Rush, an "external aspect marking it as the abode of opulence and respectability"; although Mr. Twining found it "a small red brick house. . . . There was nothing in the exterior of the house that denoted the rank of its possessor. Next door was a hairdresser." A "neat but rather narrow staircase, carpeted in the middle," led upstairs and to "a middling sized well furnished drawing-room on the left of the passage." The floor was carpeted, but "there were no pictures on the walls, no ornaments on the chimney piece." This was evidently not the room which contained the "medallions of Capet and his family," which so annoyed Citizen Minister Genêt when he viewed them.

Behind the house was a garden with trees; and beyond, on Minor Street, the stables in which were kept the family coach and two in which the President went to church—that noble cream-colored coach adorned with enameled figures—and the carriage and four, for drives into the country; and Martha's own chariot and six.

In that house, on Christmas Day, 1790, the first levee was held—and "You never could have seen such a drawing-room," Sally McKean reported. "It was brilliant beyond anything you can imagine; and though there was a great deal of extravagance, there was so much of Philadelphia taste in everything that it must have been confessed the most delightful occasion of the kind ever known in this country."

My eye and Betty Martin! In it, too, were given those quite pleasant informal breakfasts and tea drinkings for which Martha herself filled the cups; and those other tremendously ceremonious dinners, at which were served "an elegant variety of roast beef, veal, turkeys, ducks, fowls, hams, and so on, puddings, jellies, oranges, apples, nuts, almonds, figs, raisins, and a variety of wines and punch"—and one may be sure the latter were excellent, for the President ordered them himself from abroad with discriminating fastidiousness.

Outside, in the town, they went to the play occasionally at the Southwark Theater and the New, on Chestnut Street, or to Ricketts' Circus to see Mrs. Ricketts ride two horses at once, fearless woman; they did a great deal of visiting in the city and at the country estates; and they attended the Birthday Balls; that tremendous one in 1795, where the seats were arranged in an amphitheater and the dancing space roped off, and at which Miss Charlotte Chambers saw Martha seated next to "the wives of the foreign ambassadors, glittering from the floor to the summit of their headdress. One of the ladies wore three large ostrich feathers. Her brow was encircled by a sparkling fillet of diamonds, her neck and arms were almost covered with jewels, and two watches were suspended from her girdle. . . . Such superabundance of ornament struck me as injudicious." And that last one in 1797, concerning which Miss Sally Cox announced that "it is to be the most superb entertainment I hear that ever has been here. . . . I suppose it will be a genteel mob. . . . Half Trenton is down already and I hear that all Princeton will be here. . . . I talk of taking two pair of shoes with me."

xi

THE years passed. Very simply and quietly, really, when there was no company; for, whenever possible, Martha always retired early, with Nellie Custis in attendance to read a chapter from the Bible and sing a hymn for her. Very agreeably, in Martha's group of special friends—Mrs. Knox, Mrs. Morris, Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Bradford, Mrs. Powell. A group which did not, apparently, include Mrs. John Adams, whose husband was mortally jealous of the President. In fact, the great Bingham-Blodget-Adams coterie cannot be said to have depended on the presence of the Washingtons for its brilliance.

Twice there was the yellow fever—quite seriously in 1793; but the President was so occupied that summer with Citizen Genêt's affairs that he stayed in town until September. And in 1794, again, they were too busy to go home, and took a house instead at Germantown for the hot weather. But other congressional recesses found them at Mount Vernon, receiving delegations of Indians whose visits—sometimes a dozen solemn chiefs at a time—finally took on the character of visitations; but in the midst of his manifold obligations the President never forgot that he was also the Great White Father of his country.

And then, on September 17, 1796, Mr. Washington issued his Farewell Address. A prudent document which was received with roars of scornful disapproval by the mass of Democratic-Republicans in the country—those gentlemen who were anti-Federalists, who had stoned Mr. Hamilton at New York, who swore by Mr. Jefferson, supported the cause of revolutionary France and wore tricolored cockades in their hats; the people Martha referred to as "filthy democrats," and accused of leaving dirty finger marks on her wall paper—for that good lady was not without a certain prejudicial acidity of temperament.

"George Washington!" they exclaimed—a man who had hoped to make himself king of America; a proud, stuffy, conceited, ill-tempered, Anglomaniac aristocrat; a man who had always conducted himself in office with the arrogance and ostentation of an "Eastern pashaw," a despot, a tyrant, and, if Mr. Benjamin Franklin Bache was to be believed, a person of disreputable character, a cheat and an embezzler; in fact a hyena and a crocodile. So Mr. Jefferson's supporters maintained, and helped to embitter the closing years of the administration of that harassed, disgusted and pathetically tired gentleman on High Street whom Senator Maclay—on a page of his dairy which ends abruptly in midsentence—described as "in stature about six feet with an unexceptional make, but lax appearance. His frame would seem to want filling up. His motions rather slow than lively. . . . His complexion pale, nay, almost cadaverous. His voice hollow and indistinct, owing as I believe to artificial teeth before his upper jaw . . ."

But a successor must now be found for him, and that it would be either Mr. Jefferson or Mr. John Adams soon became evident. The talk began again, in a whirlwind of handbills and pamphlets. George Washington had been bad enough, the Democratic-Republicans insisted; but who was John Adams?

"This man Adams!" A man who hated the French Revolution, a monarchist, an aristocrat; a man who talked about the "swinish multitudes" and the "well-born" who should govern them; the husband of that Mistress Abigail who called the people of America the "mobility." To all of which the Federalists replied with prolonged guffaws of laughter at the expense of that gawk, that zany Mr. Jefferson. And who in heaven's name was he? A man who invented whirligig chairs, who spent his time discoursing about fossils and philosophy, a scholar, a mere college professor! And aside from that, an atheist, a Jacobin, a demagogue, a coward who, in his political dealings, made use of the scurrilous pens of anonymous hirelings—and if Mr. Madison's ears burned at this he had only himself to blame.

So it went, while Mr. Thomas Paine was writing to the President that "as for you, Sir, treacherous in private friendship and a hypocrite in public life, the world will be puzzled to now decide whether you are an apostate or an impostor, whether you have abandoned good principles or whether you ever had any." But in February, 1797, Mr. Adams had been elected by three votes and in March he was inaugurated.

Mr. Washington was again a private citizen, and the Aurora graced the day by remarking that "When a retrospect is taken of the Washington administration for eight years, it is the subject of the greatest astonishment that a single individual should have cankered the principles of republicanism in an enlightened people just emerged from the gulf of despotism, and should have carried his designs against the public liberty so far as to have put in jeopardy its very existence. Such, however, are the facts, and with these staring us in the face this day ought to be a jubilee in the United States."

For Martha it very probably was. The Washingtons went home; and Nellie Custis said that "Grandpapa is very well and much pleased with being once more Farmer Washington."

It was the next year that he wrote to Sally Fairfax.

xii

IT WAS nice to be home after being a sort of "perambulator," as Martha expressed it. "I cannot tell you," she wrote to Mrs. Knox, "how much I enjoy home after having been deprived of one so long. . . . The General and I feel like children just released from school or from a hard taskmaster. . . . We are so penurious with our enjoyment that we are loath to share it with anyone but dear friends. . . . I am again fairly settled down to the pleasant duties of an old-fashioned Virginia housekeeper, steady as a clock, busy as a bee, and cheerful as a cricket."

Perhaps in those few closing sentences Martha is appraised more closely than in all the inquisitive pages of more lengthy biographies. There is the real Martha as she was, as she would always have preferred to be, liberated from the restraints and rituals of a public life for which neither her tastes nor her talents had ever fitted her, however perfectly she might have achieved the semblance of ease in their fulfillment.

It was very pleasant at Mount Vernon, and she enjoyed herself. There were visits to make and receive—so many to receive; there were Philadelphia friendships to maintain; the house was always full now of Nellie Custis' beaus, and on February 22, 1799, "about candlelight," she was married to Lawrence Lewis. It was very pleasant.

And then, in December of that year, the general took cold. On the evening of December fourteenth, he died.

"'Tis well," Martha told them. "All is now over. I shall soon follow him. I have no more trials to pass through."

He was buried first in the lawn, and when Congress proposed that his remains be transferred to Washington City—for so Conogocheague was to be called—Martha replied that "taught by the great example which I have so long before me never to oppose my private wishes to the public will, I must consent to the request made by Congress . . . and in doing this I need not—I cannot say what a sacrifice of individual feeling I make to a sense of public duty."

The undertaking was, of course, abandoned, and for some two years Martha lived in the small attic room to which she had moved, busy with her knitting beside the little window which overlooked the green surface of his resting place.

Many visitors still came to see her; her adopted children were near her, and they brought to her other grandchildren and great-grandchildren; her countenance was "very little wrinkled and remarkably fair for a person of her years," she kept in touch with the world and, with all her old scorn of the "filthy democrats" who were now in power, "her remarks were frequently pointed, and sometimes very sarcastic, on the new order of things and the present administration."

She died on May 22, 1802, of the fever, after an illness of seventeen days.

"To those amiable and Christian virtues which adorn the female character," the Washington Federalist recorded, "she added dignity of manners, superiority of understanding, a mind intelligent and elevated. The silence of respectful grief is our best eulogy."

And at Bath, in England, Sally Fairfax lived on for almost another decade, until she, too, died, in her eighty-first year.

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TILLICUM

(Continued from Page 48)

"They might if they knew of its existence. But it is to the north and the mine is to the south."

"It's going to be fun," repeated Betsy. She mused for a moment. "I know it's weak-minded," she added then; "but do you know, I can't help but feel sorry for poor little Fleshpots. He looks like a suppressed and downtrodden puppy."

When, the following morning, at an hour appointed, they stepped on deck, the cutter was alongside; but the entire crew, including even Plutarch and the Ram, were gathered in a close group, arguing with subdued violence against Benton, who looked red-faced and rather savage.

"What's the trouble?" demanded Marshall.

"Mighty little short of mutiny, that's what!" rejoined Benton curtly.

"Mutiny!" repeated Marshall, stepping forward quickly.

"They won't obey orders," said Benton. "That is to say, these men won't!" His heavy fist swept a group which included all but the cutter's oarsmen. The latter were now seen to be standing apart broadly agrin.

"What's the trouble?" asked Marshall. "You, Gates!"

"It isn't that we won't obey orders, sir," replied Gates. "Mr. Benton ain't quite right there. We was just arguing-like, and maybe we got carried away a little."

"Well, what's it all about? Get on!"

"It don't seem noways fair that them fellows"—he indicated the cutter's crew—"should have all the fun upriver there. It ought to be turn and turn about. They was telling us last night in the fo'castle, and we want to see the show too. How'd it be if they was to row you up one time and the four others was to take their turn the next time? That seems fair."

Marshall's mouth twitched.

"How do you get in this?" he demanded of Plutarch and the Ram.

"Got to be somebody cook for those gen'-men," rumbled the Ram. "I aims to wo'k right spry and make'm up nice dinner in dat fi'less cookah and be all ready come time you-all retu'ns to come back abo'd."

"I see," said Marshall; "and"—he turned to Plutarch—"I suppose you want to go up to keep their trousers pressed for them."

He drew Benton aside.

"Of course you're right, Benton," he told his mate, "and I'll back you up if you say so. But I believe it would be wise to make up two crews and alternate, as the men suggest. The situation is somewhat unusual, you'll admit. It may be that it's too late to back down without loss of discipline, but fix it if you can."

Then Benton did something which is, as far as I know, quite unprecedented in deep-sea annals.

"Men," he said, "you are right and I'm wrong. Mr. Marshall says to fix it the way you say."

"That was handsome of you," Marshall commended him under his breath.

Benton grinned back at him a trifle sheepishly.

"Well, I suppose it must be an amusing show," said he.

"Benton, you're just honing to go yourself," accused Marshall. "I never thought of it! You shall! Hereafter you steer the cutter!" He turned to the men. "All right, boys, but remember to play the game. You know the yarn; stick to it no matter what they say or do. I leave that to you. Of course he'll try to bribe you, each one of you."

"Gold cannot buy us!" came back in a hearty nautical singsong, followed by a roar of laughter directed toward Rogg.

This being arranged, a somewhat overladen cutter proceeded up the river. As they rounded the point of the island and came in sight of the camp, Betsy uttered a cry of relief.

"Both alive," she said; "neither has murdered the other in his sleep."

Fleshpots met them with his usual joviality, under which could be sensed an undercurrent of real anxiety. It is possible that the fuse had burned very close to the powder magazine and he felt that only encouraging news could extinguish it. Eats-'Em-Alive's manner, too, was slightly more animated than usual.

"Well, well!" roared Fleshpots. "How's every little thing? Nearly all fixed up, I suppose."

"How do you do?" Betsy greeted him, stepping daintily ashore, the first to land. Eats-'Em-Alive faded backward. "Isn't this lovely? I hope you slept well and had a good breakfast."

"Perfect! Perfect, dear lady!" boomed Fleshpots. "Most delightful!" He assumed a hospitably proprietary air and drew her aside, fulfilling several hastily delivered but vehement instructions given him by his chief after the latter had identified the cutter's occupants. Eats-'Em-Alive seized the opportunity to approach Marshall and his brother-in-law.

"Well?" he demanded curtly but without heat.

"We've brought you up our cook, who will fix you all up properly—good food and all that sort of thing," said Marshall brightly.

Eats-'Em-Alive brushed this aside.

"Yes, yes! But about your repairs; how soon do you expect to get off?"

Marshall stared at him blankly.

"My dear man, how can I tell? As soon as possible, I assure you. Just as soon as the kicker gets back we'll hustle it together in no time. You can rely on that absolutely."

"Well, how long will it be before the kicker returns?"

"I told you yesterday that it all depends."

Eats-'Em-Alive began to lose a trifle of his miraculous calm.

"You can make a guess, can't you? How far did she have to go to this shop? How long a job is it to make this what-you-call-it?"

"Ball-bearing plate for the forward-thrust bearing," Marshall reminded him conscientiously.

"How far? How long?" insisted Eats-'Em-Alive, an edge to his voice.

"I haven't the foggiest idea, old chap," replied Marshall. "Benton takes care of all that. You might ask him."

Eats-'Em-Alive did so, with a growing asperity. Benton spat carefully.

"I can't exactly say, sir," he replied, after due deliberation. "If the weather is fine outside she could make it in two days' running. They'll have to lay up at night. The job might be done in a day, or perhaps two at most—say, five or six days. But if they have to lay up for weather it might be a week or so."

"A week or so!" howled Eats-'Em-Alive in a voice that caused everybody within hearing to look up hopefully except Fleshpots. He, too, looked up, but it was not hopefully. However, Eats-'Em-Alive instantly became deadly calm and almost polite. "It would oblige me greatly," he told Marshall, "if you will send Arbuthnot up here to see me at once."

Marshall's countenance exhibited the liveliest concern.

"Oh, I'm sorry, old chap, but that's quite impossible," he replied.

"Impossible!" repeated Eats-'Em-Alive. "I'd like to know why."

"You see, old chap," Marshall explained with every mark of earnest propitiation, "our engineer is workin' on the yacht, so Mr. Arbuthnot kindly volunteered to see about the ball-bearin' plate. Mighty sportin' of him."

"He what?"

"He went with the kicker," Marshall broke the news.

The full enormity of this performance on the part of his paid minion was seen visibly to swell, like a rapidly inflated balloon, within the already strained self-control of Eats-'Em-Alive. Betsy chose this moment before explosion to come brightly forward.

"Isn't it going to be delightful?" she cried. "If we had to get cast away in this dreadful fashion, there couldn't be a nicer place. I know you feel awfully vexed—now don't deny it; I know. But you really need this vacation. You work much too hard. I can tell. Your nerves are really quite jumpy. And now you're going to settle down and have a nice refreshing time of it. We'll have such fun. Time won't drag a bit. We'll come up every day and have a jolly picnic lunch together. And every day I'm going to bring you a little present, a little surprise. That will give you some little thing to look forward to. No, I'm not going to tell you, you'll have to guess." She handed him an oblong package done up with tissue paper and pink ribbon. "Here's today's. You can open it. I found them among Jerry's things. They are little tiny cigars. I notice you like to bite cigars in half and these are nice little ones. It's a funny habit, but I imagine it is very soothing to the nerves. I had a friend who was a navy officer who used to bite cigars in half. He broke himself of the most awful cursing that way."

She thrust the package into his hands. Eats-'Em-Alive, struck dumb, glared at it. The other principals in the drama, having been well trained and well warned, managed to preserve an appropriate demeanor. It was from Fleshpots that the demonstration proceeded. At Betsy's speech and presentation he uttered a loud snort as of a mettlesome horse at a broken-down motor car; and then hurriedly, and with only partial success, tried to look as though the emission of snorts was part of his daily routine and in no manner to be connected with merely attendant circumstances. Truth to tell, Fleshpots was in secret sympathy, beginning to go over to the enemy; although naturally he did not as yet suspect it was an enemy. His companion was none too amiable in the best of conditions, but lately Eats-'Em-Alive had relieved exacerbated feelings to a certain extent by taking them out on the nearest nonresistant, which was Fleshpots. The latter had been browbeaten and cursed into a state of numbness and dumbness wholly inconsonant with his essential puppyness. As Betsy said, he did not even dare make the best of it. But beneath his chief's glare he became abject.

Betsy spread forth the day in much the sprightly now-dear-children manner of a playground instructress. Things moved with the effect of a program in a hurry-up circus where one act treads close on the heels of another.

"The first thing we must do is to have a swim," she cried gayly. "That will buck us up for the day. The water is nice and still in the bayou and there's a nice gravel bottom. Everybody must go in. I've brought a water-polo ball and we'll have a wonderful time."

"I never go in swimming," rejoined Eats-'Em-Alive.

"Besides, we have no bathing suits," added Fleshpots with secret thanksgiving. He had drunk water from the river and had found it cold enough to make his teeth ache.

"Oh, I've brought you bathing suits," Betsy bowled this down. "You've simply got to go in."

And go in they did, contrary to their own firm resolves; and why they were so weak-minded they could not have told. It was always comparatively easy to influence Fleshpots; he was eminently suggestible. But why Eats-'Em-Alive finally retired, draped a bathing suit over his gaunt form and grimly splashed in the glacier water to the accompaniment of girlish laughter was a mystery not only to himself but to all other males present, including that eminent psychologist, X. Anaxagoras. Possibly he was being influenced by his subconscious for a change; and that infallible and faithful though neglected guide warned him that he'd better embrace the present but known evil rather than risk some more diabolical substitute which this brainless but imaginative pest would be sure to evolve. Fleshpots turned a faintly purplish red, Eats-'Em-Alive a slightly faded indigo; even those hardy mariners, Marshall and X. Anaxagoras, inclined somewhat to the cold storage in effect.

Only Betsy, with the usual mysterious feminine power of resistance to cold water, was warm and rosy.

They had dressed and again gathered in the glade. Marshall unobtrusively sidled alongside Fleshpots. With a stealthy warning gesture in the direction of Eats-'Em-Alive, he lifted the flap of his coat pocket to exhibit the silver end of a flask. He winked at Fleshpots. Fleshpots winked back. Quietly they faded into the background. They drank. They returned. Eats-'Em-Alive was still faded indigo. Marshall grinned quite openly at Fleshpots. Fleshpots grinned back, a malicious satisfaction in his little eyes.

"Wasn't that just too lovely for words?" Betsy demanded of Eats-'Em-Alive. "Now, you must do that every morning before breakfast. It'll do you so much good. Now," she said happily, "I'm going to show you your pretty things. Bring that suitcase, Gates, please."

The suitcase was brought and opened.

"I want you to be nice and comfy," said Betsy, diving into its contents. She held up a suit of thin pink silk pajamas and inspected them, her head on one side. "Aren't they loves?" she asked. "And here's Jerry's own dressing gown. I won't let him wear it on the yacht; the pattern is too big and bright; he got it in Singapore because he thought it was funny. But it is just the thing out here in the open, isn't it? I think a little splash of color in all these green things is lovely. Put it on and let's see." She held it out. "Oh, come now, I've set my heart on it. Don't be a big silly!"

Eats-'Em-Alive eventually put on the Singapore dressing gown Marshall had bought because he thought it was funny, for the same reason he had gone into the glacier water; that is, for no reasoned reason at all, but simply in obedience to an instinct that unless he did as he was told worse would befall. What there could be worse he was too dazed and buffeted to inquire. His lean scraggy neck and baleful at-bay countenance rose above the gaudy fabric in beautiful harmony.

"Why, I think it's lovely on you!" approved Betsy critically. "It isn't a dressing gown, really, you know; it's a sort of ceremonial dress. There's a sort of high-peaked cap thing goes with it. Here it is." She clapped it on his head and struck her hands together delightedly. "You look just like a lama—or is that one of those camel things from South America?—or a Chinese prince." This gave her a new thought. "Mah-jongg!" she cried. "Did you ever play mah-jongg? You'd just love it!"

"I never play games," protested Eats-'Em-Alive, recovering enough to snatch off the cap.

"You'll like this one. Come on, you've got to learn."

The surprising creature produced a mah-jongg set from the inexhaustible cutter and dumped the tiles out on the folding table.

"Come on, everybody!" she urged. "There are just enough of us, for I'm not going to play. I'm going to sit back of Mr. Maxon and teach him the game."

By the time that dark black cloud shot with lightning had passed it was lunch time. Eats-'Em-Alive, to tell the truth, did not prove an apt pupil. Indeed, Betsy played the hand. She did it by main strength, though the strength was concealed beneath a chatter of small encouragements, rare congratulations and incessant playful chidings that ran to the effect of "Now, Mr. Maxon, that's not a dragon; that's the one-bamboo, and remember you mustn't ——" And so on in a maze of technical jargon. Mah-jongg, to the beginner, is at best a bewilderment, even when approached with enthusiasm and a desire to learn. Eats-'Em-Alive had neither. He tried not to learn, but he was beset with pongs, chows, dogs, fouls, gongs and other Mongolian idiocies until he felt as though he were with difficulty holding his own against a pelting rain.

Lunch, ably cooked and served by the Ram, was at least a partial respite. He ate more than he wanted and more than he should have eaten, sheerly in self-defense and out of a nervous desire to keep occupied. Betsy remarked upon the nervousness.

"I'm going to bring you the most wonderful book," she told him. "It's all about nerves and energy. It will do you so much good." She clapped her hand over her mouth. "Oh," she exclaimed in dismay, "that was to be your surprise for tomorrow, and I've gone and told you! Now I'll have to think of something else." She fell into a blessed silence, apparently trying to think of something else. It did not long endure. "I've got it!" she cried at last. "No, I'm not going to tell you. Don't you wish you knew?" She looked about her and was struck with another happy thought. "Jerry," she appealed to her husband, "can't we bring up the phonograph? This would be a blissful place to dance. We could have some jazz, in the evening by the light of a camp fire. Don't you love to dance, Mr. Maxon?"

"I never danced in my life," he got in a word.

"Oh, I'll teach you! It will be just too lovely!"

But at this point Marshall arose.

"Sorry, but we must be goin'," said he; "see about the work, and all that sort of thing."

(Continued on Page 85)

Fit for Her

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—this is the unique silk hosiery Color Service offered you by the Real Silk Representative who calls at your home. Only the Real Silk Representative can give you this valuable service.

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Slippery pavements—the sudden warning to stop—brakes—instant, unfailing response because the car is shod with Ful-Size Balloon Gum-Dipped Cords.

Think what this traction and safety mean, too, in country driving—over clay roads, muddy grades, sandy stretches and detours through soft dirt.

In developing the Balloon, Firestone went to the very foundation of tire building, changing all vital elements—such as size, design, cross-section, sidewall, tread and air pressure.

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AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE

Real Balloon tires must have light, strong, flexible walls. Gum-Dipping, the exclusive Firestone basic feature, gives this extra strength and endures this extra flexing strain.

Two years of real service by thousands of motorists have proved the soundness of Firestone engineering. The principles which underlie this development have never been altered from the original plan.

Have the Firestone Dealer equip your car with Full-Size Gum-Dipped Balloons, and enjoy the safety, comfort and economy of these wonderful tires. The changeover can be made quickly and at low cost.

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

Firestone

THEIR OWN RUBBER . . . Firestone

first – complete protection for your Ford motor

then – perfect lubrication for the Ford transmission

The oil you use in your Ford must give you this double service, or it will fail to lubricate your Ford correctly. This new economy oil does both these jobs perfectly. That is why more than a million Ford owners now use it exclusively.

* * * *

THE oil that is poured into the crankcase of all makes of passenger cars, except one, has just *one* job to do—lubricate the motor correctly.

The Ford car is the one exception to this rule. In the Ford the lubricating oil must do *two* jobs. Not only must it protect the motor, but it must lubricate the planetary transmission as well. This is because the Ford has a unique lubricating system.

The motor and transmission are combined in one housing. Hence, both must be lubricated by one oil.

Since an oil must give double service in the Ford, you can readily see why you should use an oil made exclusively for Fords. This oil must correctly lubricate the engine and at the same time lubricate the transmission—yet each job requires different characteristics in the lubricant.

Unless the oil you use in your Ford is purposely designed to do both these lubrication jobs it will fail at one or the other. Failure in the engine leads to excess carbon, burned out bearings and unnecessary repair bills. Failure in the transmission results in jerky chatter when you start, stop and reverse. Chatter is more than a mere annoyance It causes frequent and wearing vibration of the entire car. Prematurely worn out brake bands and more frequent overhauling of the entire car are costly penalties of chatter.

A gallon of Veedol Forzol is the correct amount to pour into the breather pipe of your Ford after the crankcase has been drained. Your dealer can supply you with Veedol Forzol in a sealed one gallon can

Made for the Ford exclusively

No Ford owner need pay these penalties unless he deliberately wants to. By using Veedol Forzol, the economy oil made for Fords exclusively, you insure your Ford against oil failure.

Veedol Forzol was created by Tide Water chemists almost three years ago. Since then, more than a million Ford owners have tested its quality, proved all the claims made for it and now use it exclusively.

As a guide to what you can expect when you change to Veedol Forzol, there are listed below the "8 economies" that Veedol Forzol gives.

The 8 Economies of Veedol Forzol

1—10 to 25% saving in gasoline—Hundreds of tests have demonstrated that Veedol Forzol saves 10% on gasoline consumption. 25% to 33% have been developed repeatedly.

2—Eliminates costly chatter—Veedol Forzol lengthens the life of Ford brake and transmission bands by properly lubricating them. Chatter, a result of faulty lubricants, is entirely eliminated.

3—10 to 25% saving in oil—The savings in oil consumption run from 10% to 25% The exact savings depend upon the mechanical condition of the engine and the lubricant formerly used.

4—10 to 25% less carbon—Veedol Forzol forms on an average from 10% to 25% less carbon. The exact savings depend on the mechanical condition of the engine and the lubricant formerly used. Less carbon means more power with fewer repairs.

5—Resists heat and friction—Veedol Forzol possesses the famous characteristic of all Veedol oils to resist heat and friction.

6—Ability to coast—With average lubrication, a Ford will only coast down steep hills. With Veedol Forzol, you coast down the slightest grades.

7—Resists fuel dilution—Even with poor fuel, Veedol Forzol maintains its lubricating value longer than other oils. Result—more miles per gallon of gas and per quart of Veedol Forzol.

8—Fewer repairs—Because Veedol Forzol masters the lubricating problem of the Ford power plant, it gives a new freedom from repairs.

Any dealer displaying the orange and black Veedol Forzol sign or any one of several thousand authorized Ford agents will gladly drain your crankcase and refill with Veedol Forzol. Have this done today.

Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, 11 Broadway, New York *(main office)*; Boston, Newark, Philadelphia, Chicago, Detroit, Kansas City, Columbus, Dallas, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland, (Ore.)

Ford Owners in the Middle Atlantic and New England States can secure additional power and protection through the use of Tydol Economy Gasoline

VEEDOL FORZOL

REG U.S. PAT. OFF

The economy oil for Fords

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"Oh, must we go?" protested Betsy. "We are having such a good time! I suppose we must; husbands are such tyrants. Never mind, we'll be up early tomorrow, and we'll bring the phonograph. Jerry"—another happy thought—"can't we rig up some sort of auxiliary wireless from the yacht? Then they can listen to the weather reports and things."

For the first time that day Eats-'Em-Alive pricked up his ears and took an interest.

"You have a wireless?" he asked.

"I should think we had!" replied Betsy proudly. "It's the very best sort there is. It's awfully powerful. You can talk to New York or London or almost anywhere."

Eats-'Em-Alive brushed aside frivolity with something of his old manner and addressed himself to Marshall.

"If that is the case," said he briskly, "you can easily call up the nearest land station and have them send down a gas boat at once to take us back."

"Good idea," agreed Marshall. "That is masterly. To be sure! Good bean! What could be simpler?" He paused as though in contemplation of the beauty of this solution of the problem; then slowly an expression of utter blankness overspread his countenance. "Only, unfortunately," he added, "our instrument only receives; it does not send."

"Har-umph!" remarked Eats-'Em-Alive, whatever that may mean.

Betsy allowed no room for further developments, but tripped lightly to the waiting cutter.

"Good-by!" She waved her parasol. "It's been such a lovely day, hasn't it? I hope it takes them a long time to fix their old engine, don't you?"

The cutter felt the current and slipped away.

The two figures under the big cedar receded. If the occupants of the cutter had observed closely before it rounded the bend, they might have seen the taller figure tear itself free from and hurl to the ground a brilliant silken fabric and on it execute a dance not inappropriate to its Oriental origin.

Nothing was said for some moments while the three took an emotional rest.

"It was wonderful, Betsy," at length said X. Anaxagoras; "but look out or you'll overdo it."

"Overdo it!" she echoed scornfully. "Look to yourselves! If you're going to drop your final *g*'s, for heaven's sake drop all of them! What did you leave for?" she demanded of Marshall. "It was such fun."

"To avoid bloodshed," replied the young man shortly. He produced the silver flask. "I need a drink. It's exciting, but it wears on me." He looked thoughtfully at her, with mingled satisfaction and happiness, but also with awe. He shook his head in a species of wonder, examining her pretty figure, her glinting hair, her wide intelligent eyes, all her alert, whimsical beauty. "I guess you're back again all right," he said. "That other woman scares me—for fear she's it. I certainly do need a drink. I don't believe I'll go up tomorrow; I can't stand the strain."

"Oh, yes, you will!" Betsy assured him. "I have to go!"

"I have a sort of feeling there may not be any tomorrow," interposed X. Anaxagoras.

They both looked at him questioningly.

"I think it likely he will have drowned himself before then," said the healer of souls.

XXIII

THIS peculiar form of bear-baiting could in the nature of things last but a few days. Those few days, however, were made the most of. Betsy continued full of bright ideas. But toward the last it ceased to be fun for the simple reason that the principal bear refused to be further baited, and turned sullen. Certainly he could not have been said ever to have been meticulous as to the social amenities; but now he abandoned all pretense to any such relations whatever. So Betsy made one final gesture and withdrew from the daily visits. She brought a huge and ornate daily calendar which she tacked against the cedar.

"There!" she said. "Now you can keep track of the days without cutting notches on a stick like Robinson Crusoe. That is, if you remember to tear off the leaves every morning."

Eats-'Em-Alive about this time ceased to inquire as to the progress of the work, or whether the kicker had come back, or what the chances were of getting away. In fact he ceased to inquire about anything. Betsy remarked on this.

"It's very simple," replied her brother; "he's beginning to suspect."

In this he was quite correct, though what there was exactly to suspect Eats-'Em-Alive himself could not have told. However, he voiced his uneasiness to his companion at the camp fire after supper.

"There's something wrong here," he said abruptly; "something fishy."

Fleshpots, who was being well fed and not baited, and who had a pocketful of *muelto abajos* and a surreptitious flask that had been kind-heartedly sneaked to him—after the first evening's fizz Eats-'Em-Alive had not been alcoholically favored—looked up in surprise.

"This delay," Eats-'Em-Alive condescended to explain; "I have a feeling there's something phony about it. I'm beginning to believe they're holding us here for some reason or other."

"Who?" queried Fleshpots, merely out of the astonishment of a new idea.

Eats-'Em-Alive looked at him.

"The Shah of Persia, of course," said he with fine sarcasm.

Fleshpots recovered himself.

"But what would be their object?" he protested.

"How do I know? But I don't like it."

Fleshpots considered.

"Oh, come now, R. K.! That lot! What earthly object could they have?" He considered further. "Except devilment, perhaps. I wouldn't put it beyond that girl." He chuckled fatly, but the chuckle died away as he met his partner's glance. Fleshpots reflected that the latter was neither chafing nor cursing nor crushing nor abating, and that could mean only one thing—that he was scared. He himself sobered and began to think.

"They can't possibly," he said at last. "Stop to think, R. K. Look at their yacht and all that. They are wealthy people of the idle class. And they haven't brains enough to pull anything, even if they knew anything about it all. And how could they learn anything?"

"Arbuthnot."

"What he could tell them couldn't do any harm, and I don't believe he'd tell them anything anyway."

"I don't like him."

"Neither do I. But unless I miss my guess, he's one of these fellows who have a great idea of professional confidence. Why should he spill to the first chance comers?"

"If they were chance comers."

Fleshpots stared at him.

"What are you driving at?" he demanded at last. "What's the idea? Where's the sense to it? Concede that they had got hep and wanted to butt in, they wouldn't do anything so foolish as this. They'd come in with a constable's boat and a bunch of bluebellies. Get together, R. K.!" Emboldened by the atmosphere he ventured a grin. "Better read that book on nerves and worry the little lady brought you."

This was a mistake, as Eats-'Em-Alive fully demonstrated by a reversion to type. Fleshpots did not take it quite lying down. To be sure, he did not go so far as to fight back; but he made faces from a safe distance behind the fence, so to speak.

"You make me sick!" he muttered. "You've been going to too many movies. It's a rotten situation, but it's natural enough. I don't see any earthly reason to tear your shirt."

"It certainly looks to me as though they were keeping us out of the way."

"Out of the way of what, for the love of Mike?" shouted Fleshpots, exasperated. "Get some sense! What can they do with us here that they couldn't do with us there? Hwang Tso is on the job, ain't he? If they get around that old pirate and his gang, what difference could we make?"

"Just the same, I'd like to be back there," grumbled Eats-'Em-Alive. "What's to keep Hwang Tso from working into the pocket and making off with the swag on his own hook? Hadn't thought of that, had you?" he sneered.

"I hope he does—keep on with the work, I mean. He could make off with part of the swag, but he won't."

"Why won't he?"

"Because what he could make off with while we're away wouldn't come up to his share of the whole thing," replied Fleshpots shrewdly; "and he don't know how big the whole thing is going to be. It wouldn't pay him."

Eats-'Em-Alive was silenced, but he could not emulate Fleshpots' ability to sink back into comfortable optimism. His uneasiness persisted and it grew. At least he saw now clearly one thing—that he was being made game of by these featherbrains. It might well be that Barker was right; that the situation was as represented. It probably was. But beyond the shadow of a doubt these idiots were getting a lot of impish fun out of it, and would be more inclined to prolong than abridge it as long as they could therefrom extract any amusement. So he retired utterly in his shell.

But in spite of himself, his uneasiness grew. He began to pace his cage, to gnaw at the bars. When Betsy ceased to visit the little camp, and the two others, with one excuse or another, appeared but rarely, and then for brief periods, he had his chance at the men. Each day they came upriver in the cutter, bringing food and supplies. Eats-'Em-Alive developed a surprising geniality. It was a pity his hosts could not have seen him. He fraternized almost jovially; and the joviality did not creak very much, at that. They all sprawled on the beach and smoked and talked. Eats-'Em-Alive became quite a diplomat. He never questioned directly, but bit by bit he sought corroboration of the main elements of the situation; and he did it with a masterly casualness that was greatly relished by the simple sailormen. The simple sailormen were all hand-picked, keen-witted Americans. They had been made quite familiar with all features of the case, and they supplied Eats-'Em-Alive with just the information he wanted and with an apparent guilelessness that was even more masterly than his indirection. The kicker had, indeed, gone to get a piece of machinery welded; Arbuthnot had, indeed, gone with it; they had, indeed, for the past year been cruising around the world. That was the bare skeleton, to whose construction and articulation they adhered with admirable fidelity. But in the clothing of that skeleton they permitted themselves considerable latitude.

Marshall would not have known himself as a marvel of athletic strength, ruthless when crossed in any of his numerous and eccentric whims, terrible when roused, given to wild and freakish pranks with no regard to consequences, of a fairly paranoiac sense of humor which generally took the direction of practical jokes of a terrifyingly wide scope.

"You never can tell what he will do next, sir," Pierce informed him. "He's just as like as not to start out for an afternoon and be gone three months."

"That's right," chimed in Rogg. The other men looked toward him expectantly. Marshall had once described Rogg to X. Anaxagoras as the stupidest man on the yacht. In the making of that definition his experience had misled him. Rogg was none too quick when it came to reaction to practical matters that required individual initiative, but his imagination worked freely in the realms of fancy, and his square, stolid, matter-of-fact gravity lent substantiality to conceptions otherwise scientifically unacceptable. "You mind"—he turned to Gates—"the time he had that banker aboard? You see, sir," he told Eats-'Em-Alive gravely, "this banker came out to go sailing with Mr. Marshall just for the afternoon. He told Mr. Marshall he had to get back that night on account of some business, and he worried a lot about it. So Mr. Marshall took him down to Rio. We was gone about three months

"That banker, he certainly acted crazy. He was going to do all kinds of things till Mr. Marshall took him up in the rigging and lashed him to the foretruck for a few hours. I call to mind there was quite a chop of a sea running, but Mr. Marshall carried him up like he'd been a baby. He was a heavy-set man, too—a good deal your build, sir," Rogg told Fleshpots, "and he sure was funny. He kicked like a kid. But it didn't do him no good. He was quiet after that, until we got to Rio." Rogg chuckled. "Then he raised hell all right. He talked awful loud about being shanghaied and such, and he went off to see the American consul, and he come back with six of these little tin soldiers with swords. Mr. Marshall threw 'em all overboard into the harbor. He didn't even take off his coat, either. We haven't been back to Rio since. He's a caution, sir, when he gets a notion," concluded Rogg admiringly. "Cost him something too. The banker man nailed him next time we put into New York and sued him. But, bless you, Mr. Marshall don't mind! He's always willing to pay for

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The teeth

are a great factor in beauty (when they are white and pretty) ~

Let Wrigley's be the guardian of your teeth and mouth ~ It will remove impurities and combat acid conditions.

Good for appetite and digestion, too

A wonderful pick-me-up when one is tired, nervous, thirsty and in need of refreshment.

There are several flavors - all of the same Wrigley quality - - - Sealed tight - Kept right in its wax-wrapped package.

F41

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WRIGLEY'S

"April Hopes"

Society awakens in the spring and forms new buds and blossoms—friendships put out new tendrils; new friends are made, old friendships become deeper rooted.

In all social contacts Whitman's Chocolates are welcome as the flowers of spring.

With fragrance and freshness they carry messages of beauty, regard and quiet good taste.

Back of the Gift is the Giver; back of the giver is the maker of the gift—

Whitman's

Famous since 1842

Sold only through selected stores, supplied *direct*

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his fun, I'll say that for him. Ain't that right, boys?"

The boys agreed that that was right. It appeared that they swore by Mr. Marshall. Indeed, their loyalty to him was—from the point of view of Eats-'Em-Alive—almost overemphasized; discouragingly so.

"He says now that he's going to China," pursued Rogg; "but Lord love you, sir, when that bit of machinery is fixed he's just as likely to up anchor and hit straight out for Tahiti. Have you ever been to Tahiti, sir?"

And upon this the cutter's crew, feeling undoubtedly that for this day they had done their one good deed, arose, saying they'd better get back aboard.

XXIV

THE cutter's crew was accustomed to come aft immediately on their return to the yacht for the purpose of making a detailed report. At first this was abridged and full of suppressions, but X. Anaxagoras questioned shrewdly; and the men, finding the audience at once informal and sympathetic, made their recitals with gusto. Those who had been left aboard for the day gathered in the background to hear at first hand. It was quite a family gathering, full of human appreciations and laughters and chaffings and suggestions. X. Anaxagoras smiled his fine little smile of approval as his mind wandered back to the picture of the Spindrift at anchor in Coal Harbor with her meal pennants and absence flags and rigid nautical discipline.

There was, in the report of the day just described, a point which struck Marshall.

"I'm glad you reminded me," said he; "but there's the question of bribery and corruption. He's going to try that next, in spite of the admirable ideas of your loyalty you have implanted in his bosom. There is sure to be a weak member or so in any crew of men, you know; and if a man offers money enough, he's sure to get what he wants. I'm talking the way he figures it," he added, at a movement of protest from the men. "This is a serious matter with him, and when he gets worried enough he's going to bid high. At least, I believe he will. Now don't discourage him too much. Be a little receptive, so to speak. Let's see how anxious he is to get away. The amount he offers will be a good measure of it."

His audience saw this point, and brightened at the new opportunity it afforded.

"Furthermore," Marshall went on, "just to stimulate the bidding and make it a sporting proposition, I'll do this: When you have screwed him up to the highest possible figure, let me know the amount and I'll equal it. Sort of bonus, as you might say."

The men looked at one another uneasily. Finally Pierce spoke up.

"Speaking for myself, sir," said he, "I wouldn't like to do anything like that. It ain't—why should you—that is ——"

"You don't have to be bribed to keep straight, and you don't want to be; is that it?" interrupted Marshall.

"That's it," agreed Pierce gratefully, and a murmur of assent came from the others.

"That thought was not in my mind," replied Marshall. "I wouldn't have undertaken this job if I hadn't been sure of you men. We've shared a lot of weather together. But why not get this money as long as it is being offered?"

"You mean us to take it and then double-cross him?" inquired Gates doubtfully.

"Not at all. You find out the most he will offer and then refuse. I'll furnish the same amount to be divided among you."

"Why should you be out of pocket, sir?"

"Don't worry about that. I've intended to give you all a bonus at the end of the voyage, but I hadn't decided on the exact amount. Here's a chance to make it a sporting proposition and get some fun out of it. That suit?"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"All right, go to it! But see here, if you all suddenly turn crooked it won't be natural. Each crew better appoint one representative. And I'll add fifty dollars on my own account as a prize to the winning team."

They went to it. For thirty-six hours Eats-'Em-Alive was immensely cheered. He gathered that he had to do with people intensely suspicious of one another; that the boasted loyalty had, after all, its flaws, if one only looked closely enough. It began to seem that he might get results, after all; and by now he was almost frantically eager to get results. Rogg's picture of Marshall and his hint as to Tahiti were enough. Gone were his suspicions as to possible interference at the mine—or at least buried beneath a more pressing anxiety. He knew these rattle-brained damn fools. He was now completely assured that he had been kidnaped this far as a sample practical joke, and he moved in deadly fear lest those laughing hyenas might think it funny to take him farther. He must get out of their clutches before the idea occurred to them.

In his negotiations he encountered willingness, but a healthy fear of the difficulties involved, and especially the risks and sacrifices.

"You see, sir," said Rogg, "it ain't going to be none too easy to sneak off." Rogg had been unanimously selected by his crew to act as their representative. It was justly felt that his imaginative showing to date had entitled him to this distinction. The rival crew stoutly maintained, however, that his villainous countenance was quite sufficient to account for his being chosen. "We'd have to go in the dinghy and we'd have to go at night and get there by morning. And if we got caught I don't know what he'd do. Probably kill me." He cast a speculative eye on his auditors. "I don't know but he might kill you too. When he gets real mad he does most anything. Of course, as soon as he got over his mad he wouldn't do anything like that. Then, too, of course, I lose my job."

"Couldn't you get back quietly before morning and sneak aboard?" asked Eats-'Em-Alive.

"If I pulled that stunt, I wouldn't go back aboard that packet for a million dollars, nohow," asseverated Rogg fervently.

A short silence fell.

"I'd give you a job," then said Eats-'Em-Alive

"I don't take up with mining, sir. I belong on the sea. I'd lose my job, and I'd have to travel to a shipping port where I could get another. And I wouldn't get no such pay as I get aboard the Spindrift. So, you see, it wouldn't nohow pay you to give me what this would be worth."

"What would it be worth?" asked his victim.

But at this point Rogg grew vague. He conveyed that as far as principle was concerned he had no objections whatever, but that in all the circumstances attendant on this proposal he must refuse. He sympathized with the gentleman—he had been sorry for that banker fellow—for no one liked to be taken off to Tahiti, say, just for the sport of an erratic gentleman like Mr. Marshall; and he'd be glad to help him if he could, but there it was. In other words, he left the gate open, and after due delay Eats-'Em-Alive walked through it and began to bid.

Thus two more days passed, which made eight days as the total elapsed time since Arbuthnot's departure. That evening Rogg reported an even thousand dollars as the astonishing sum offered for his services. Pierce, the captain of the opposing team, was completely out of the running. Eats-'Em-Alive was concentrating on the man who seemed to him the most resourceful. On hearing the amount, Marshall whistled.

"He's getting desperate," he commented. "Will he go any higher, do you think?"

"I think he's give it up, sir," answered Rogg. "I kind of have a notion he'd be willin' enough to pay more, but he figgers if I won't take a thousand I'm too scairt to take anything. A thousand dollars is a lot of money."

"Who called Rogg stupid?" murmured Betsy aside in pardonable triumph.

"You're satisfied you've got all you can?" insisted Marshall. "Remember, it goes to you men if you can screw him up higher. Anybody else want a try?"

They shook their heads. If the admirable Rogg was satisfied, why, so were they.

"All right," said Marshall. "Congratulations. I'll add the amount to your pay checks. Now all we have to do is to await the next move."

"What'll that be?" asked Betsy.

"I don't know, but I suspect."

"So do I," chimed in X. Anaxagoras.

XXV

THE next move was inaugurated at daybreak the following morning. At that unearthly hour Fleshpots was routed protesting from his warm nest.

"We've got to get out of here," his partner cut short his expostulations. "If we don't, we may find ourselves in serious trouble. A fine lot of lunatics we've fallen in with! They're sure to be ready to go in a day or so now. That dumb fool they call Rogg told me yesterday that the wind had fallen outside and the kicker ought to be back any minute."

"Then we'll get home, R. K.," complained Fleshpots.

"Maybe. I doubt it. That idiot Marshall was up in the dinghy yesterday and I didn't like the way he talked. Hell, I'm not going to argue! Get up!"

"What are we going to do?" asked Fleshpots, obeying reluctantly.

"Walk," replied the other briefly.

"We don't know the way."

"We don't need to. I heard them say it's only twelve miles. We will follow the coast."

"It'll be more than twelve miles by the coast."

"A little. Can't be much more. Call it twenty; what of it? Even if we make only two miles an hour, we'll get there by the middle of the afternoon."

"Twenty! Oh, Lord!" groaned Fleshpots forlornly. "They'll come up here and find we're gone, and they'll come after us."

"Let them. We'll have at least six hours' start, and they won't know how we've gone anyway."

"I'll tell you," suggested Fleshpots, brightening, "I'll stay here, and when they come up I can stall them along by telling them you've gone fishing or something."

"And when that Marshall finds it out!" Eats-'Em-Alive pointed out witheringly. "Don't argue! Get up and get busy!"

A scant half hour later, which made it half past three of the morning, the expedition had eaten breakfast and was ready. A substantial bundle of food, which Fleshpots carried, was the only equipment considered necessary. Though much dejected, he said no more in the way of expostulation. Eats-'Em-Alive did all the talking, and he did more of it than usual. Truth to tell, he exhibited what amounted with him to a sort of subgeniality, due mainly to the relief of direct action.

They waded the bayou in its shallows and plunged into the forest.

The northwest coast boasts of very wet winters. From about the first of October until sometime in May it rains almost literally without cessation. On what they describe as a fine day the rain thins until it is what one might call a descending mist. There is, owing to the influence of the Japan Current, comparatively little snow except on the high mountains. As a consequence the forest clothing is remarkably dense. Not only do the trees stand thickly but the undergrowth beneath them presents an abundance and variety to be found nowhere else, except perhaps in a tropical jungle; and underfoot and over rock and fallen tree is a thick soft carpet of moss. Wherever, as at edges and in little openings, the summer sun and the outside air get a chance, there springs up a thick resilient screen of spiky salmonberry brush, elders, nettles, aspens, tall huckleberries, salal, and the like.

Within the forest itself the going is further complicated by two things. The first is that the country itself is built mostly of rock which stands on end at disconcerting slants, piles itself into angular heaps, humps itself into tall cliffs and ridges, and finally carefully camouflages its frequent crevices and interstices by the aforesaid moss. The second is that the numerous windfalls and dead trees—also moss-covered—catch themselves across these humps and piles and protuberances of rock in jackstraw fashion, so that often the voyager has to crawl and flounder, worming his way through between logs set at all heights and angles, plunging waist deep in spiky salal at each alleged step; or else he has to walk a complicated pattern of tight rope sometimes twenty feet above the ground. To make it quite complete, the down timber, owing to the rains, decays very rapidly. The moss with which it is covered, however, preserves the roundness of its shape long after all substance has departed from it. Consequently he who chooses the aërial route is quite like to find himself trusting to a fair appearance that proves little more substantial than the empty air. In that case he lands in the salal below. After he has done this a little while he begins to understand why the country five miles from the coast remains wholly unexplored.

The experienced woodsman whose business requires him to do land travel in this country of fiords and gas boats, pushes determinedly through the fringes and the low country and hits for the nearest mountain side. There the going is steep and rocky

(Continued on Page 88)

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CLOTHES
"Made to stand the gaff"

and impeded enough, goodness knows; and the attractions above mentioned have by no means entirely disappeared. Still, it is more open; and one can, by much hard work, get along. But it requires one sound in wind and limb, strong and enduring, with an accuracy of eye and foot that comes only from accustomedness.

Our heroes had none of these things; and it never occurred to them to try to travel on a steep and seamed mountainside when there was flat country nearer at hand. They progressed in the manner first indicated, but without noticeable skill. Even at the very beginning they encountered difficulty. The brush had a way of collecting in front of them as they pushed against it until they were held across the waist by a species of wide belt or band of interwoven branches and tendrils. The wise man, at this point, presses the band downward until he can get one foot on it. The other fellow continues to press his weight against the constantly increasing resistance until at last, with a supreme effort, he breaks through—and generally falls flat on his face. This was the method adopted by Fleshpots. After he had done it some score of times for a total of sixty yards gain on the twenty-first down, he felt himself threatened with palpitation, rush of blood to the head, apoplexy, hardening of the arteries and housemaid's knee. He told Eats-'Em-Alive of this, but was treated with contumely and scorn. The latter had been following in the rear and could see nothing especially difficult in the travel. Indeed, he chided Fleshpots for lack of speed.

"Try it yourself," rejoined Fleshpots with some remnant of spirit, mopping a streaming brow.

Eats-'Em-Alive stepped to the front. Ten feet farther brought them through the bordering brush screen.

"If you didn't allow yourself to get so fat you wouldn't find it so difficult," said he scornfully, looking ahead with ill-based satisfaction on the apparently open woods. "Now we can hike out."

They advanced with childlike confidence on the second phase. There is nothing that more saps human vitality than the totally unexpected shift of bodily level. Witness stepping off the unanticipated last stair in the dark. That is a very slight shift and from one flat surface to another. Nevertheless, the shock, both physical and mental, is considerable, and quite alters for the moment the victim's point of view as to a just cosmic order. The travelers found themselves continually altering their levels and with all requisite unexpectedness. When they were not plunging one leg deep down into a crack between two rocks quite hidden beneath a deceptive level of green moss, they were catching their equilibrium, violently set awry by the diabolical rolling aside or tipping up of what looked to be an integral portion of the everlasting hills. Logs a foot through, to the top of which they stepped as one would step up a marble stairway, crumbled beneath the reaching foot and let them down staggering. Smooth lawnlike expanses of ground pine or low salal proved to grow, not from level ground, as it appeared, but out of a jagged, splintered miniature relief map of crevices, holes and excrescences. Progress was a continued and heavy flounder, which is very hard on the human frame.

Things came very shortly to take on a curious quality of gratuitousness. They were to be resented because they were so unnecessary. Why, in the name of all that is holy, after ten minutes' hard work making a way through a salal thicket, did a small cliff have to go and stick itself just there, so they had to retrace their steps and pass above it? It wasn't fair, and it somehow was done on purpose. And why in Sam Hill were there so many things to step up on or step over? The muscles on the front of Fleshpot's legs ached; his feet weighed a ton. And it wasn't as if once having done it, the thing was over. Just the same sort of thing insisted on repeating itself, senselessly, without rime or reason.

Another curious phenomenon also immediately made itself evident. On the river it had been actually cold. Fleshpots had shrunk from the wading of the little bayou. Here in the confines of the forest it was hotter than any hammam bath had ever dreamed of being. The air was imprisoned in the trees. It did not stir even in the faintest eddy, but hung motionless, sucking up and retaining in suspension every drop of hot sunlight that found its way through the frond. Fleshpots gasped and perspired. The sweat ran down his forehead and into his eyes and made them smart. His garments were wet through as though he had fallen into the river. Yet when he stopped for rest and bared his brow there was in the superheated air no refreshment. On the contrary, he seemed to sweat harder than ever, as an automobile engine heats up when the car comes to a standstill.

Nevertheless, they did make progress; and, thanks to the grim determination of Eats-'Em-Alive, they continued to do so. Left to himself, Fleshpots would have lain down and died. It did not take much of this to convince him that he was going to die, all right; but in the presence of his grim partner he did not dare lie down. There is a limit, however, and at last he called a halt

"I've got to rest," he panted. "My God, this is tough going!"

He looked at his watch, then held it to his ear.

"What time you got?" he asked.

"Five o'clock," replied the other.

"My Lord!" ejaculated Fleshpots blankly. "I thought it must be nearly noon!"

You have all read stories of over the great ice where our heroes struggle heroically on long beyond the point where the normal powers have been expended, or of the grim traverse of the torturing desert across whose searing face the little black specks stagger until human strength can no longer hold them upright, when they proceed to crawl; or of the men in the small boat rowing on and on long after their fingers are so cramped on the oars that they cannot let go, their minds blank, only an indomitable spirit forcing them instinctively on. In these stories there is always one grim he man who not only carries on long after any rational being would have seen that there was no hope, but who also draws from some hidden source of strength the will power to keep all his companions going, too, so that at last the whole bunch is triumphantly snatched from the very jaws of death. I am sure you must have read many of them; everybody has. That fact simplifies my present task. Just take the most fearful of these stories and multiply it by *n*. Let Fleshpots represent the fainting and despairing multitude and Eats-'Em-Alive the nonquitting hero. That will give you a faint idea.

There is one element in the said stories that must not be forgotten. Invariably there is the glimpse of hope that leads them on. Sometimes it is the fleeting vision of the golden-haired girl leaning over the garden gate while the bees swarm in the honeysuckle; sometimes it is a ditto ditto of a gray-haired mother placidly reading the mortgage by the chimney corner; sometimes, I suspect, it is a vision of a long cool one, with the foam just dripping over the edge of the glass and the frosted beads standing—at any rate there has to be something there with a kick in it to revive the fainting spirit at the exact and psychological moment. In this case it happened to be an occasional glimpse of blue water to the right through chance openings of the trees. That indicated they were, indeed, going down the coast.

At noon they rested for an hour. This saved Eats-'Em-Alive from becoming liable to a charge of manslaughter. Perhaps it would have been murder; I don't know. The difference between manslaughter and murder is that the latter comprehends premeditation. The accumulated obstinacies and resistances of Nature had by now rendered the meditations of Eats-'Em-Alive a shade unethical. Fleshpots could not eat. He lay on his back, somewhat glassy-eyed, for three-quarters of the hour of rest. Then he managed to arouse himself for a question.

"How far have we come?" he asked.

Eats-'Em-Alive was physically in little better case than his companion. Though leaner, he was also older and by nature less physically robust. His face was gray with fatigue and his hands had begun to tremble. For a moment he did not reply, then glanced at the collapsed jellyfish below him and thought better of it.

"We've been gone about eight hours," said he briefly.

Fleshpots' dulled brain took ten seconds to circle slowly the simple calculation.

"Then we've only got four miles yet," he said, brightening perceptibly.

"I don't believe we've come two miles an hour."

"Oh!" commented Fleshpots, and fell eight thousand feet into a black abyss.

"No; but we must be a good deal more than halfway."

"Halfway!" echoed Fleshpots feebly. His body seemed not so much to relax as to disintegrate into complete inertia. "I can't make it."

The statement seemed to arouse Eats-'Em-Alive to a species of berserker fury. There comes a point in the stories, as you will remember, when the cast-iron hero has to use brutal measures—in all kindness, of course—to lash the expiring vitality of his charges to the last superhuman effort. Omitting the kindness, this was the place. Galvanized into activity, Fleshpots, groaning, staggered to his feet and stumbled on. Only one comfort he demanded, and he begged it whimperingly.

"How far do you think we've come?"

Eats-'Em-Alive, with a moment of sense, answered him seriously.

"We can't have made less than a mile and a half an hour. Why, a man walks four miles an hour on a road! We must have come twelve miles. Come on."

They proceeded. Now it is a curious fact that the half in miles of a long journey is far from being an actual half of the journey, and that for a very simple reason; after a certain number of the things, miles increase in length by arithmetical ratio. Geographers and surveyors will deny this; but it is so, as any traveler will attest. Fleshpots, and to a slightly less degree his companion, found this out before another hour had passed. So much in danger of complete smash and disintegration had the expedition now come that in spite of himself Eats-'Em-Alive was reduced to making encouraging remarks; and it was significant that they were now addressed to and as much needed by himself as his partner.

"There's the water again," he voiced one of these.

At the moment they were fairly up the slope of a sidehill, for the simple reason that at this point the flat had been pinched out by the mountains, which fell sheer into the sea, and an intervening cliff had forced them to ascend. The dense forest here thinned somewhat, so that through the tops of the trees below them they could here and there obtain a glimpse of the blue.

"There's a boat there!" he cried after a moment. "Perhaps we can get them ——" He stopped abruptly and pressed his hands before his eyes. "It looks like —— By God, it's that damned yacht! How did she come here?"

Fleshpots' waning life flickered into flame. He stepped forward a few feet for a clear view.

"Yes," he said, "that's her all right; and she's here because she's been here all the time. There's the marsh at the mouth of the river. You're a hell of a guide, you are! You haven't even started!"

"It can't be," muttered Eats-'Em-Alive.

"You've been going around in a circle," accused Fleshpots bitterly.

Eats-'Em-Alive was staring with all his eyes and muttering to himself. He knew he had not been going around in a circle: there was the sun, and the mountains always at his left. He knew his watch was right in telling him that they had already been moving nearly nine hours. He knew they had been moving steadily, and that even the slowest movement must have covered at lowest calculations ten miles in that length of time. Yet there was the Spindrift floating like a toy, and there were the well-remembered marsh grasses of the river. For a moment his brain reeled as though it suspected it had been made the victim of some hideous enchantment. Eats-'Em-Alive was too far gone to realize that though the two had indeed traveled in fact considerably more than ten miles, the most of that distance had been expended in going straight up and down. A graph of their progress would have more resembled a fever chart than the optimistic ideal depicted on a railroad map. The two sank heavily to a log and stared at each other for one tense moment.

Then Fleshpots burst suddenly into tears. He looked like a fat and very red baby.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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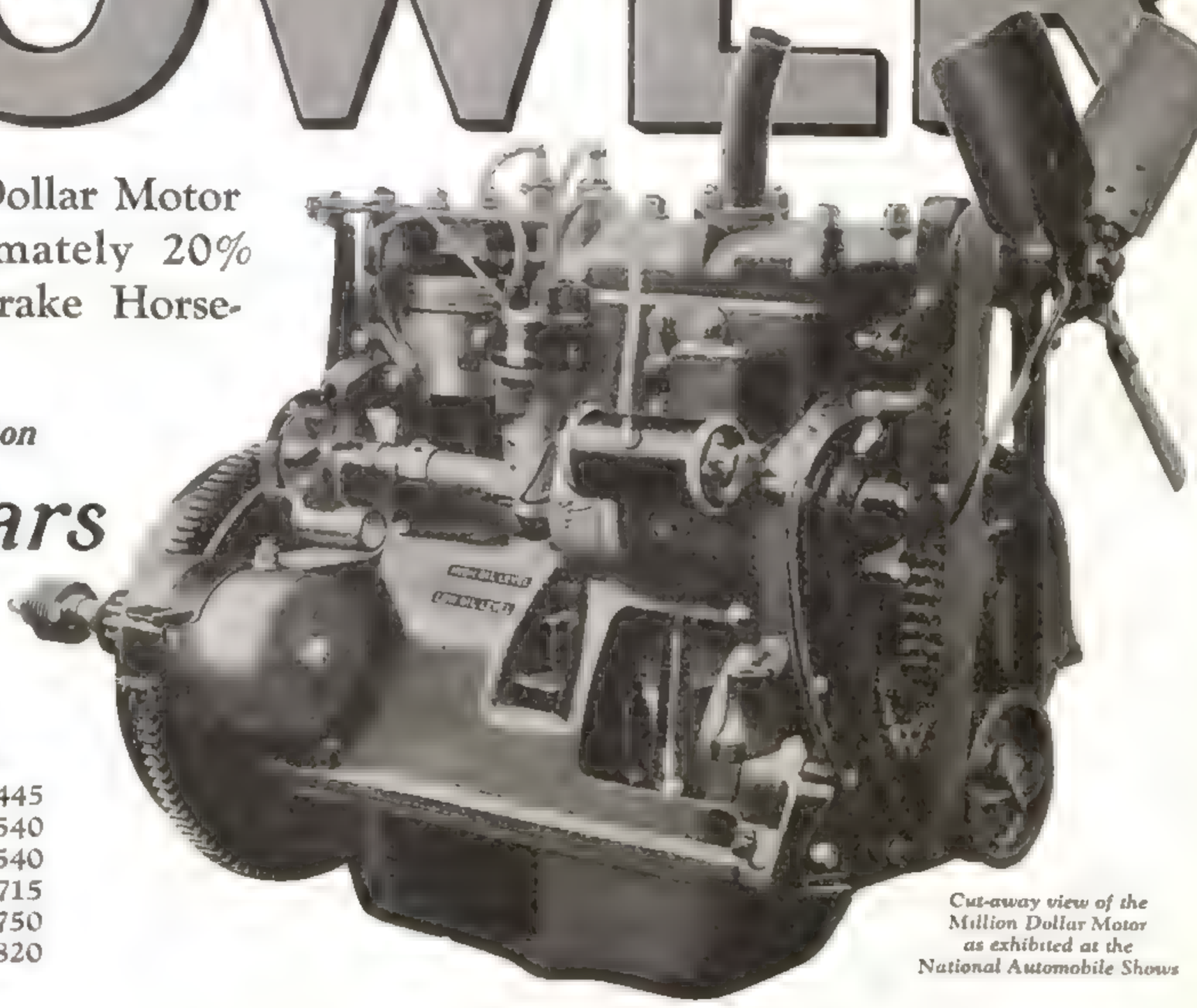

Cut-away view of the Million Dollar Motor as exhibited at the National Automobile Shows

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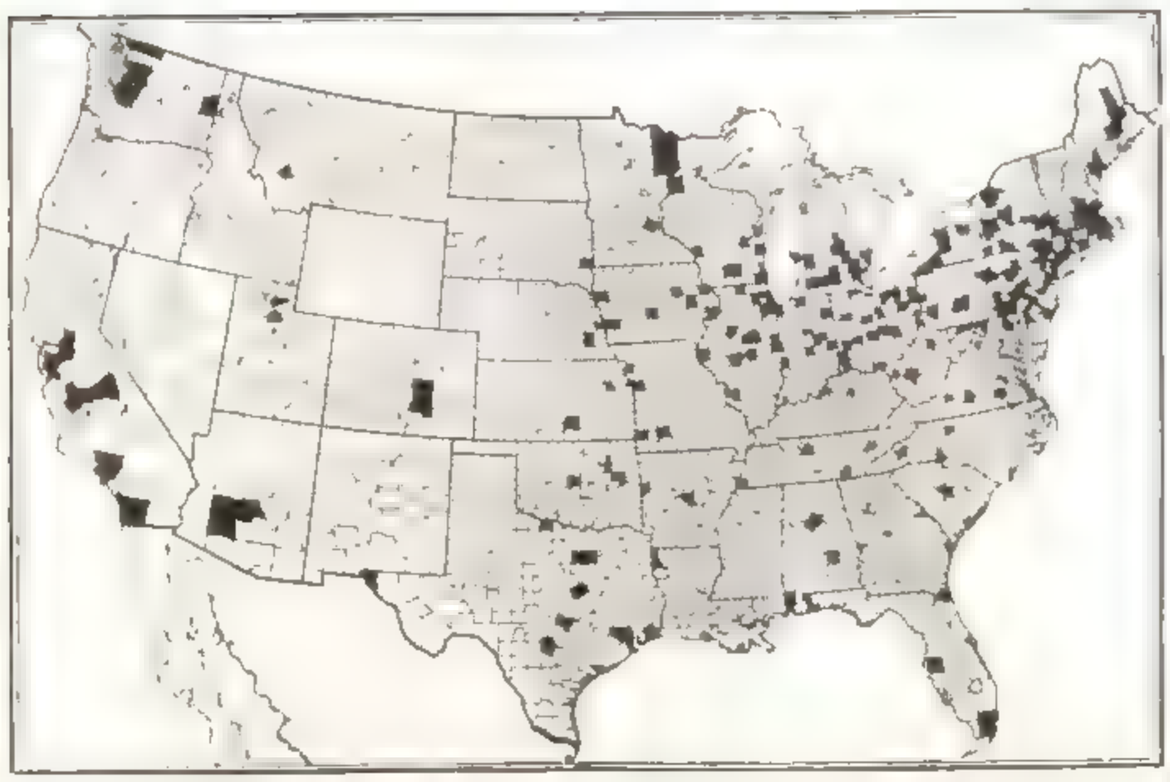

The Black Spots

on this map are
226 counties, containing
287 big cities,
662,612 farms,
3,246,799 farm people
and one-third of
the subscribers to

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

THE CHOW JOSS

(Continued from Page 27)

it was organized, but Sin Yet collected a working group of charter members that night. These men, safe old residents of the colony, friends of Sin Yet, were inspired to a hatred of traitorous Snakes by a generous distribution of money. They belonged, not as killers, but as procurers of killers—loose links between the central cause and the seven projected effects.

When his basement job had been locked up along with the visible assets of the defunct Lo Han establishment, Yut had returned to the sanctuary of his underground cavern near the former site of the Flower Theater, and it was here that a summons from Sin Yet reached him. Ten minutes after Sin Yet's invitation arrived Yut faced Sin Yet across a food-laden table in a curtained booth on the third floor of the Chop Suey Low. Sin Yet was eating and Yut became his guest. When the repast had ended, Sin Yet proceeded to business.

"You are a Hang-chau man," Sin Yet began, "and the graves of my line adjoin those of your people in the hills away from Shanghai. Heaven is above, but Hang-chau and Shanghai are here below. The name of your ancient city comes down from the days of the divine Yu, and since the days of Chin Huang, more than two thousand years ago, men of Hang-chau have been noted for their bravery in conflict and for their diplomacy in difficult intrigue. In this land of reversed values these fat Cantonese are as truly our enemies as the American barbarians. The excellent things of life are wasted on both, and they know not even the first three steps of the perfect way. Their Book of Etiquette is in one volume, our Book of Rites runs through six hundred. Mourning clothes may hide happiness. There are seven men along Grant Avenue whose death would cause me to wear the raiment of sorrow."

"And to weep with words."

"A clever man understands a nod. It is my wish that these traitors precede me through the gates of the graveyard. You have starved like a dog and you have worn the thin rags of a beggar. Would you attain wealth?"

"Conscience is heavier than gold, but desire is the father of all motives," Yut reflected. He remained silent for a full minute, reviewing the schedule of poverty which was his past life. Then—"Every hilltop has a hundred valleys. For every rich man there are a hundred beggars. I would have my hundred beggars."

"Well enough. A shadow cannot be crushed. Old man Hong Lee is not a shadow. I wish to mourn for him before the first day of the New Year. If you will remove the cover from that cup at your elbow I will fill it with wine and we can drink to the journey Hong Lee is about to make."

Yut reached for the cup which Sin Yet had indicated. He removed its porcelain cover. A package of bank notes, folded into inch squares, lay in the cup. Yut picked up the money. He looked quickly at Sin Yet, who was smiling.

"Hide it," Sin Yet advised. "The walls have eyes. No doubt there is a thousand dollars in the prize that heaven has sent you." He filled Yut's cup with whisky, poured from a gold flask. When a second cup had been filled, "To the travels of Hong Lee," he offered, "and to his arrival at his permanent destination."

Yut lifted his cup, and for a moment its weight seemed to be too great for his strength; but it reached his lips and he pledged himself as the instrument of death, bonded to accomplish the destruction of old Hong Lee, eldest of the seven. Quite suddenly then he realized the impact of some new spiritual burden that had fallen upon him.

Rest and the green fields of Eden seemed to have retreated beyond the Last Mountain. Life was yet a desert, quite remote from the tranquil paradise on the far side of Jordan.

He bade Sin Yet good night, speaking his farewells in the strict ritual of right conduct, and dragged his way to his underground kennel where the Flower Theater had stood before the fire. Opium brought him sleep—and unquiet dreams. In his delirium he saw a ring of pines about a grave on the eastern slope of the Last Mountain. Rest lay beyond the mountain, but he could not pass, because with each endeavor the circle of pines became a forest, then a labyrinth. He found a pathway out of the dark forest, but near the sunlit country, even on the edge of escape, the pathway was blocked by a gravestone bearing the ancestral names of old Hong Lee.

IV

WHEN four of the seven men had ascended on the dragon, and before the white mourning draperies of their tawdry funeral pavilions had been stolen by grief-stricken countrymen, the surviving three of the seven left San Francisco. Old Hong Lee retired to the sanctuary of a cousin's hut below Mayfield, remaining in this comparative seclusion until word reached him that Yut, who had worked for the enemy, was employed as house boy in a Los Altos residence four miles away. Hong Lee moved to San José on the third night thereafter—and discovered Yut at work in a San José laundry. Hong Lee fled the state, landing at Reno, across the Nevada line; and at Reno, within the week, Yut negotiated the purchase of a .38 caliber revolver. Travel was beginning to be expensive and the New Year time limit was fast approaching.

The pawnbroker who sold Yut the revolver wrapped it up in the front page of the rotogravure section of the San Francisco Chronicle, and with the wrapped weapon he gave Yut some good advice, spoken in coast pidgin:

"Better you carry him gun wrapped up in paper so policeman ketch you he not call you gunman. You buy cartridges some other place."

Yut got the theory and kept the revolver in its newspaper wrapping for five days, waiting until the waning moon should die. Then on a night which wore the darkest veil he unwrapped the revolver. He put the string in his pocket and folded the page from the rotogravure supplement, framing its folds about a view of Lake Tahoe which in its beauty recalled to the wanderer a memory of West Lake, up from Hang-chau. His eyes had been content to rest upon the Tahoe picture and the reverse of the page had not been inspected. He looked at the lake picture while he removed six cartridges from a box which he had purchased. He loaded the revolver; then, preparing to leave his room, he got up from his chair beside his narrow bed. He transferred the Tahoe picture from where it lay upon his bed to the chair which he had vacated. He regarded it for a further moment, his mind the residence of long-forgotten days. He turned his head slowly to the electric bulb hanging by its cord from the center of the pine ceiling, and the brilliance of the incandescent filament seemed to burn a blank area into his encumbered brain. He snapped out the light and shuffled out of the room, lagging; but the cadence of his march increased until his haste was remarked by three or four of his lounging countrymen in the street room of the lodging house through which he passed.

Yut returned to his room about midnight. Before one o'clock the lodging house was visited by the police. Its occupants were hauled to jail under heavy guard, but all of them were released the next morning with the exception of Yut, in whose room was found the .38 caliber revolver with three cartridges exploded, together with the rotogravure page from the Chronicle, which was identified by the pawnbroker that afternoon as being the wrapping paper used to conceal the revolver which he had sold to Yut.

Old Hong Lee had been killed by three shots fired from a .38 caliber revolver. Yut was charged with the murder. This was explained to him through an interpreter, who added a single sentence of advice: "You would better tell these white men the truth, because they will let you rest comfortably in their jail if you do." And a simple statement of fact: "If you ever leave this jail Hong Lee's friends will kill you."

At the customary services held for the spiritual benefit of the prisoners on the following Sunday morning the first hymn began with the familiar theme of promised rest. In his cell, alone, Yut sang "*Lei-liao sui t'ang*," until a turnkey threatened to kick his yellow face through the back of his head. After that he thought the words, "Sweet rest." Well, rest would have an increased sweetness now—but rest could never come! This fact, realized throughout a tortured hour, grew until it burned as

(Continued on Page 92)

THE STRANGER

MANY a man, after a few years' absence, has returned to his old home town to find himself a stranger there. He has looked in vain for boyhood landmarks, has walked the streets unnoticed, where once he was greeted familiarly by every second passerby.

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white fire in Yut's disordered brain. He spent the night in a strait-jacket, drugged with morphine given to him to afford the other prisoners relief from his insane howling.

V

IN HIS prison routine Yut discovered none of the tortures that are visited upon the felons of his native land. Presently time had softened the flavors of the cup, and Yut realized that the gods had favored him with good food, leisure and a domicile at once warm and dry, and better than that enjoyed by many of the rich men of China. He began to fear an interruption of the luck program, but none came for many long weeks. He was summoned one day to a council of his white captors at which presided a man whom he took to be some sort of a district mandarin. Other learned men equipped with books and documents addressed this judge, turning their attention now and then to a group of a dozen men seated apart from the other occupants of the room. A young Chinese whose language Yut could understand fairly well addressed a question to him now and then, but for the most part his time was devoted to an inspection of the winter landscape, pleasantly revealed through the windows of the big room wherein the talk-talk white men were assembled.

On the fourth day the pawnbroker who had sold the revolver to Yut was present. He looked at the weapon which he had sold and replied to three questions, and then the front page of the rotogravure section of the Chronicle was handed to him. The pawnbroker made some remark to one of the talk-talk men and this man immediately turned to the twelve men who sat in the railed-off space and exhibited the newspaper page to them.

Yut looked closely at the illustrated page, hoping to see the beautiful picture of the mountain lake, but the reverse of the page was toward him. He was about to dismiss the sheet from the field of his vision when his eyes were suddenly transfixed by a picture of the jade tablet which he had taken from the rescued drifter on the deck of the junk at Hang-chau. He cleared his eyes, and there was no mistake! Jade Key, Sand Lock, Gold Treasure—he could read the inscription halfway across the room.

He chattered a question to the young Chinese beside him and was instantly silenced by a white man in a blue coat.

He lay awake for half the night, trying to discover why the white men had seen fit to complicate the present affair with a talisman from the distant past. On the next day he asked the Chinese interpreter about the picture of the jade tablet, but his countryman, not understanding him, made no reply.

The council ended on the sixth day, and the white man presiding over it turned his attention momentarily to Yut. He said some words to Yut, the first of which were intentionally sidetracked by the young Chinese interpreter.

"The great judge hopes that the gods of the inner heaven will be pleased to receive your spirit into that paradise where dwell your honored ancestors," the interpreter explained.

This, as a compliment, Yut appreciated; but he accepted it as nothing more than gold-plated language until events indicated that sincerity underlay the sentiment expressed. The manner of his white captors improved overnight, and now it seemed as if their sole desire was to promote the welfare of their captive. The favorable influence of the great judge had extended beyond the prison walls, for now a white man who was introduced by a more competent interpreter as a minister of the Christian creed, a servant of the same God as the Reverend Wesley Pruitt of the Hang-chau Mission, came to visit Yut, bringing a gift of cigarettes and, with rare understanding, a cluster of lily bulbs, rooted in bright pebbles.

"So that the New Year may be ushered in with perfumed thoughts," the interpreter explained.

The lily bloomed. The Feast of the Spring Dawn, the Promise of Summer, fell on the seventh day of the First Moon, and on this day the lily's petals had opened to their full perfection and the heavy perfume from the clustering blossoms excited in Yut's mind a tumult of memory. When he closed his eyes he could see West Lake, the Pavilion of Delights; the sweet almonds would be coming into bloom, flower-petal snow against emerald hills.

His dream of beauty was broken by the return of the white minister and the interpreter. The minister read some golden words to Yut from a little black book, and then, through the interpreter, he inquired concerning Yut's present desires. Well, there was an abundance of excellent food, the best bed that Yut had ever occupied, a lily in bloom for his spiritual delight—no, nothing more was desired. His contentment was no sooner expressed than it was amended. He thought of the lake picture, explaining that he would like to look at the newspaper illustration of the lake that reminded him of the paradise up from Hang-chau.

There was some delay, but the folded page from the rotogravure supplement was brought in presently, and Yut feasted his eyes on the Tahoe scene that served to efface the miles and years that lay between the prison cell and the land of the Middle Kingdom. Then, remembering the reproduction of the brown jade tablet which he had seen on the reverse of the illustrated sheet, Yut left the West Lake land and lived again through the days and nights which had followed his rescue of the drifter at Hang-chau. There was the tablet, unmistakable, clear in every detail. He read the six radicals, Jade Key, Sand Lock, Gold Treasure. He handed the paper to the interpreter:

"What are the barbarians' words under this picture?"

The interpreter read the title below the illustration.

"Some white men took this stone and with it to guide them they journeyed beyond the Mongolian Desert," he explained. "They found where Timur the Raider was buried, beyond the Tien-shan Mountains, and below his tomb they discovered a treasure—millions in gold and jade and precious gems. The scratches on the reverse of the stone are lines of a map that "

The interpreter was interrupted by the arrival of four men, officers of the prison. One of them spoke to Yut.

"Well, ready, John?"

Yut, staring with wide eyes at the picture of the jade tablet, made no reply, and at this two of the white men grasped his arms and lifted him to his feet. They escorted him down two long corridors, across a wide yard and into a room of a small stone house. The room was larger than the cell he had left, and it was provided with a chair and lighted through a wider window. His two escorts sat him down in the chair and left him alone. He looked about him. The ways of the white barbarians were past finding out—perhaps this newer luxury of space and light was their New Year's gift to him. For a moment he thought of the lost treasure that had been revealed to understanding eyes by the brown jade tablet, of wealth, of the rest for the weary that wealth might bring; and then by the sheer force of his will he dismissed the torture of regrets and led his mind to happier things. The hillside of West Lake, lily petals and the perfume of madness, the faint fragrance of almond blossoms, the dawning of spring.

He saw a white man's face through the wide window. He smiled at the white man, but there was no relaxing of the barbarian's frown.

His thoughts returned to the Middle Kingdom. Almond blossoms, twinkling white against the emerald hills—there was peace and rest for the weary. A detail of reality seemed to intensify his dreaming. The scent of almond blossoms came to him. He turned his head to discover the source of the faint perfume, but the gesture, half complete, had ended. For the wanderer the tree of life had bloomed, had died.

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NEXT TO GODLINESS

(Continued from Page 17)

He figured on starting the morning after he'd drawed his pay, but it happened that when he got up it was another fine morning, and it all looked so good to him aboveground that he lit his pipe and shoved his hands down in his breeches pockets and went for a stroll afore the Custer stage got in. Pretty soon he found himself down in Dutch Cañon and staring pop-eyed at Piet Hoogenstat's house.

I reckon most anybody who seen that house for the first time was a heap struck with it. It was a frame house, painted. It sure was painted! The door was a bright blue and the casings was a bright red to match the shingles on the roof, and the clapboards was a tasty moss green. It made a man blink to look at all them colors together. What was more, there was a picket fence around it, and that was painted too. White. Just as white as the snowdrifts that Gib had bucked all the first part of winter. And that wasn't all. From the fence to the stoop there was a laid brick walk and I'm a bare-faced liar if the brick wasn't painted. Leastaways, it was redochered or something. And on each side of that walk there was flower beds filled with tulips that was yaller, red, pink and purple striped, the prettiest you ever seen, and in the windows there was blue glass vawses with hy'cinths in 'em, various and sundry, a-showing between the white curtains tied back with blue ribbons. You could have wandered the wide Territory of Dakota over and never have found another house like Piet Hoogenstat's.

How long Gib stood there in front of the gate, a-staring, it would be hard to say. There was sure enough to stare at—or you'd have thought so. But there was more to come, seemed like. The blue door opened and a woman come out with a tin bucket in each hand, and when the sun caught them buckets they sure flashed. She was a young woman, and from where Gib was a-standing he thought she must be painted herself—fresh; but when she got closer he seen that the yaller and the red and the pink and the white and the blue and the gray and the black was just the natural colors of her hair and her cheeks and arms and her apron and dress skirt and stockings and shoes. They certainly looked fresh as paint though.

She come closer, walking down to the gate, and Gib took in some more particulars regarding her. Her eyes was blue, as well as her dress, and wide open, and as round as marbles. Her yaller hair was braided so tight, and twisted up and held back under her comb so tight, that she couldn't have batted one of them eyes anyway. Gib figured that she'd sure have to take it down at night and loosen it up, or sleep with her eyes open like they was. She had plump round cheeks with a button of a nose between 'em, and plump round arms and a plump round body. There wasn't no doubt but Piet was a good provider. She was wearing home-knitted, wool-yarn stockings, and her shoes was wood—and pa nted.

Gib stood to one side as she come to the gate, but she stopped and switched her right-hand pail to her left hand and rolled her round blue eyes at him. He was certainly a daisy to look at, with misplaced candle grease all down the front of his hat, and m splaced twelve-dollar-ore slush from the drill holes spattered and dried all over him from his boots up, and a right smart of other misplaced matter in his ears and on his face and hands and under his finger nails. Her hands, he took notice, was clean enough to eat off of, and k nd of shriveled at the finger ends like they'd been soaked in water overnight. Her apron was wet, too, clean and white as it was.

"What was it you wanted?" she asked.

"Nothing," says Gib. "I was just admiring of your house and the yard, ma'am."

"So?" says she, and unlatches the gate and walked apast him down to the creek along a trail of flat rock that hadn't been ochered, but looked as if it had been swept recent. Her shoes went clack-clack on the stone till she come to the water, and then with a couple of swings of her round arms she filled the pails and started back.

Gib ran to meet her. "Lemme carry them pails for you," says he.

She hadn't got the kind of a nose that would turn up, but she done about as well with a look. "With them hands?" she says, right contemptuous.

Gib was some took aback. "I didn't aim to put 'em in the water," he told her, sort of injured.

"It wouldn't do them no harm," she allows—"with soap; nor your face neither."

"I aimed to carry it up to the house for you and set it where it was needed," Gib finishes, real dignified.

"With them feet?" she says, scornful.

"You can't walk out a day like this without getting mud on your boots," says Gib. "Anyway, you better let me take 'em. They're too heavy for a woman to pack."

"They're too heavy to stand here and hold while a dirty man talks foolishness," she says. "Look at that cake of mud! Pick it up and get off these stones and let me by, dirty man."

She sailed by him, but he picked up the mud he'd dropped, tossed it to one side and overtook her at the gate, which he opened for her.

"You talk kind of insulting to a person," he says, as he done so.

"So?" says she; and then, half turning: "Don't you come not a step further, with them boots."

Then she went a-clacking up the walk to the house, and went in and shut the door. Gib stood at the gate just as she left him. After a minute or two he seen her face behind the hy'cinths at a window, and then the door opened.

"You want to see my father?" she called.

"I might, sometime," Gib shouted back. "Don't know till I see him."

"You'll find him at the blacksmith shop at the mine," she hollers.

"Not unless I look for him there, I won't," says Gib.

"What's that?"

"I can't talk to you a-standing here and you 'way off there, and you won't let me on the walk."

She stood her mop in the corner and came down to a few yards from the gate, her hands on her hips and her blue eyes staring at him.

"Well, what is it you want?" she asks. "Why don't you shave yourself?"

"I do sometimes," Gib answers, staring back at her.

"I asked you what you wanted," she says. "Still admiring the house and yard?"

"No," says Gib. "I'm admiring you."

"I'll thank you not to," she told him. "I ain't particular who admires me, as a general thing, but a girl has got to draw the line somewhere. If you was shaved, even."

"I'll shave if you say so," says Gib. "What for do you wear them wooden shoes?"

"To keep my feet off the ground," she explains; "and, another thing, I'm Dutch. My father is, anyway, and my mother was. Ain't you working?"

"I just quit," says Gib. "This thing of working in a mine down underground is a-getting old. I'm going back to my ranch. I got a daisy ranch."

"Got a cow on it?" she inquires, kind of interested.

"Got two cows—and chickens and a work team besides my saddle horse," he says, prideful. "And a good dog. And a house; but it isn't painted up like this here. I can't afford it. Used to couldn't, anyway."

"My father says that paint don't cost nothing," she remarks. "It's true, too."

"That's all right if they don't keep good track of it," says Gib, "but if the superintendent gets nosy and wants to know how come, and catches your father rustling it, it might cost a-plenty. But it ain't none of my business except that I'd hate to see your father get into any trouble."

"He meant that paint pays for itself by keeping off rot and rust—and it does," says she. "Piet Hoogenstat doesn't steal, dirty man."

"Don't you call me that," says Gib, tolerably sharp.

"What would you expect anybody to call you if they seen you once?" she asks, a mite sharper. "Are them all the clothes you've got?"

"No, ma'am, they're not, thank you 'most to pieces," says Gib.

"Then there ain't no excuse for you.—It ain't hardly possible the others are as dirty as them you've got on, and you could wear them. Say, if I get you some soap and hot water and a towel, would you take 'em off

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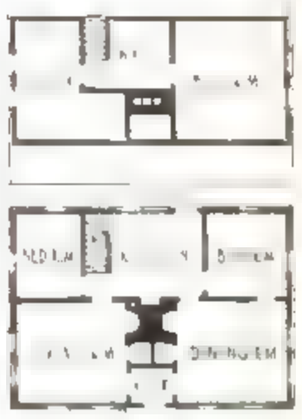
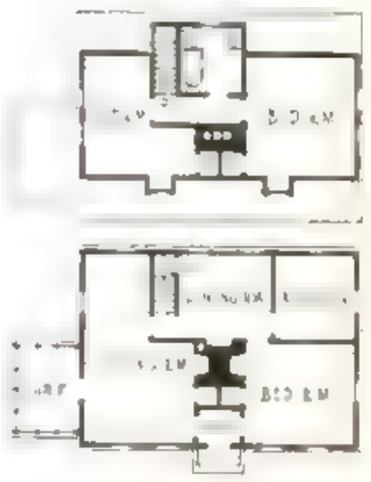


Old House Plans: Second floor above, first floor below



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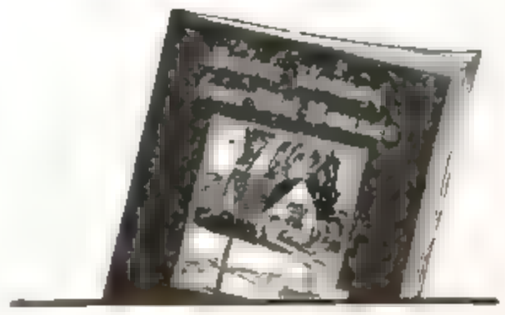

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Barrett ROOFINGS

(Continued from Page 94)

a ways and wash your face and hands, anyway?"

Gib got pretty mad. "I would not!" he says. "You've certainly got your nerve to ask such a thing. Your father may buy his paint, but he sure never laid out a cent to have you taught manners."

"So?" says she, and turned her back on him and went into the house and slammed the door.

Gib stood staring at the hy'cinths for a moment or two and then went back to the boarding house and wrote another letter to his brother:

"*Dear Mult:* I have about concluded that I won't leave here for a week or two until it's a sinch that the frost is out of the ground and I won't be a-wasting time waiting for it to be fit to plow, and maybe not even then. I may have you see Paul Hefferman to have him do what plowing and crop is necess'ry to hold the claim and I'll pay him for it if you are too tired with your winter work to do it yourself, and you better have that doggone fence done by the time I get around or there will be blood on the moon. You got to do enough to start a gentle persp'ration if you figure on eating, same as the Good Book says, and if so I'll pay the grocery bill until fall, but you got to go light on can California peaches and such, and don't you think I'll pay for no more cigars. How is Tige? Your brother,

"GILBERT E. DIXON."

Gib didn't go back to his job for over a week. For one thing, it took a few days of hard studying and half a pound of smoking tobacco to decide on what he was a-going to do about Katie Hoogenstat. He'd found out her name easy enough. All he had to do was to ask who lived in the pretty painted house in Dutch Cañon, and he was told. Seemed like she hadn't got no feller, not going to the dances, account of Piet not holding with 'em and she minding the most of what Piet told her; and, anyway, none of the boys had the spunk to ask her or make up to her in any way, shape or manner. Gib wasn't right sure that he wanted to, either. Too dog-gone pernickety about her brick walks and a person's clothes; plumb insulting the way she talked about the marks of honest toil on a person. What she wanted was some slicked-up drummer or dry-goods clerk with tight pants and patent-leather shoes, dog-gone her! The only time he thought he had any manner of use for her whatsoever was when he thought of the way she looked.

He was particular took with her hair and the color of her eyes and her red cheeks and her plumpness, and specially her being so tight and trim and spick-and-span and neat and clean, and not a speck or spot or stain on her. You couldn't get around that. Looking at it fair and just, you had to admit it. Anyway, if she had miscalled him he had more'n got even with her at the wind-up. Maybe too much so. Maybe, as a gentleman, he ought to call around sometime and apologize.

Then he called to mind the way she'd almost succeeded in turning up her nose at him, and he hadn't got no idee of letting no girl treat him thataway. If a girl didn't like his style right the way he was, she knew what she could do; and if she didn't know he would tell her so quick it would make her head swim. She could be dog-gone sure he wasn't a-going to chase around after her. He had got along tol'rable well afore he met up with her, and if he never seen her again he could make out tol'rable well. He would be dog-goned if he'd go near the house. It was too gaudy, anyway. Like the devil said when he painted his tail pea green.

All the same, he'd like to show her that he could slick up as well as the next man if he had a mind to. He hadn't told her that he was well fixed with ready cash, as well as having the ranch and the stock, and maybe she thought he was a busted proposition. Anyway, he needed a good suit, even if there wasn't no such a person as Katie Hoogenstat. All was, he hadn't had time to 'tend to it—and, come to think of it, she had smiled at him once or twice, and when she had sprung that about the soap and hot water she had smiled—sort of coaxing—and she wouldn't have done that if she had meant to be insulting. And she wouldn't have wasted no time talking to him at all if she hadn't been sort of struck with him.

So finally Gib got up out of his chair on the porch and went over to the company store and picked him out a good suit of clothes and a shirt and a collar and necktie and a hat and a pair of shoes. It made a dent in his wad, all right, but he figured he might as well go the whole hog without the squeal, being as a suit like that would last him a lifetime if he didn't wear it too often. Kind of made a feller feel like somebody, knowing that he could put on dog any time if he ever took a notion to.

He had some trouble getting away from the boarding house without being noticed, but he got away finally, and if he was noticed he wasn't reco'nized, and he managed to get down the trail to the cañon without stepping in any of the muddy places. This time he didn't stop to admire the house, but put his hand on the latch and opened the gate, which scarcely clicked shut behind him when the blue door opened and there was Katie, calling out to ask him if his shoes were clean. He didn't make no answer, but walked right up to the door, where she stood without making any move to let him in. She just stood and looked him over.

"I reckon you're surprised to see me back here," says Gib.

"Why, no, I'm not," she answers him. "I knew you'd be back."

"How did you know?" he asks.

"I seen it in your eye when you went away," she replies, ca'm as a summer morn.

"In my eye, is the living truth," says Gib. "I come back because you was so dog-gone clever and polite to me—in my eye."

"Wipe your feet and come in, if you want," she says, opening the door wider.

"What will I wipe 'em with?" Gib asks. "There ain't no mud on 'em, no-way."

"Dumb!" she says. "Ain't you a-standing on the mat right this minute? Shuffle your feet on it. That's the way. Now you can come in."

Well, it was certainly the darndest, slickest room Gib had ever been in, and he didn't blame Katie for not wanting to take chances on his feet. The carpet on the floor was the elegantest kind, and not a thread in it that wasn't just so. You could have gone over it with a magnifying glass and not found a trace of misplaced matter. The furniture was all set like it had been laid out with a square and compass, all the distances figured to the sixteenth of an inch, and every piece just a-shining. There was a mahog'ny sideboard with some silver onto it, and every mug and platter and pitcher bright as a new dollar and doubled in the polish of the mahog'ny below it. There was pictures on the wall—fam'ly pictures, likely, account of all the folks being plump and round-eyed, and some of 'em was in fancy costumes, but mighty serious about it; and each picture was hung regular where the survey plat of the wall had marked the place for it to hang, and not so much as a solitary flyspeck on frame, picture or glass. There was a fireplace with a high polished fender, and up on the mantel two chiny dogs and a clock and other tricks, and a model of a ship under a glass case on the center table with six even-size books arranged around it. There was a right smart of other things, and a million-dollar reward wouldn't have discovered a grain of dust on e'er a one.

"It's right pretty here," says Gib, sort of patronizing, looking around.

"That table ain't no place for your hat," says she. "Give it to me."

"The table?" says Gib, laying hold of it.

"Dumb!" says she. "Your hat."

She took it and wagged off with it to where its place was. When she come back she had taken off her apron and there was a little V of creamy-white throat showing, that Gib appreciated. She told him where to sit, and took her place on the horsehair sofy. "I must say you're improved," she allows. "What's your name?"

"Gib," he answers. "Gib Dixon; but I'll let you call me Gib. You wouldn't want me to call you Miss Hoogenstat, would you?"

"Why not?" she asks.

"Well," says Gib, "it's a matter of taste, of course; but if I was a girl name of Hoogenstat I'd sooner folks called me Katie until I could do better for myself. I reckon you're used to it though."

"I wonder what my father's opinion would be about that," she says. "I know what mine is."

"Don't trouble to tell me," says Gib. "It's apt to be unpleasant, and I like things pleasant. I'm from Pleasant Valley myself. I told you that, didn't I?"

"You said you had a cow there. I love cows. I wish father would take a ranch and have a cow, so's I could make butter and cheese. It's lonesome here. The neighbor women are"—she shrugged her plump shoulders—"they're poor housekeepers," she says, making a face.

"Ain't you got enough to do without monkeying with a cow, the way you keep things?" Gib asked her. "What for do you do it? What difference would it make if you didn't keep such a high polish on everything?"

"I love to polish things," says she. "I love to clean and scour and scrub and rub. It makes all the difference to have things look nice. And I'm strong enough to 'tend to a cow too. Want to see my kitchen?"

"I'll look at it after a while," says Gib. "What's the matter?"

She was leaning over and looking at the edge of the center table. "Excuse me," she says, and went out of the room and come back with a duster. "I guess it's the mark of your thumb," she told him, and rubbed it out and then took the duster back.

"Feel better, Katie?" Gib asked her when she come back.

She laughed. "You're pretty fresh," she told him. "I thought you was a-going back to the ranch the other day."

"I changed my mind and put it off," says Gib. "I ain't quite decided yet whether to go back to the ranch or to stay here at Grand Junction this spring. Which do you think I'd better do?"

"You'd better do as you please," she told him. "You can go back to the ranch or you can stay at Grand Junction, for all of me."

"That's what I want to know," says Gib. "I guess I'll stay at Grand Junction for all of you."

The next thing Gib done was to brace Joe Tredegar for his old job.

"Well, me son," says old Joe, "I don't want to seem 'arsh, but I'd 'ave seen you in 'ell first if I 'adn't noticed you all togged up three arfternoons 'and-running, and give a guess w'ere you was 'eaded for. Because I don't 'old with this 'ere 'unting a job one day and quitting it the next, w'ich a single man is apt to do. Give me a man that's got a wife and kids to work for me, and by ch'ice a 'enpecked man. 'E'll stay on the job. If a married man's 'ome ain't 'appy and comfortable, 'e won't take no chances of 'aving to 'ang round there because he's lost 'is job. So I'll put you back; but if you quit again you'll stay quit. I might give you a lay-orf for a day or two if you want it, but no more quitting."

So that part was all right. But Gib didn't like the idee of him being noticed. It might get around to old Piet. It was about time he took a look at old Piet. Accordingly, he rustled three or four old drills and took 'em to the blacksmith shop to be sharpened. He didn't have no trouble a-picking Piet out, but only account of his round eyes, which was blue, like Katie's, only paler, and his round-square build which sort of reminded him of Katie, supposing Katie to be a man and weighing about two hundred pounds. He didn't have Katie's hair, nor nobody else's, on his head, no more'n a billiard ball would have—just a bristle of white mixed with coal dust under his nose was all. There was coal dust all over his face and neck and in his ears, too, and his arms and hands was more black than anything else, and the old cap on his bald head and his shirt and overalls was black grimy. That gave Gib some comfort; but at the same time he didn't like Piet's eyes, which glared instead of stared, and Piet's arms and shoulders was kind of discouraging to a man that was only av'rage developed thataway. It was a cinch that him and Piet had to be good friends. So he turned the drills over to another man and went back to the hoist.

"I've seen him, anyway," he thinks to himself, "and he ain't no cleaner than what I am, which is something. I reckon I'll go through the shop when the six-o'clock whistle blows and walk with him as far as the boarding house."

So, come six o'clock, Gib was at the shaft waiting for the cage, and he humped himself to the shop lively; but, even so, it looked like everybody had quit and gone. Then, over in one corner, he heard a splashing of water and a blowing and grunting, and found it come from Piet Hoogenstat, stripped to the waist and a-bending over a bowl of suds in a sink, a bucket of steaming hot water on the ground beside him and a-cleaning himself off in great shape.

"Holy mackerel!" thinks Gib to himself.

There was a row of lockers alongside of the sink, and one of them was open, showing a looking-glass hanging on the door, and towels. Inside there was a tol'rable white shirt and a coat and vest. Piet had already changed his pants and shoes, Gib noticed. Three waters did that old snoozer use up before he grabbed for a towel and mopped it on the pinkest, cleanest kind of a round face and bald head and brawny body. Looked 'sif all he needed was a touch of a powder puff to look like a overgrown baby just out of his bath. Then he seen Gib a-standing and watching him.

"What in blue blazes do you want?" he asks, glaring.

"Nothing," says Gib. "I was just admi—— I mean to say I was a-passing through on my way out, and I was a-wishing that us fellers had the conveniences for getting the muck off us that you've got. As it is, we've got to wait until we get home or to the boarding house afore we can make ourselves look decent, which is sure tough on a man that's used to cleaning himself when he gets through with his work."

"Huh!" says Piet. "Well, you can't use this sink, so don't you never think it, by golly."

"I hadn't no idee of such a thing," says Gib. "I didn't mean no offense a-stopping, either, but a man that's muscled like you are and put up like you are is a sight worth looking at. I seen Mitchell once, and I seen John L., and there's points about you they ain't neither of them got. I'd sure hate to have you take a wallop at me. Yes, sir! I bet you never had to hit a man twice."

"I'm too old for that foolishness," says Piet, not by no means displeased. "So long as nobody bothers me, I don't bother nobody, but I guess once will be enough if I get my mad up. I don't know but if you're so crazy about it you might use that sink. You get your hot water from the engine room."

"Thank you kindly, but I reckon I won't," says Gib. "I ain't got no locker, for one thing, and somebody might make a kick, as I ain't a-working in the shop. But I sure appreciate your kindness, Mr. ——"

"Hoogenstat," says Piet, a-buttoning his coat. "Everybody knows me."

"Sure!" says Gib. "You must be the Hoogenstat that Henry Albien in Custer was telling me about. He was a-bragging about you being the best tool sharpener in the Black Hills. I guess it was Henry."

"That'same," says Piet, grinning. "Henry knows me. You know him?"

"I done a heap of business with him," says Gib. "I buy all the supplies for my ranch on Pleasant Valley from Henry Albien. A good man, and he don't never lie. My name's Gib Dixon, Mr. Hoogenstat, and I'm mighty pleased to meet you."

They shook hands and presently walked down the street together. Gib wasn't never more chatty and pleasant in his life, but he made a couple of bad breaks. One was when he asked Piet to have a drink at the Bird o' Freedom, and Piet told him he never drunk in no saloons, and the other was offering to buy him a cigar at Buxton's pool room. Piet stopped short and rolled his eyes at him, real suspicious, sort of boring into his soul.

"You running for some office?" he asks.

"Why, no," Gib answers; "I'm a-working on the hundred-foot level with Sol Pengelly. Do I look like a candidate?"

"Got a fine mine prospect you just need a little money to develop?"

"Not on your life," says Gib. "I told you I was a rancher. I'm mining because I hate to be idle, and you can't do much on a ranch until the frost's out of the ground."

"Then I take a cigar with you and welcome," says Piet. "Excuse my questions."

As they come out of Buxton's, Gib made his big play. Pointing to some houses up on the hillside, he says, "Ain't it a crime they don't give some of these houses a lick of paint? Not a dog-gone house in the camp, or for ten mile around, that's got so much as a coat of priming, excepting the super's house. And why? I always say that paint don't cost you nothing—not if you figure what you lose by rot and rust."

Old Piet slapped him on the shoulder with a hand pretty close to the size and weight of a ham. "By golly! That's what I always say," he hollers, grinning from ear to ear. "Paint don't cost nothing. I guess I've said that a thousand times. You figure what you lose by not using it, and it pays you money. By jiminy crickets! You've got sense, young man!"

"It's just the way it strikes me," says Gib, modest.

"It's true," says Piet, slapping him again. "To say nothing of the looks. But

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"Twelve below outside but seventy above within-

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(Continued from Page 96)

you was wrong about there being no painted house in ten mile. I'll show you one that's painted, within less than a quarter. Piet Hoogenstat's house. Mine! Yes, you go and clean up and get your supper and then come down Dutch Cañon. You'll know the house when you see it. You come—and maybe I find a bottle or two of beer. So long."

He gave Gib another slap on the shoulder and left him.

Gib was tickled to death at first, but, come to think it over, he was some worried about Piet washing up like he did to go home to Katie, his own daughter. He felt that he had made himself solid with Piet, but had that been a good play? Wouldn't it have been better to have gone a little slow, so's it wouldn't—in case—be too hard backing out of the old man's affection? Hows'ever, he could study on that later, and he hurried through his supper and cleaned himself and changed his clothes and started out.

Piet welcomed him cordial and introduced him to his daughter, Katie, who made him a little curtsy, and then, when her father's back was turned, made a face at him. She was real quiet all the evening, busy knitting a gray stocking and only a word out of her at a time when spoke to. Didn't miss a stitch except when she got up to bring the beer and the big copper ash trays when they begun to smoke. They all sat in the kitchen, which was different from the setting room, but equal in polish, or more so, there being a slew of copper and brass kettles that you could see your face in any one.

It was a mighty pleasant evening. Piet talked about paint and about the blacksmith shop and the mine and different kinds of beer and the schnapps that he kept in the house, and brought out a sample of, that had been sent to him direct from Holland—by a friend. He gave Katie a side look there, but Katie was 'tending to her knitting. And Gib listened, polite and def'rential, putting in remarks that showed how deep he was intrusted, and a-watching Katie's quick fingers; and you could see that he was getting solider with Piet every minute, and finally, when he got up to go Piet told him to come again soon—come again any time—any evening he hadn't got nothing better to do. Katie made him another curtsy, and this time she put out her tongue when Piet wasn't looking.

As soon as Gib had gone Katie come to life with a snap. The stocking and yarn went into a drawer and the drawer slammed. "My! The muss!" she exclaims. "Of all the careless, dirty men! Look at them ashes! Look at the beer on my nice clean table! I lose patience!"

"You ain't got none too much to lose," Piet growls. "That's a nice young man, Katie, and you want to treat him right when he comes here."

"He's your kind, I see that," says Katie. "If he comes I'll send him back to shave. Think of his coming here and not shaved! My!"

"You fuss too much," Piet told her. "Didn't you see how he wiped his feet before he come into the house? I thought he'd rub the soles off his shoes. But you don't give no credit. I tell you to be nice to that young man. You will be glad if you are. You see."

"I know what you mean," says Katie, turning on him, her hands on her hips. "You must think I'm dumb. You've been writing to Mevrouw Van Doorn again. I know. She sent you them schnapps, too, didn't she? All right! Write to her. Bring her out here. But don't you think I'll stay in the house with a stepmother. Go right ahead, father dear. She'll let you spill ashes and beer all over, and come back from work all dirty, and you'll be happy."

"I'm a-going to bed," says Piet.

You can figure out for yourselves how much show Gib had. One month from then, he sat down and wrote a letter to Milt that he was a-going to take a lay-off Thursday of the week follering so's to get down to the valley and see how things was at the ranch and to meet them in Custer, sure pop and without fail. "And I want for you to take a hoe and scrape the worst off the floors and see that your bed's made and things fixed sort of decent and no dirty dishes from last week a-laying around, and take a currycomb to the team afore you start, and wash off the wagon, too. Reason why, is because the girl I'm a-going to marry and her old man is a-coming with me and I don't want them to think we was raised in a hogpen. You never said if the fence was up. It had better be if you know what's good for you. Her name is Katie, and she is Dutch by dissent. P.S. and I want you to round up the cow and the heifer. I hope Tige is all right."

He sent that off, and inside of three days he got an answer back.

"We will sure be glad to have you and your girl make us a visit," Milt wrote. "Don't you lose no sleep about the house being fixed up all right. Gladys will see to that. You remember Gladys. Used to be Gladys Porter, up on Mill creek. We was married the seventh of last February, but I didn't tell you at the time, being busy getting out the poles to stake and rider that dog-gone fence. As far as the grub goes, you ain't out nothing, because two can live as cheap as one, but I'll make it all right if you don't think so. Tige et some poison meat I'd set out for the coyotes, but it won't matter so much when I get the fence up. We'll be at the hotel right on time."

Gib was a considerable put out. It meant that he'd have a heap of explaining to Katie and Piet, as he hadn't told them about the house being sort of partnership and he figured him and Milt could fix that up together. Milt was always easy-going and fair-minded. And there was the team, too, that Milt had a kind of intrust in. But now this business of Gladys! He hadn't wanted to go down to the ranch until after him and Katie was married, but Piet wouldn't see it thataway, and Katie seemed like she was anxious to find out what she was up against. Sure looked like trouble.

It was a good guess. When them two women met in the parlor of the Briggs House you could see by their politeness that they had took a warm disliking to each other, and before they left Custer, Katie had made it clear and plain that she didn't want no woman, even temp'ry, in the house she was a-going to live in, and when they got to the ranch she looked around at the elegant landscape and wanted to know where the ranch was, and Piet said that was what he wanted to know. It come to a climax in the house. Katie allowed that they was joking, and this wasn't it. Inside, it certainly looked a heap better than when the boys was baching in it, but all Katie said was "My!"

She sure put a heap of expression in that word though.

"What do you mean by 'My!' Miss Hoogenstat, if I may make so bold as to ask?" says Gladys.

"I meant that I didn't have no intention of ever living in it," says Katie, dropping her politeness. "My!"

"That's just as well," says Gladys, "because if you did have any such intentions, I might have other intentions to the contrary. My husband and me haven't no idee of taking boarders in our house."

"Your house?" says Katie. "Did I understand you to say your house, ma'am?"

"That's what I said," replies Gladys, "but being a foreigner maybe you didn't understand English. Yes, ma'am. My house. I'm real sorry if you don't like it."

"Oh, I didn't mean to say it wasn't a very nice house—for chickens or tools, if it was scrubbed and whitewashed," says Katie. "But such as it is, I thought it belonged to Gib."

"It's on the line, honey," Gib puts in, in a hurry. "Part on my land and part on Milt's land; but it's all in the fam'ly. We can draw straws for it or ——"

"Is the cow on the line, too?" Katie interrupts him.

"No," answers Gib, taking her by the arm. "I want to show you the cow. Come along."

He hurried her out to the corral. The cow hadn't picked up much after a hard winter. Katie stared at her.

"You call that a cow, do you?" she asks.

"She's had one calf," says Gib, apologetic. "Yes, I reckon I'd call her a cow."

"Let's go back to Custer," says Katie, swinging around.

Gib coaxed her to stay a while longer until she'd seen the ranch, anyway, and it was a right sightly place, sure enough. Katie found a right good spring on a knoll at the east end of it that the boys hadn't even took the trouble to dig out, and she was considerable took with it.

"There's where we could have our house," she says, a-pointing a little ways downhill. "We could pipe the water into it and into a spring house for the butter and cheese. But we'll have to have a cow. From here I can look out all over and see just where you are and what you're doing."

That took Gib's breath away. He'd about give up all hope. "Why, you darling little dumpling!" he exclaims. "So you like it, after all!"

"It's not much worse than I expected," says she. "I know you pretty well. But your brother is a dirty man, and his wife—she ain't a good housekeeper. They move that disgraceful shack over to their side of the line, and they're welcome to it, without drawing any straws."

"Never mind about them, sugar lump," says Gib. "Say, I'm a happy man this day, Katie. I sure don't see what made you fall in love with me, but right at the very start we took to each other a heap—talking together like we'd always been acquainted, free and natural. Ain't that so?"

"I didn't fall in love with you," says Katie. "Right from the moment I seen you, a-looking out of the window, my fingers just ached to get at you and scrub some of the dirt off you. That's all it was, sweetheart."

But Piet didn't take it so good. He'd been looking mighty om'nous all the way back to Custer and a-saying nothing, but when Katie went up to her room at the hotel he busted loose at Gib, his face red as a beet and every hair on his white mustache a-bristling out straight.

"I got a big notion to break you in two across my knee," he says. "I didn't ever believe you was a millionaire, like you tried to make out, but I thought you had a ranch and some stock, when all you've got is a claim that ain't even proved up on. You couldn't raise a thousand dollars to save you—not five hundred, by golly!"

"If I had a thousand dollars what would I want with a ranch?" says Gib. "And you take that fist of yours and put it in your pocket. I don't like the smell of it. I'd as lief take a licking as have a man try to bulldoze me, and I ain't ever been licked yet without trying real hard to prevent it. Sabe? If you want to talk reasonable, go ahead, but you ain't big enough to bluff me."

"Well," says Piet, cooling down a little, "you can't marry Katie now, anyway. Not this year." He swore in Dutch for a short streak. "And that knocks all my plans to thunder," he says. "But one thing, that girl has got to be not so fussy about a man cleaning up. If I want to sit and eat in my overalls in my own house, I guess, by jiminy crickets, I got a right; and if I want to smoke my pipe I don't go outdoors. All women are not so. I have a friend ——"

"Sure," says Gib. "Katie hinted at something of the sort, and I don't blame you for wanting to be comfortable."

"But Katie is my daughter," says Piet. "She must have things nice when she marries, and the man must show me, Piet Hoogenstat. I shall break that man's neck who tries to do different, and that is no bulldoze and no bluff, you bet. I can wait a while longer, and Katie is a good girl, and I'm going to see the house that she is to live in and I am going to see the man's bankbook, and both must satisfy me."

"Anything you say that's right and fair, I'm agreeable to," says Gib.

So, according to what Piet thought was right and what Katie allowed was proper and sensible, Gib stuck to his job in the mine for another full year, and, having by this time learned to polish a drill head and get his hole straight, he drew full miners' wages within a month. Out of that he paid his board, which was reasonable, and his laundry, which wasn't, not to mention extra soap and shoe polish; but he shut down on Milt's grocery bills and Milt done his plowing for him for the grub he'd already paid for. Always meant to be square, Milt did. Well, enduring that year, outside of this, all Gib spent was his time, and he done the most of that at Piet Hoogenstat's. Three nights a week, regular, and he'd have made it seven if Katie had let him. There was a few times she sent him back to shave when he'd forgot it, and she made him take off his coat or his vest if he got a grease spot, and gave him a little tongue-lashing while she cleaned 'em. Also she let him see that he was in better standing if he didn't join Piet in a smoke, and he wasn't let to wear his white collars beyond a certain point; but all the same, he spent them evenings happily and was hopeful about the future.

"Once we're married, she won't expect it of me," he thinks. "It don't hurt to humor her, for the time being."

At the end of the year he had a thousand dollars and a habit of working steady to

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show for the time he'd spent in Grand Junction.

"Good!" says Piet, and brought out the schnapps.

"Another year as good as this and I'll be able to start on that house, Katie," Gib says, prideful. "Only I don't know but what we hadn't better stay here."

"No, we'll go to the ranch," says Katie. "I want a cow." She looked at her father, who grinned back at her. "I guess we won't wait another year, Gib," she says, coloring to the roots of her yaller hair. "We don't need to."

Piet chuckled.

"How come?" says Gib. "I thought we'd figured on a couple of thousand."

"We didn't tell you; but Katie's got a thousand of her own," says Piet.

And that was what Katie had, sure enough. An aunt in the old country had left it to her, not counting what old Piet gave her, which was handsome, nor the furniture and pots and pans that was her mother's, nor the linen and such that she'd been working on against the time she'd need it ever since she was a little girl and learned to sew. She was sure well fixed, and Gib was mighty set up and proud of himself, account of it, not knowing what was to come.

Joe Tredegar gave him an inkling of it. "Going to quit work, are you, me son?" he says. "W'ere you b'long goin', and wot fur? W'y, son," he says, "you ain't begun to work yet; not 'arf. 'Ere you've got an easy ten-hour day and an easy boss, and theer —— But I don't want to say nothink to take the 'art out of you. I 'ope for the best, and if you want a winter job to rest up on any time and I'm short-'anded, come and see me."

Gib thanked him kindly and went down to Pleasant Valley to put up the house, according to the plans and spec'fications that Katie and Piet and him had drawed up long previous and which Piet had got Green the pattern maker to draw off in white on blue paper, all to scale. Lumber was tol'rable cheap them days, anyway, by going to the sawmill and hauling it, and Floyd Peters, who had a mill up near Echo Cañon, was a good friend of Gib's, and let him have his pick of a pile of season stuff below the price of green. There was a limestone formation on the ranch and sand in the bottom of a dry gulch, handy, and rock to throw at the birds, so the material for the plaster and mason work didn't cost nothing but the labor of hauling it. The paint was different. Gib allowed it would cost too darned much if it was slopped on the reckless way that Piet and Katie figured; but Piet told him that paint didn't cost nothing when you calculated what you'd lose by rot and rust, not using enough of it, and Gib allowed that mebbe that was so.

Well, it wasn't long afore Pleasant Valley had something to look at and talk about, and folks on the road to Custer from the Springs and Red Cañon felt they had been rewarded rich when they had drove a couple of miles out of their way to see if it was true and their eyes had not been deceiving them. But many a time and oft Gib remembered what Joe Tredegar had said about him just beginning to work. All the same, the house got done, and the paint and plaster dry and the water piped into the spring house, and the cute little barn for the cow, with stone floor and modern plumbing, that was painted to match the house, and the picket fence around the yard, and the pickets painted white, and a brick walk from the gate to the house door—and everything.

"There!" says Gib, a-throwing himself on the ground and panting. "She's done at last, dog-gone it! And now I can take things sort of easy for the balance of my days."

So he went back to Grand Junction and married Katie and come back with her to the Valley to take things easy—similar to the buck ant that the sluggard is told to go to, and the busy bee that gathers up a load of honey and packs it to the hive and then flies right back for another load, or one of them nigger slaves on a cotton plantation with a capable cuss with a cowhide to see that he didn't take it too dog-gone easy. It wasn't that Katie meant to overwork him, but she didn't realize that a man needs a breathing spell oncet in a while, even when Gib told her. She breathed herself without wasting time to do it. She certainly got tired along about nine o'clock at night, but the thing then was to go to bed and sleep off the tired feeling and get up at about four o'clock next morning, ready for a good day's work.

"But there's no need for this here unness'ry work, honey," Gib used to tell her. "I tell you it gets kind of old."

"Unness'ry work ain't no harder nor as hard as ness'ry work is," she says. "You can take it for a pastime when there ain't no call for it."

"Currycombing a dog-gone cow ain't no pastime," says Gib.

"No, that's ness'ry," she says.

So what was the use of arguing? She'd only have proved it on you.

And if Gib had any idee that she'd slack up on the washing and shaving questions—which he had—he was mistook. As the years rolled on, she only seemed to get more particular. She hadn't got the bride-new a week old afore she rolled up her sleeves and washed him, being out of patience at the way he was doing it. She made a right thorough job of it too.

"There, that's the way to wash," she says. "Not just wet the dirt and rub the worst off on the towel. What are you a-stamping around thataway for?"

"Soap in my eyes, dog-gone it!" Gib yells.

"I ought to have told you that you should shut your eyes when you use soap," she says. "You couldn't be expected to know. It's my fault, lamb, and Katie's sorry. She'll be careful to tell you the next time."

"This is the last time you ever take a rag to me, I serve you notice," he says.

"Then you've got to do it exactly the way I showed you," she tells him. "Why, your face is clean enough to be kissed."

That was all right; but Gib knew that he'd have to ablute her way from that on, and he done so. The same way with shaving. She offered to try her hand at it if it was too much trouble to do it himself, but he didn't give her no chance.

And the house always slick and shining and scrubbed and scoured so's Gib had to take off his boots every night and put on slippers she'd wove for him out of strips of felt; and if he wanted to smoke he could set outside and smoke his head off, or in bad weather have a comfortable pipe in the room off the kitchen where the washtubs was, and a nice stone floor that he could sweep up easy when he got through. Katie sure showed Gladys what housekeeping was. She and Gladys had finally got on speaking terms, even if they didn't always speak real cordial and didn't visit much.

And when little Piet come Katie got worse. She'd been reading up on how to raise a baby, and the way was not to let no germs come anigh them, and what she done to keep them germs at arm's len'th was a sight more than most do to keep the wolf from the door. Gib couldn't take no comfort in the little tad, nor even hold him, until he had proved he was sterilized. And the work piled right up on him, ness'ry and unness'ry, until it certainly got old.

It was like Katie had said she could see right from the window any time just where he was and what he was a-doing; but once in a while Gib would make an excuse or sneak off to see Milt, and they'd sit on a fence together and Milt would hand over his plug and they'd have a good visit. They thought a heap of each other, them two boys. And the old plug tobacco sure tasted good to Gib.

"Why don't you come up to the house and see us once in a while, you and Gladys?" says Gib. "Katie would be tickled to death."

"Well, I would, and Glad wants to the worst way," says Milt. "She often says, 'Milt, we've sure got to go see Katie and Gib before long. It's a shame we don't go oftener, and us so near,' she says. Glad thinks a powerful lot of Katie, Gib."

"So does Katie think a heap of Gladys," Gib comes back at him.

"But somehow ——" they both says together. And then they grinned.

"It's like this," says Gib: "Katie don't feel like going far from the house right now."

"That's so," says Milt. "Glad was wondering the other day how she was. How is she, Gib?"

"First rate," says Gib. "Fine! Does all her work just the same. But you don't need to fix up to come and see us. Come any old way." He took a look at Milt. "How often you shave, Milt?"

"Oh, I don't know," says Milt. "When I feel like it. But you folks are so sort of—you're a heap changed, Gib. Quite the dude. And your house and all. What for have you been a-paving the yard thataway?"

"Gives little hands something to do," says Gib. "No, it saves work in the long run. Less mud and dust and germs tracked into the house. Remember when we sat on that knoll watching to see the cattle didn't get into our oats? All day long we sat, and didn't give a gol-durn whether school kept or not. I shaved when I felt like it then." He sighed. "Them was the happy days, Milt; only we didn't know it."

The stock tender, moved by sympathy and righteous indignation, interrupted at this point to say that if he had a woman like that he'd break her darned neck. The Bar T boy said that there wasn't no occasion for that. A man could be a man or he could be a mouse. Bill Crane, whose wife was fairly self-assertive and notably neat, said, "Oh, you think that, do you? Well, go right on a-thinking that way till you find different."

"The aphorism that cleanliness is next to godliness is certainly debatable," Selby opined. "At the same time, gentlemen, there are compensations for everything, and Mr. Gilbert Dixon doubtless gained in self-respect what he lost in solid comfort; moreover, he went into the thing with his eyes open and thereby assumed all risk and responsibility. The days that are past are always the happy days, but if they returned we would still be emulating the saltatory antics of a bay steer in a cornfield. Was Mr. Dixon really unhappy when you saw him last, Mr. Stegg?"

"One of the happiest and contentedest men for a married man—I ever seen," replied the old bullwhacker. "It come about thisaway: One day when little Katie was about a year old and the boy rising three, Katie seen to her horror that the ball on the lightning rod on the north end of the house was all rust, and she told Gib to get some kerosene and sandpaper and get up and scour it off. Gib kicked like that bay steer you was speaking about, Selby; but it wasn't no good, and he finally got the ladder and clumb up to the roof and scoured the ball off good, and then he come down again—missing the ladder and hitting the stone paving in the yard, his head just busting through the wire around the tulip bed, by good luck.

"Katie let out one whoop, and then shut her mouth and got busy. Gib was no featherweight, but she had him up in her arms, dirt and blood and all, without no regard for her clean dress, and had him in the house and down on the bed with its fresh white sheets and lace-trim cover and shams, before you could have said scat. Milt and Gladys who had dressed up and come over that evening, found her still a-working on the case, with the two young ones yelling bloody murder and the house looking like a careless, untidy cyclone had gone through it. Three ribs, a collar bone, a fractured hip and cuts and contusions was all was the matter with Gib, and while Katie was busy a-nursing him and not looking, a germ slipped in and bit little Piet. The doc said it was scarlet fever and that little Katie was apt to catch it—which she done.

"That was where Gladys showed up strong; her and Milt, the both of 'em. By the time old Piet and Katie's new Dutch stepmother got down there waan't nothing for them to do except get in the way, so they went back. And in the darned long run both the kids got well, and Gib too, so's you couldn't hardly notice the limp, but they had one great old time for a while.

"And now, any time you go to Pleasant Valley and happen in on Gib, it's an even chance that you'll see him with a couple of days' growth of whiskers around his grin, and if Katie didn't see you a-coming you might see her in a Mother Hubbard if it was in the morning, and just as happy as if the house was just so and a little extra. There's quite a raft of kids now, and they play with germs real sociable, but they seem pretty rugged and no one of 'em has been killed for dropping crusts on the floor or the like.

"I don't say, mind, that Katie ain't a good housekeeper all the same. They keep up the paint still—which don't cost 'em nothing—and there's a foot scraper by the doorstep which is used, and you could eat off her table, and Gib still curries off the cow and washes before he sets down to a meal and wears a collar and necktie Sundays ——"

"Then I don't see what he's got to be so gol-darned happy and contented about," said the stock tender.

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SOCIETY'S DOOR TENDER

(Continued from Page 15)

alone with a man—a woman who would do all these things was not to be found outside of a mining camp or some such community.

For a standard of the old days I keep in my mind the memory of an Astor ball, of one of those affairs at 840 Fifth Avenue when the two Astor houses, by the opening of the wide doors in the central wall, would be made as one, the home of Mrs. William Astor being augmented by the adjoining house of her son, John Jacob Astor. Those two houses are kept as one now, and the sight-seeing-bus lecturer bawls through his megaphone that it is the home of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Astor.

Thirty years ago, when I had been four years learning a few of the things that came to be my stock in trade, my profession, if you will permit me to call it so, I learned to know the faces of everyone who was admitted to Mrs. Astor's house, and knowing them, I knew New York society. Through the '90's and the first years of this century the people admitted to those almost regal functions were what was meant by society. Not to get in there was equivalent to being barred from society.

People sometimes have expressed wonder that I am able today to stand in the vestibule of a church and tell by a glance whether the people who stream into a fashionable wedding are really privileged to walk on the red carpet across the sidewalk beneath the shelter of the red-and-white striped awning. Scores of men in morning coats and top hats, of women in silk and chiffon and lace, will rustle past me, sometimes giving me a word of recognition, sometimes with nothing said. They pass me as easily as an old depositor passes the gray guard of a bank ten minutes after closing hours. Then along will come a couple who are stopped by me as the bank guard would stop strangers after banking hours.

"Pardon me, sir, your card of admission?"

"That's all right, my man; of course, I did not bring it."

Intruders

Sometimes they bluster, but I can't remember when I've made a mistake about one of them. There always are scores who try to crash into the big church weddings—milliners and dressmakers for the most part. They are after fashions, knowing as they do that at such affairs French gowns are sometimes worn by owners who bought them abroad as exclusive models. There must have been fifty of them tried it at the wedding of the Duke of Marlborough to Consuelo Vanderbilt. I heard the awning ripping and looked out of the church door to see them slitting it with knives and scissors. There was one woman lying on top of the awning, peering down through the spaces where it was laced to the iron framework. I made sure she was not intending mischief and left her alone, but I did go after those who went through the coal hole. It's a fact.

Two young women, modishly dressed, lifted the cover off the sidewalk coal hole, lowered themselves as if they had practiced it and made their way through the cellar of the church to a place in the rear of the sacristy. I never saw them so desperate as they were at that affair, and yet at the reception at the house afterward there were no such attempts.

I ran into a funny case at a big wedding up on the West Side. A queer fellow kept trying to get in. I turned him away a couple of times. His hair was matted, his eyes watery, his clothing shabby and torn, and he had long thin fingers. Suddenly when I was seemingly off guard he made a rush for the door of the church where the ceremony was in progress.

"I'll tear the veil off her!" he cried. "They got no right to wear such fine clothes! I'll tear the veil ——"

That's when I grabbed him, and luckily there was a policeman ready to give me a hand. The man was crazy. A few days later he was sent away to an asylum.

My ability to recognize and identify the members of New York's society was carefully cultivated. If I did not know a couple as they left their carriage, I always asked their coachman, and then I was careful not to forget the name when he told me. In time I did develop an extraordinary memory for names and faces, so that at our establishment today we never use hat checks. As people enter, the boy takes the wraps and I write the name on a slip of paper.

When Childs Frick was married in Baltimore to Miss Dixon, some years ago, they sent for me to stand at the door of the church so that I could identify the New York people. For the same purpose I've gone to affairs in Savannah, Georgia; to Pittsburgh; to North Carolina and up into New England. Half the people whose faces were registered on my memory and who got in without so much as showing their invitations would not know me, but among the half that do know me I could count some warm friends.

James Hazen Hyde and Madame Réjane in the Costumes Worn at the Hyde Ball

One thing I've noticed with some concern is the change that has come over the behavior of people at fashionable weddings. Formerly a gentle handful of rice would be sprinkled on the bride and groom as they came down the stairs to depart on their wedding journey. Now it is considered smart to deluge them with rice, confetti, shoes and anything handy and not too heavy.

When I came to New York, an immigrant boy, I went to work for the Long Island Railroad, and finally got a job as porter at the Thirty-fourth Street Ferry. I had a gold mine there. I made so much money from the wealthy folks going to and returning from Long Island, whose baggage I carried, that I honestly did not know how much I was making. I used to spend it at the race tracks, and when I lost that job I was no better off than before. Right after that I started in as a porter for the establishment with which I am still connected.

It may seem like an instinct, but actually the faculty that enables me to spot the ineligibles is something akin to that sense which made it possible for sheep herders in the Isle of Wight, where I was born and spent my early youth, to know each of their flocks. Each lamb was distinguishable to them.

I think it must be that I have learned to tell the lambs because in my thirty-five years I've attended the christenings as well as the weddings, the funerals as well as the merrymaking. This work of mine has another dimension, so to speak. When I started there were literally not more than five hundred people. I learned to know every one of them. I learned the names to go with the patrician faces. The families were indexed in my mind. Then society began to expand. There was less exclusiveness. Not only ancestry but riches, cleverness and a knowledge of the rules of the game became good for admission. I kept track of the expansion.

Instead of five hundred faces, there came a time when I had to remember a thousand, two thousand, until today I must acknowledge I am no longer able to say, "This one belongs; this one does not."

The trouble is, there aren't any rules today. Society that was as compact as a lump of sugar a generation ago is as diluted today as that lump of sugar would be if dropped into a pail of hot water.

I remember as if it were yesterday that occasion in the Astor home which resulted in the application of the term "Four Hundred" to society. The Astor ball was held every year on the second Monday in January. But as the years slipped by the number of guests increased to about seven hundred, not because Mrs. Astor was any less careful in scrutinizing her invitation list, but because children were growing up and eligible people from other cities were invited.

At Mrs. Astor's

Mrs. Astor conducted herself as a queen, a very gracious, kindly queen, but her frown was devastating.

Mrs. Astor and her daughter-in-law would receive in her music room, a nobly proportioned chamber with a groined ceiling, the walls covered with paintings that had cost a fortune and could have been sold for a larger one. Chaste half-naked goddesses clasped a wreath with outstretched hands over the mantel so as to support between them a huge oval glass. Dismembered, one of those hansom cabs that were as thick on Fifth Avenue in those days as taxicabs are now, could have been burned in the wide-open fireplace and made less of a flame than the log that customarily crackled there.

Mr. Harry Lehr and Mr Elisha Dyer led the Astor cotillions—Mr. Lehr with Mrs. Astor's daughter, Mrs. Orme Wilson, for his partner, and Mr. Dyer with Mrs. John Jacob Astor, who now is Lady Ribblesdale. I like to recall those affairs—the two lines of the supper march, curving in great scrolls as the marchers swung along in cadence with the music of Lander's orchestra, playing, likely enough, the Washington Post March. There would never be a man in that ballroom attired in anything a degree less formal than full evening dress. The gowns of the women exposed not so much as an inch of their ankles; and if it seemed that there was too much of a display of shoulders at least the gentlemen were as cautious in dancing with them as if those shoulders were afflicted with poison ivy.

Contrasted with the men and women who waddle and wriggle in tight embraces on our dance floors today, those people who were cautiously admitted to Mrs. Astor's home seem as figures in a golden age of chivalry.

It was a time of stiff conventionality. My work caused me to move all over the house, from the ballroom to the kitchen. At those affairs I was a major-domo of the catering establishment that supervised the culinary side of the entertainment, and my livery was a sort of cloak of invisibility. I walked as pompously as I knew how—as pompously, in fact, as I had been instructed—with my chin up, seeming to see nothing and yet seeing everything; avoiding the eyes of the guests and going among them as unremarked as a bit of furniture

In those times, when the cotillion was a feature of every dance, guests arrived from dinners comparatively early and there would be waltzing and general dancing until 11:30 or midnight, when an elaborate seated supper would be served. I can remember one time when I performed almost as valiant a service as Paul Revere, in order that the Astor reputation for perfect entertaining might go unchallenged. Sometimes, you see, I would be in the coat room, or I'd stride stiffly into the dining room to see which one of our waiters was stationed at John Jacob Astor's table.

This night, through some mischance I've forgotten, there were one hundred more guests than we had prepared supper for. How my employer's eyes rolled! He seemed as one who had swallowed a demon and suffered excruciating agony of soul. Mrs. Astor's anger would have been ruinous. In a dramatic whisper, I was told to go with all speed to the restaurant for another gallon of terrapin and about forty portions of ruddy ducks and canvasbacks. In the meantime the portions on hand were being subjected to a sort of miracle of expansion by division, each generous helping being robbed of half itself.

There were no automobiles then, and as I dashed from the house hatless and in knee breeches, I was worrying about transportation. There were long lines of carriages, but none that I could command except a shabby horse cab driven by an old fellow named Bill something. He was a wizened, red-nosed cabby and his regular stand was at Herald Square; but when there was anything of importance on the Avenue he would hover around, he and his many-ribbed horse, to see if he could pick up a scrap of business.

"Make your horse run," I implored him as I leaped into the blackness of his cab, and away we went at a four-beat gallop, the rickety cab swaying and jolting. At the restaurant I gasped out a few words to apprise them of the terrible situation we were in and within seven or eight minutes I was on my way back in the same cab, the ducks in a sack in my lap, the terrapin steaming in a tall can between my knees. As I dashed into the servants' entrance my employer commended me with a "Well done" that rang in my ears with the same effect that the praise of a coach of a college football team has on a struggling player.

No Terrapin for Her

You can depend on it that in the minds of us who served them, even the Four Hundred were classified according to a system of caste all our own. There were not more than twenty-five or thirty there that night that we people deemed of sufficient importance to merit a complete portion of duck or terrapin.

Do you know, I haven't seen terrapin served at a supper of large proportions for ten years; but when Mrs. Astor was alive, a supper was not a supper without terrapin. Now I can think of only one or two of what I call terrapin people among our patrons. Just the other day I suggested it to a lady who was preparing the menu of a dance supper. She was hesitating, vetoing this and that.

"Madame," I said, "terrapin would be appropriate."

"No reptiles, thank you," she said firmly, and that was that.

The cotillion followed the supper at an Astor ball and at the affairs of those who aped Mrs. Astor; and, I can tell you, most people who made any pretense of having a social career did ape her sedulously.

Usually the cotillion began with what was known as the grand right and left, and then would follow the various figures, every other one being a favor figure. At the Astor home it was customary to have a silver and a gold figure in which the souvenirs were distributed to the couples by the hostess from a favor table. The popular girl was no more than seated after having danced through a figure than she would be asked by one of the men to enter another figure. So it was that the favors a girl carried home from a cotillion were an index of her popularity. Those favors alone cost thousands and thousands for an evening. Sometimes there were gorgeous feather-and-ivory fans, or beautiful hats, smart ones; opera bags sometimes, with the best

(Continued on Page 109

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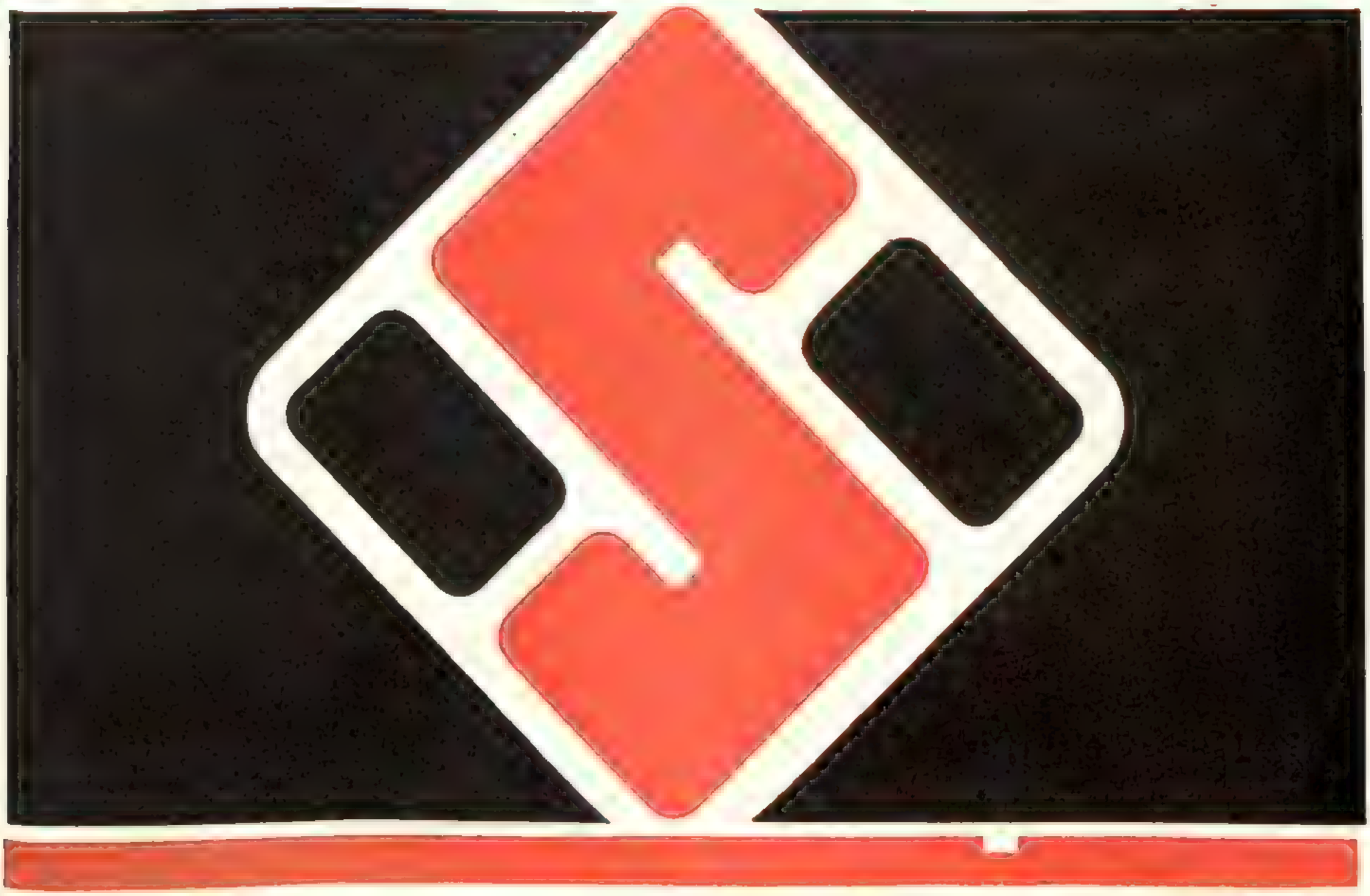

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(Continued from Page 104)

of French glasses in them; jeweled trinkets of every sort; and for the men, tie pins, gold knives and similar gifts.

The stags who attended a cotillion were not permitted on the ballroom floor during the dancing. Today they swarm there, and a hostess feels that she has failed if she does not have from two to three men for every girl that comes to her parties. It is a silly outgrowth of the custom of cutting. A girl begins to dance with one man and sometimes before she has taken six steps with him another partner presents himself, interrupting the dance by touching the first man on the shoulder. These hunters of the polyandrous dancing girls stand massed in the center of the ballroom and the couples dance around them. The number of times a girl is "broken" is the measure of her popularity now, rather than the extent of her collection of favors. Instead of favors, she carries flowers home this year.

Two sisters who were introduced to society this winter at our establishment had to take their bouquets home in clothes hampers. Every young man in town who knew them and wanted to be invited to their parties sent them flowers. I should imagine debutantes would have to keep card-index files of their masculine acquaintances, because some hostesses are resorting to strange means in order to supply their social functions with sufficient men. There are women of social pretensions in New York who have given entertainments this year and in compiling their invitation lists have used college year books in order to get an adequate supply of men. The entire membership of two or three college clubs in New York have been invited to some of these not very exclusive functions.

Many young people whose faces indicate good breeding, at least, try to crash, as they express it, into all of the large dances given at our place. Perhaps one of them will have an invitation, but that one will try to get a dozen friends in on the strength of it. There was a dance recently at which four hundred were expected. When we were forced to close the doors there were eight hundred inside and not room to turn around on the ballroom floor.

The Bradley Martins' Big Affair

It was in the '90's that New York society began to entertain lavishly. Ball succeeded ball, and it seemed to be the ambition of each host or hostess to make the last affair eclipse the memory of its predecessors. I was drafted for service at the Bradley Martin costume ball at the Waldorf-Astoria. There had been criticism from pulpits and in the newspapers, for there was considerable distress that year. The ballroom had been transformed into a replica of Versailles. But the characters that roamed about the court of Louis Quinze were ludicrous anachronisms. From my post at the door I was privileged to see Miss Anne Morgan, as Pocahontas, the Indian princess, exchange banter with Mr. August Belmont, in a suit of armor so thickly incrusted and inlaid with gold that, given a can opener and an opportunity, I think I might have made my fortune. The gentlemen of this century were not designed to wear such heavy suits. Mrs. Bradley Martin informed inquirers that she was Mary Stuart, but her husband had selected the most appropriate costume. He was King Louis, and looked his part in a white-powdered wig, a suit of brocade and a grand flirtatious air quite unlike his solemn manner of the daylight.

My work that night was not so exciting as I had feared it might be. All the ladies clicked and rattled with gleaming jewels and golden chains and the men wore temptation in the form of diamond buttons; but no unauthorized persons passed the cordon of helmeted policemen placed about the hotel in double lines, although quite a few tried to do so. Theodore Roosevelt was a police commissioner in New York that winter, unless my memory fails me. The ball was in February, 1897.

Much of the talk before and after that affair among the rich and their satellites who idled about our establishment, was of the ominous complaints of what they spoke of as "the mob." I think some of them really got to fancying themselves aristocrats endangered by revolution.

The queer manifestations of printing presses which we came to know as yellow journalism were just coming into full bloom then, and the ball was a godsend for the writers whose duties were to feed the front pages. They would have had a heavenly time if the innocent diversions of that affair had been half as lurid as some I see now. I'm thinking of the dancing. I never expect to see the time when I can feel anything but disgust for the animal-like movements that keep the cadence of saxophone bleatings as this generation enjoys itself in what I shall dismiss as modern dancing. Dancing, indeed!

I think it was in 1894 that Miss Anne Morgan made her debut. It was in the old house at 219 Madison Avenue. There were about one hundred and fifty for dinner and about three hundred came for dancing and supper. It was not an elaborate affair. The house was thick with the scent of flowers, and the people, if rendered for their wealth as country folks render hogs for their fat, would have made a pile of gold higher than the ambition of some of them.

Miss Morgan's father was what I should call a plain entertainer. He had people around him because he was gregarious. I think of him as one who enjoyed having company. He had his cronies and he seemed very fond of them—after he had eaten. Night after night he would arrive at the restaurant about six o'clock. Likely enough he had not eaten all day. He fed himself generously. Oysters were prime favorites with him, and he was served not twelve but twenty-four, which were set before him in an oblong fish platter. Then he would have an extra sirloin and sauté potatoes. He usually had terrapin. You would serve him terrapin almost as certainly as you would see that he had a napkin.

"Terrapin for Mr. Morgan, Pascal," would be the command in the kitchen, and the chef knew that meant he was to dish up a double or triple portion of terrapin. When he had eaten his terrapin, Mr. Morgan would lift his head and look about for conversation.

I remember one night during the panic of 1907 in Wall Street when we got an order suddenly to prepare a dinner for a party of about ten coming with Mr. Morgan.

The country was in a serious situation that night. The financial structure was shaking. Even our scullery people were alive to the fear that seemed to be gripping everyone from bankers down. When Mr. Morgan was there I was usually kept hovering about in case an extra hand was needed, and I guess I do not have to tell you that I kept my ears open.

Seated beside Mr. Morgan that night as he began on his oysters was a well-known society woman, one of Mr. Morgan's good friends.

"What's going to happen tomorrow?" she asked.

He swallowed the oyster in his mouth as he impaled another and then barked at her, "I don't know. Nobody knows."

Then he went on eating.

But he did know, because it was the next morning that he went to Washington and saw the President and laid before him a plan for correcting the situation.

Napoleon Comes Aboard

The only satisfaction in working around Mr. Morgan was something like the lure which sends men out to endure hardships in hunt for buried treasure. We always entertained the hope that sometime he might let go of a few precious words that would be the key to a fortune in the stock market. Well, he never did in my hearing, and he was very poor from the waiter's standpoint, writing the amount of his tip on the check which he signed.

Whenever there were any affairs at the Morgan library next to the house I was borrowed for the occasion to stay on the door. Quite a few bugs, usually rather silly-looking women, would try to get in every time. All I had to do was to point them out and the thick-shouldered guards would bar their entrance. Miss Belle Green, the librarian, was the one who would send for me to come and help out there.

My work brought me in contact with Mr. Morgan at other times; but, to be honest, I must say that I do not believe he was ever conscious of my existence.

His yacht was always anchored at East Twenty-third Street, and I was sent there often with some delicacy required aboard as the crew prepared to put out to sea with the owner.

I confess that even with that old man dead I am still aware of my awe of him. Once I was hurried to the landing in a cab with a bottle of Napoleon brandy and got into a small boat to be ferried to the yacht. I was told we would go out when Mr. Morgan arrived. A storm was blowing up, the opaque water of the East River lifting and falling as a rug in the hands of a vigorous housemaid; the sky gray and black and the men in the launch apprehensive. Then Mr. Morgan came, appraising us all with one hard look; and as he stepped abroad we got under way. The anchors of the Corsair were coming out of the blue marl of the river bed as we reached the companionway. I delivered Mr. Morgan's bottle to a steward, as the thunder of the storm began to sound. When I was put on the pier again by the launch the Corsair was beginning to pick her way through the channel on her way out to sea. Mr. Morgan, I think, no more knew fear than a pirate.

One of the big balls that I remember with a feeling of warmth was that given by William C. Whitney for his daughter, Miss Dorothy Whitney, now Mrs. Willard Straight, and Miss Emily Randolph, his stepdaughter, the child of his second wife. Harry Payne Whitney lives in that house, 871 Fifth Avenue, now, but the occasion I speak of marked the opening of that house, as well as the introduction to society of the young ladies.

The Famous Hyde Ball

They were all there that night, and at the door beside the Whitney butler I recognized none but people who really belonged. I'd stake my life that none of the women there took so much as a playful puff at a cigarette, and what drinking was done was at the grog table. If any woman had been offered a drink from a flask that night I think she would have resented it as a shameful insult. Today such offers are pretty nearly as much a part of manners as tipping one's hat. The only *faux pas* that may be committed in making that gesture in these times is to have a quick rather than slow poison in the flask.

There is less wine but more alcohol consumed at a New York party now than was customary twenty years ago. I'm taking as a standard the great ball given by James Hazen Hyde at our establishment. In planning it I think he must have had the Bradley Martin ball in mind as an example of what he wished to avoid. At that affair, as I have said, held against the background of Versailles, danced a heterogeneous collection of figures from literature, history and mythology. Mr. Hyde, a serious student of French history, was determined that his affair should be as nearly a perfect likeness of a festive occasion at the court of Louis XVI as careful planning and lavish expenditure could make it.

There were grog tables at Mr. Hyde's ball. We served a seated supper that night, and at three a breakfast and at 4:30 *café au lait* and hot rolls and the morning papers. These contained accounts of the ball that were to start the great insurance investigation that sent Mr. Hyde to Europe, an expatriate, and sent Charles Evans Hughes booming along on his career.

I remember Mr. Hyde as he was in 1905, when he gave what the press then referred to as the hundred-thousand-dollar ball. Personally, I do not believe the figure was exaggerated. His strolls on Fifth Avenue then used to end at our place. He had a fine head, large eyes, a straight nose and a French pointed beard with a mustache the points of which were sometimes dressed with wax. His silk hat was square, a French thing that was quite unlike any other hat in New York. Instead of an overcoat, he wore a military cloak. He was quite tall and lean and strong.

For days in advance of that ball he appeared every afternoon for the working out of some of the details. It was I who met him at the door, and he would first of all toss me his walking stick, which was only one of the surprising things about him. It weighed close to one hundred pounds and was a solid bar of iron or steel, finely engraved. He carried it for exercise. I had to be nimble and sure-fingered so as not to drop it, for it would have scarred the marble floor. I knew it and he knew it, and yet he delighted in my wild terror at the thought of dropping that crowbarlike instrument.

Mrs. Clarence H. Mackay, who is now the wife of Dr. Joseph A. Blake, was one of the young society matrons who planned many of the surprises of that carefully planned entertainment for society. Mrs. Nicholas Longworth was then Alice Roosevelt and she was one of the guests. So was Mrs. George Gould, and Mrs. Ripley, now

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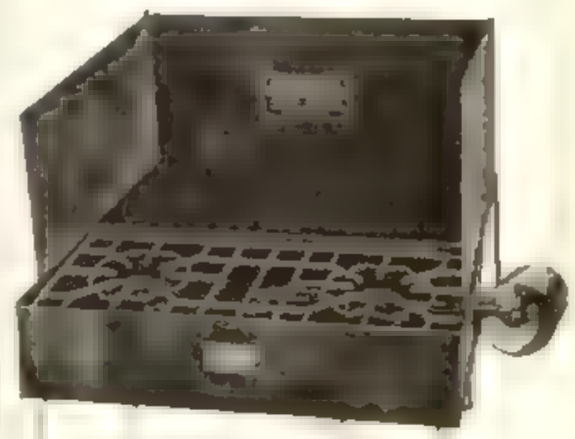

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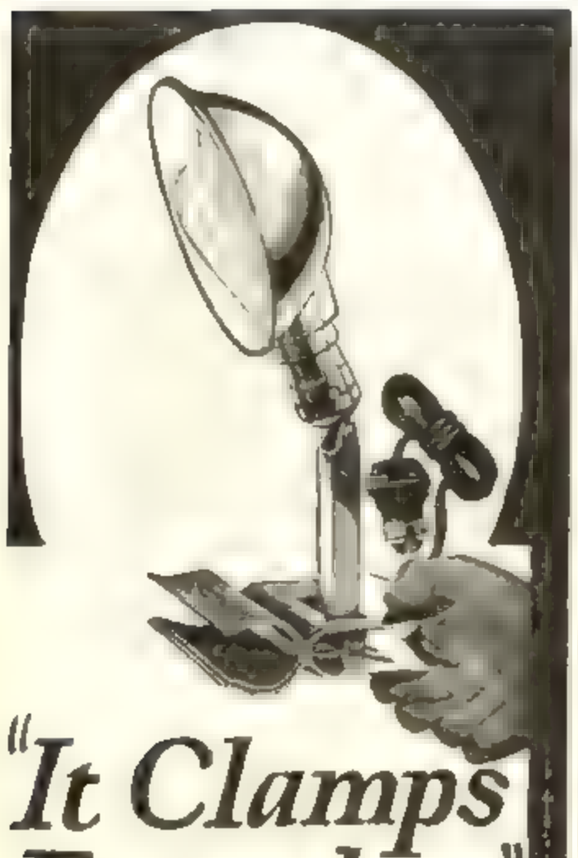

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Mrs. Charles R. Scott, Mr. Hyde's sister. It was a busy time for me. Mr. Hyde called me his major-domo and I can tell you I worked hard at that ball.

Over in Long Island City now there are stored four huge packing cases that contain just the costumes worn by the servants at that affair. My costume was of black and gold, and the coat and breeches were carefully made to order for three hundred and eighty of us. Think of that! The wigs, too, were made to order for the men's heads. My costume was like that of the others in livery except that I wore gold buckles on my pumps. Each of us had lace at his cuffs, real French lace too; as were our jabots and ruffles. Those jabots, I remember, had to be pressed with piping irons, and I had a hard time finding a French cleaner who was competent to do them up. He charged a dollar-sixty for each of them too.

Every lady at that ball wore a costume conforming absolutely to the period, and this was true also of the men. Even perfect social standing would not have admitted anyone whose costume was incorrect.

In golden chairs, the guests heard the orchestra of the Metropolitan Opera House play softly, exquisitely, a minuet that had pleased the ears of the sweethearts of that King Louis whose reign ended with the Terror. Eight of the prettiest girls in society, powdered, painted and in satin, curtsied low before partners whose fathers were counted as the richest men in New York.

The big moment of that evening was the appearance of Madame Réjane, who was the rage that year. She was carried into the ballroom in a sedan chair covered with rich tapestry and lined with ocher satin; that also is among the dusty relics of that ball now stored in Long Island City. The chair bearers—four, of course—were costumed as guardsmen in light blue, white wigs and blue pumps with silver buckles.

There were four negro boys from Harlem to carry Madame Réjane's train. These black boys wore square-toed pumps, white-and-gold costumes, with black silk stockings and turbans of white satin surmounted by gold cockades. There were two large tables, and at supper the French actress was seated on the right of Mr. Hyde. She recited a little poem called, Apropos.

Mrs. Mackay also had a couple of pages attached to her train. She wore a costume of silver cloth studded with turquoises, and the train, of silver cloth, rich with turquoise and really heavy with silver incrustations, was carried by small brown negroes in pink brocade.

As I have said, the morning papers put a period to that affair. A half dozen of our men removed their liveries, put on ragged clothing, smeared their faces with soot and at dawn dashed into the ballroom, crying "Poipers! Extry! Poipers!" For days after that, though, the "poipers" were a matter of deep concern to young Mr. Hyde, for they were full of the surface details of the struggle to take from him control of the Equitable.

I believe the reaction to his party, or at least the way his opponents used the ball as a weapon against him, has had something to do with changing the character of entertaining. The very rich are afraid, if you ask me, to attract so much attention to themselves.

Mr. Hyde was one of those young New York men who went in for coaching, and he was conspicuous in the affairs of the New York Coaching Club. I had a part in some of those four-in-hand runs in which the costumes had to be as perfect as they were at the Hyde ball. Frequently, old Col. William Jay would be on the box, and that was a guaranty of correct coaching form.

My reputation as one who never forgets a face began to be jolted after Mrs. Astor's death, when Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish and Mr. Frederick Townsend Martin took the lead in one of the principal cliques into which society split after the passing of Mrs Astor. They sought new blood, cleverness and other attributes to make society more interesting; but what happened was that it ceased to be exclusive, and when that happened there was no longer any group of people that could be identified as New York society.

I could see the changes in the parties at Seventy-eighth and Madison and at Crossways, once or twice, in Newport. People were welcomed there who could not have crossed the Astor threshold.

I see some hope for a gradual restoration of the old conditions. At least, some of the conservative mothers who were introduced into society under the régime of Mrs. Astor are trying to restore the old form of entertaining. There is even an effort to revive the cotillon; and these efforts, as I observe them, seem to be prompted by the fear of the mothers of the girls of today of having their daughters exposed to the real dangers that sometimes attend affairs held in semi-public places. Lists of guests are being handed to the door man, and if a person appears whose name is not on that card he cannot be admitted until he has been identified by one of the patronesses.

Some of this season's debutantes are being herded only to the small parties given in homes; and though it hurts the smart restaurant business, I count it a good sign, for if enough society women adopt such a rule it will not be long before a society entertainment will be an interesting function instead of a mass of people in evening clothes, drinking, smoking, gossiping and jiggling in the graceless movements of the modern dance.

Certainly, as one who was a sort of living social register, I hope so.

THE KILLER'S DAUGHTER

(Continued from Page 7)

"And that's something a white man with a well seldom begrudges."

He had the satisfaction of seeing her wince at that thrust. But the triangle of anxiety still furrowed her forehead.

"My father'll kill you when he comes back," she said in her incongruously soft drawl, pulling the neck of her waist closer over her throat, where the ruminative-eyed young man watched the color rise and recede.

"Where might your father be?" asked the trespasser.

"He's away from home overnight," was the slightly retarded answer. And that, Gomer said to himself, was a point worth remembering.

"Are there any menfolks round?" was his next question.

The young woman with the wounded eyes did not answer for a moment or two. "No," she finally admitted, with more courage than Gomer gave her credit for. And that, too, was something worth remembering.

He took up his jug and turned away. But he stopped short in the midst of that retreat. He was even able to smile as he faced the girl in the doorway.

"What makes you think your father'd be ready to kill me?" he asked with a show of carelessness that brought the barricaded look back into her eyes.

"You don't know my father," she said in a low but slightly vibrant voice.

"I guess I don't," conceded the other in a voice beguilingly gentle. "I can't say as I've mixed much with killers. I'm a steady-workin' scow man and I've had trouble enough findin' sand to load that boat o' mine."

The shadowed eyes looked past him toward the Argo at anchor beside the sand flat.

"You'll find more trouble than you counted on," she warned him, "if you come along these shores."

"Why?" he asked in an abrupt and hardened voice.

"Because my father makes his living off those sand flats," was the other's quiet-toned reply.

"How?" inquired her visitor, directing a disdainful eye over the untilled fields along the upper slope.

"He's sold sand off that bar all his life, the same as his father did before him. He gets a toll of twenty-five cents a load for every load that's teamed away. The high water builds it up every spring, and they haul it away every summer."

Gomer turned slowly about on her, with wonder in his eye.

"D'you mean your father'll try to stop me suckin' sand along this river bottom?" he demanded, smiling with incredulity.

"He says that bar belongs to him," explained the girl, with no trace of an answering smile. "And he's stopped more than one from interfering with it."

"Has he now?" cogitated Gomer aloud. He stood silent a moment as he swung the big jug up over his shoulder in a movement both jaunty and dismissive. "Well, you can tell your pap that I'm goin' to suck sand right here at the big bend and I'm a-goin' to keep on suckin' until the bar's cleaned away. Of course if he owns the river I'll get off it. But until he persuades me it's his personal and private river, you can tell him, I'm a-goin' to carry on the business I've been given a license to carry on. And I'll bid you good mornin', ma'am!"

He strode away without filling his jug, without even stopping to look back at the wide-eyed young woman with the vague lines of terror about the prematurely pinched lips that opened as though to call after him and yet remained silent. There was, in fact, a look of pity in her staring eyes as she watched him stride down to the water's edge and swing aboard the Argo, whose dull-red planking made her think of darkened blood stains.

When she looked riverward, half an hour later, she could hear the throb of his engine and see the big suction pipe nuzzling along the shore-line shallows and delivering a torrent of mixed sand and water into the filling foredeck of the barge. She could see where the water, seeping out through the scupper valves, left the pyramided sand whitening in the sunlight. She could see how the barge, as its dredging tube swallowed up what lay under it, moved closer and closer to the melting lip of sand that outlined the bar. And that strange craft, to the watching girl, seemed like a black snake with its head buried in a pan of carefully hoarded cream. It seemed like a bloodsucker slowly drawing the life away from a home already drained of its vigor.

III

GOMER, before the long afternoon deepened into evening, had his barge loaded with sand and his engine at rest. After an early supper, he decided, they could pull out and head down for the cement works. That would give him enough daylight to pilot his way through the upper-river shallows where the menace of sunken logs and stumps demanded the most careful of navigation. They could tie up and unload by lantern light. Then by sunup they could be back at the big-bend bar ready and waiting for another day's loading.

He sighed, without knowing it, as he sniffed the fragrance of pork frying on the cabin galley. He'd eat alone, off the well-scrubbed drop table, with the one-legged Jude waiting on him as the master of a ship ought to be waited on. But some day, he supposed, he wouldn't have to eat alone that way. And he wouldn't eat off a bare maple board. There'd be a white linen cloth, and silverware, and places laid for two, and no more cross-table spearing of potatoes in their jackets and serving of sugar in a soda tin. For when you eat with a woman you have to eat careful. They kind of keep you civilized, women do. But you've got to have things right before you can bring a woman aboard your life. And to do that you've got to have money. And to have money you've got to suck sand, and suck it long and steady.

Gomer, as he let an estimative eye wander over the sand flat, caught sight of an unexpected figure hobbling along under the big buttonwoods. It was an old man, an incredibly old man, with a bait can in one hand and a fishing pole over one shoulder. He wore a bottle-green coat, patched with blue, and a coonskin cap with most of its pelt abraded away. He advanced on his tremulous old legs until he reached the deeper pool above the bar, where he put his pole and can down on a walnut log and peered studiously about. Gomer noticed his arrested movement as he became conscious of the Argo's obtrusive presence in those quiet waters. The Argo's captain could see the parrot jaw of the old face, wizened and wrinkled like a winter apple, go up and down in a meditative chewing motion as the squinting eyes studied the sand sucker piled high with its cargo. Then the newcomer cackled audibly, cackled with a sort of mirthless laugh that made Gomer think of a kingfisher.

"Anything funny about this outfit?" inquired the younger man, resenting the ridicule which he could not define.

The old fisherman spat into the river slowly and contemplatively.

(Continued on Page 113)

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COLORADO
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CONNECTICUT
Dow Corporation of Conn., Inc
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DELAWARE
Duco Finishing Co., Inc.
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DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Auto Auto Equip. Co.
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ILLINOIS
E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc.
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INDIANA
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IOWA
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KENTUCKY
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MASSACHUSETTS
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148 Salina Street, Syracuse

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1496 Sycamore Street, Cincinnati
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DUCO Polish No. 7
After your car is refinished with Duco, keep it looking its best with Duco Polish No. 7. Dealers and jobbers write for full information.

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8 Men out of 10
Picked the Duofold Blindfolded

From 11 New Pens of Different Makes

"I believe that the hand can tell this super-smooth writer sight unseen," declared a Duofold owner—and he proved it!

YES, ten men, chosen at random agreed to make this test and were blindfolded. One by one, in the presence of several witnesses, they were handed 11 large new pens of different makes, obtained from pen dealers' stocks.

Each man wrote with all 11 pens, one by one, on an ordinary note pad. He tried certain pens again and again to remove all doubt of his choice. And one by one he laid them all aside until only a single pen remained in his hand—the pen he ranked as the smoothest, most inspiring writer.

"Here's the pen for me!" a man would exclaim at the end; or, "This is the greatest pen I ever got hold of!" or, "This is the smoothest pen of them all."

Then the blindfold was removed. And man after man, with but two exceptions, glanced down to behold in his hand the flashing black-tipped lacquer-red Parker Duofold, with 25-year guaranteed point. Even the two men excepted had wavered long between the Duofold and the pen they finally picked.

Never before a pen selection so unbiased as this. No one behind a counter to urge this pen or that. Not even the Duofold's famed name or handsome color visible, to sway the hand's Simon-pure judgment.

And one lone Duofold against all the rest. Yet one prominent make with two pens represented, and another with three—just an extra measure of fairness to rivals.

You, too, can tell this super-smooth point with your eyes shut. Step to the nearest pen counter now and try it. A point no style of writing can distort—hence a pen you can lend without a tremor. A point tipped with Duofold grade Iridium, for which we pay a premium of 200%. A point guaranteed, if not misused, for 25 years' wear!

And a balanced Over-size barrel that gives you that easy full-handed grip, and holds enough more ink to tide you over until the job is done.

But don't let imitations deceive you—Duofold is made plain black, as well as black-tipped lacquer-red. So look for this honest stamp on the barrel—"Geo. S. Parker—DUOFOLD—Lucky Curve."

Rivals the beauty of the Scarlet Tanager

NOW—
Over-size Duofold
Pencil to Match
$6

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NEW YORK · CHICAGO · *Parker Duofold Pencils match the Duofold Pen, $3.50, Over-size, $4* · SAN FRANCISCO

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Parker Duofold

LUCKY CURVE

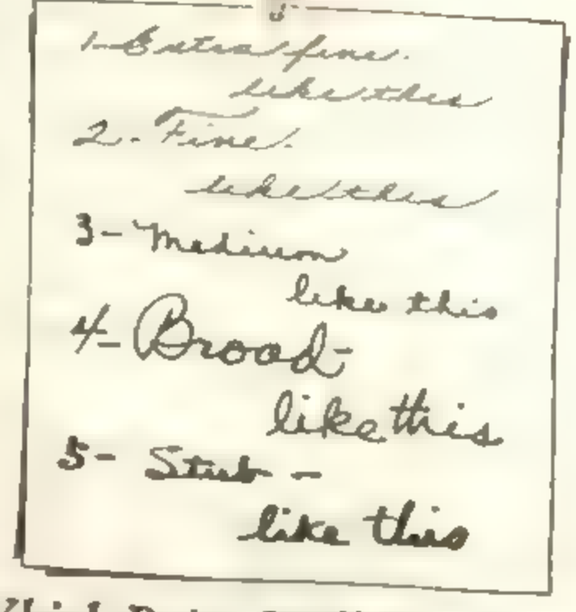
OVER-SIZE

$7

With The 25 Year Point

Duofold Jr. $5
Same except for size

Lady Duofold $5
With ring for chatelaine



Which Point Will You Have?

You can get all 5 degrees in the classic Duofold Pen and all guaranteed, if not misused, for 25 years' wear

(Continued from Page 110)

"It'll be funny when ol' Cephas spots you a-stealin' his sand," piped the high-pitched voice of the old man as he turned and took up his bait can. The movement was an impersonal one. But his withered face was still working as his tremulous fingers extracted a night crawler from the coiled mass of worms on the can bottom and shakily speared it on his hook point.

Gomer's jaw tightened. He was tired of these vague intimations of trouble. He was tired of being told he had no right in that territory. And he intended to find out why he was a trespasser there.

"I want 'o talk to you," he said as he waded ashore in his elongated rubber boots.

"Then do it low an' stiddy, son," warned the withered octogenarian on the walnut log, "for I aim to git me a fat bullhead out o' this pool b'fore dark. An' yuh can't holler fish onto a hook."

Gomer sat down beside the bent and bottle-green figure. He sat there for a full minute without speaking, keying himself down to a semblance of his companion's quietness.

"Who is this old Cephas?" he asked as casually as he was able. And he emphasized his indifference by slowly taking out his pipe and as slowly lighting it.

"That's ol' Cephas Warren, who owns this farm back here on the hill," explained the fisherman as he quaveringly inspected his hook and returned it to the pool water. "They call him Shootin' Cephas hereabout."

"How'd he come by that right pretty handle?" asked the younger man, still with his studied effort at unconcern.

"Shot Al Stevens' son in a fight over cattle strayin' into t'other's pea field. They had 'im lawed and jailed down t' Chamboro, an' he'd have swung for it if his girl Azuba hadn't swore young Stevens fisted her pap in the head afore the firin' began."

"So her name's Azuba," Gomer meditated aloud.

"That made it self-d'fense an' got 'im clear o' the gallows," went on the ancient historian. "But feelin' ran high an' it blacksoured both him an' his girl. They've kept to theirselves like they had the plague these last few years. An' Cephas Warren's best left alone. Mark that, son; best left alone! Cattle git on his land he shoots 'em. Hog strays into his woodlot it's throwed out with a bullet hole through its body. Peddler wanders into his lane he's run out at the end of a ol' army rifle. 'Tain't neighborly! 'Tain't natural! So folks jest ignores 'em. The hull township leaves 'em be. Exceptin', of course, the sand teamers who've got 'o git their buildin' sand from the flat here. An' all they do is hand over a quarter ev'ry time they pull out past the house, an' git out on the road as fast as horseflesh'll haul 'em!"

"But who is this Cephas Warren?" prompted the wide-shouldered youth in the rubber boots.

"He's the drunkenest, laziest, lousiest, no-account white man on this hull river," the cracked voice piped on. "I mind him this last fifty years, man an' boy, an' he's as onery as they make 'em. His pap was ol' Ansell Warren, who came up from Virginia durin' the Civil War. Brought his women an' niggers an' ol' walnut an' high-an'-mighty airs up here an' started a plantation on the river right above where we're settin'. But they took his niggers away fr'm him, an' he knew as much about workin' as a peahen knows about plow handles. I tell yuh, son, liquor an' laziness gits the best o' them! Where air they now, all them ol' estates with their harp playin' an' punch bowls an' hounds an' fox huntin' all fall an' hoss racin' along the river ice all Chris'mas week? Where air the Delmages an' the Stickneys an' the Aburthnotts and all them ol' grandees that was too high-born to work? An' what good's Cephas Warren an' that rabbit-eyed girl o' his he keeps shet away from her own kind like this county was a leper colony? Dang 'im, he owes me eighty dollars for a sorrel team he bought off me an' shot through the head 'cause they ran away at a threshin' machine! He's all that's left o' the ol' line, an' he ekes out a dog's life gittin' a quarter a load for the sand they haul off his river flat. It keeps him in liquor mebbe, but I ask you, man to man, if you'd call that livin'."

"I would not," was Gomer's prompt reply. He had no wish to slide downhill. What he preferred was climbing up the hill, making your way and improving your chances as you went.

"Ol' Cephas got a-holt o' money once, quite a tidy bit," went on the ruminating old fisherman. "Got it when his Azuba was a baby an' her mammy died sudden, got a consid'rable bit o' cash sellin' what was left o' the family silver an' the best three-quarters o' the ol' farm. Then what'd the ol' dreamer do? Why, he jus' reckoned he'd hike him back to Virginia. In them days he was always talkin' about the Other Side—the Other Side this an' the Other Side that, as though ev'rything across the Line had the Garden of Eden licked to a finish for livin' in. Said he was goin' back to the home o' his forefathers t' have a manor house an' know the meanin' o' leisure. Well, he went South t' the ol' state again, an' he come back to Kent County like a whipped collie. I seen him at the crossroads one night when he was pickled in white brandy, an' he was leanin' ag'inst a rail fence wavin' his arms an' cryin' like a baby. 'It's all gone,' he was sayin' to the evenin' stars. 'It's all gone, all the glory an' beauty an' the smilin' fields an' the cabins full o' singin' blacks. They've gullied the fields an' put barb wire round 'em and sent the darkies t' school an' debased the face o' nature for their dirty dollars. It's all gone from Ol' Virginia the same as it's gone from this land o' blue-nosed nickel-squeezers!' An' he stood there weepin' like a kid who'd lost his sugar tit!"

The historian of other days drew up his line, inspected his hook, and again restored it to the profitless pool.

"I'd like to see this Cephas Warren," announced Gomer, noting Jude's tattoo on the dishpan as a signal that supper was ready.

"You will, young feller," was the old angler's half-petulant reply. "You will, son, afore you finish sp'ilin' the fishin' in this river of ours!"

Gomer laughed the careless laugh of youth.

"I guess I ain't overly popular round here," he said, as much to himself as to the self-immured old man on the log. But his brow was wrinkled as he walked meditatively back to his vessel. And once there he made an abrupt and apparently unreasoned change in his plans. Instead of steaming down to the cement works that evening, he decided to let the Argo stay where she was. He'd lay there overnight.

He took the precaution, however, of moving out to midstream, where he anchored his boat fore and aft, and sat listening to a hermit thrush singing from the swamp alders somewhere beyond the upper river bend.

It seemed a delusively peaceful world as he sat in the paling light placidly smoking his pipe. But he knew a stubborn satisfaction in tarrying there, half hoping that his presence in those hostile waters would be accepted as the tacit challenge it was intended to be, half regretting that he could catch no glimpse of the young woman with the tragic eyes as he watched her lamplight appear and shine for an hour through its narrow window and then go out. Silence descended on the darkened homestead and on the winding river valley that mirrored the wheeling stars.

That silence was broken an hour later by the abrupt shrill call of a barnyard goose, followed by the sound of hoofs and wheel tires on a wooden bridge. Gomer could see a lantern moving drunkenly about in the hillside darkness. He heard a harsh voice speak blasphemously to a horse that seemed overanxious to get to its stall.

"Stand still, you bloody boneyard, or I'll kick your ribs in!" he heard the unsteady voice call out, followed by a louder "Whoa, there! Whoa, I say!" succeeded in turn by the audible thump of a boot toe against a ribbed belly and the snap of a buggy shaft as the startled animal must have wheeled away from that assault. There was a scramble and rush about the barnyard, a dodging about of the lantern, a repeated flurry of blasphemy, a jerking at bridle reins and a renewal of kicking as wheel hubs clashed and scraped against a shed side. Then came further struggles and the quieter movement of the lantern through the darkness, an oath of relief, and the disappearance of the light within the slab-sided stable.

That, concluded the man on the river barge, meant that Cephas Warren had come home again. And the ex-lord of the manor seemed to be living up to his reputation. He seemed to bring with him something that polluted the warm spring air, a spirit of malignity and violence that awakened some ancestral fire deep in the body of the quiet-eyed man on watch aboard the Argo.

So resentful was he of that intrusion, in fact, that he found the thought of sleep distasteful. He preferred sitting there on deck, studying the shadowy hillside mansion that housed so incongruous a couple, wondering if the girl Azuba would eventually go the way of her father, dropping lower and lower in the scale of life as the years hardened her features and drank the wine of youth out of her body. Already, he remembered, there was a touch of wildness about her, the wildness of woodland creatures that have been hunted and have learned to hate their hunters. Already she was aged before her time, bruised and withered in spirit, like a windfall that had failed to store up sweetness before it ripened. Yet there was a remembered something about her face that still suggested childlike softnesses, the finer things of life. Only, in some way, a film had formed over them, like ice over an April pool. He himself had always wanted those finer things of life, had always hungered to better himself. But life had the habit of knocking the dreams out of your days when the humdrum battle to keep your head above water took about all your time and thought. Especially, Gomer cogitated, when you're traveling in single harness, with nothing much to point the goal and nothing to soften the going.

He sighed as he reached for his pipe, feeling about the deck boards for his fallen tobacco bag. Then he stopped short, arrested by a sound over the rail, like the swish of a muskellunge coming to the surface and diving again. He leaned forward without moving, a moment later, as he felt a faint tremor creep along the deck boards under him. He sat, alert and watchful, with his eyes straining through the gloom, struggling to decipher the cause of that minute and momentary commotion.

Then he even stopped breathing as the tremor was repeated and a faint sound, like a gasp of physical effort, crept up to his ears. He remained immobile, with a tingle of nerve ends eddying through his body, for as he stared through the darkness he saw a hand appear on the rail, almost within reach of his fingers. It was a small hand, a woman's hand, and by means of it somebody was working a passage quietly along his barge, from the bow to the stern.

He waited until the hand was directly before him. Then, computing his distance, he dropped low across the rail and clutched at the figure clinging to it. He was conscious of a moving coolness and firmness in his clasp, of a writhing softness against his shoulder. But he did not relinquish his hold, even when his ears caught the low moan of protest and his eyes made out the knife in her free hand.

He knew that she was going to strike at him with that open knife blade. But before she could do so, as he dragged her aboard, he pinned her arm close to her wet side and quietly wrested the knife from her fingers.

"What're you aimin' to do?" was his inadequate question as he held her there, panting. His hard hand could feel the rise and fall of her thin-ribbed side under its wet, meager covering. He could feel a tremor spread through her straining body. But he kept her imprisoned there.

"Let me go!" she implored in a whisper made thick with terror, helpless in the huge-muscled arms.

"What were you aimin' to do?" he repeated, wondering why that huddled wet figure should slowly but surely take the flame of battle out of his blood.

"Oh, let me go!" she pleaded, trying to hide her head away as a snake hides its head when struck at. And again he could feel the shiver that sped through her body. The wet skin of her shoulder, he noticed, was cold, cold as a dead woman's.

Instead of speaking to her he caught her up in his arms and carried her to the steps that led to the engine pit. Still holding her close, he groped his way down these steps and placed her on the black tool chest opposite the fire-box door. He sat there beside her, still holding her as he leaned forward and swung open the door that stood between them and the banked engine fire. A pleasant glow came from the ember bed within, filling the pit with warmth and throwing a vague rose light over the shrinking wet figure beside him.

"What have you got against me?" he demanded, leaning forward a little so that he could look into the hooded eyes.

"Nothing," she said in a thin and pallid tone. And for the second time a shiver went through her body.

He released her and stood up and took off his coat.

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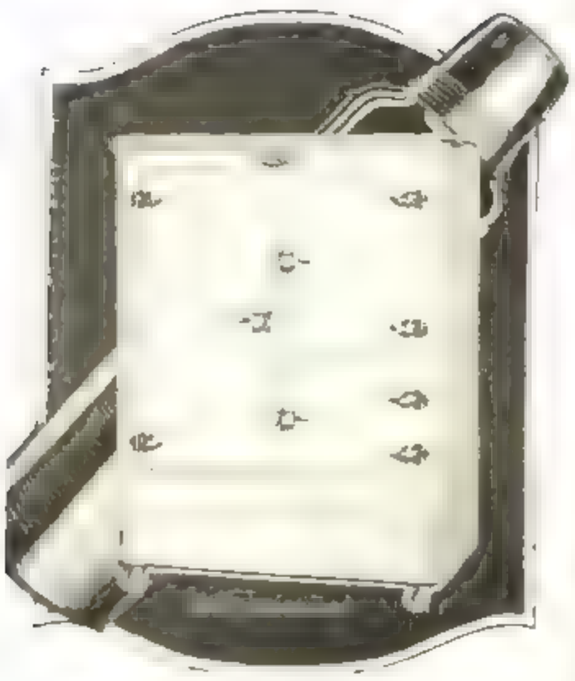

A True Refrigerator —Not Just an "Ice Box"

THE new Rhinelander "Airtite" Refrigerator *refrigerates* by constantly circulating full-chilled, dry air into every corner of the food chambers, and *around* the ice chamber as well as *through* it. This is accomplished by means of the design of the Airtite one-piece porcelain lining (patent pending), with the ice chamber suspended inside of it instead of being placed *outside* in the usual manner. The resulting unobstructed full circulation keeps the air crisp and dry, which means that food is kept fresher and stays fresh longer. Ice does its full duty.

Airtite one-piece porcelain lining. Permits free air circulation and full cold radiation into food chambers. Sole originators of this exclusive (pat pending) design.

"L"-shaped porcelain lining of ordinary refrigerator. Air circulation and inside cold radiation restricted.

The porcelain lining is a gem of spick-and-span cleanliness, as smooth as glass, with broadly rounded inside corners and edges more-than-flush with door casings—there are no sunken corners to defy cleaning.

Four walls of vacuum-like dead air space, sealed in by five thicknesses of heat-resisting materials, *hold the cold*. The Airtite is a *true refrigerator* in every detail of construction and refrigerates with fullest efficiency and economy.

Write for names of nearby stores that sell this finest refrigerator. White enamel or golden oak finish. Three popular sizes—50, 75, and 100-lb. capacities.

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Dept. D-4 Rhinelander, Wis.

RHINELANDER AIRTITE REFRIGERATOR
MORE AND BETTER THAN SEEMS NECESSARY

"Put this on," he commanded. And when she made no effort to carry out that command he took up one limp arm and then another and thrust it into the voluminous garment. Then he buttoned the coat across the body against which the wet cotton lay translucent and revealing. He seemed more at ease, in some way, when that task was completed.

"It was you who cut my anchor line last night," he said as he resumed his seat beside her. "Why'd you do that?"

She sat silent a moment.

"I knew you-all had best move on," she said in her slow and drawling voice. It held an undertone of sadness, a childlike wistfulness that took a little of the wind out of his sails of anger.

"Why should I move on?" he asked, letting his fingers clamp about her wrist as she made an effort to rise.

"I—I can't stay here," she said unsteadily as her tragic eyes tried to avoid his.

"You've got 'o stay here," he said with quiet mastery. "There's something I want straightened out. And I guess I'll be fairer to you than you've been to me!"

"Oh, let me go!" she repeated, her underlip trembling.

But Gomer was relentless.

"I ain't goin' to hurt you, lady. All I want is to get this thing straight. Why're you so set on gettin' me off this bar?"

She looked at him, for the first time, openly and intently.

"I—I don't want trouble," was her faltering reply.

"Where'll that trouble come from?" he demanded.

"It'll come from up there," she said with a head movement toward the house on the river bank.

"You mean from your father?" he prompted.

She nodded in assent, her eyes averted.

"What'll he do to me?" pursued her captor, the cool detachment of his tones obviously a source of wonder to her.

"You-all would know that if you knew him better," was her slightly retarded answer.

"You mean there's sure to be a fight over me takin' sand from along this stretch o' the river?" he interrogated.

"Yes, it means fighting," she slowly acknowledged. And he could read the dread in her eyes when she lifted them to his face.

"And who're you worried about," he went on with a ghost of a smile—"me or your father?"

Her reply startled him.

"You," she said in her rich and creamy drawl.

He pretended to laugh at that, puzzled by the wayward stirring it brought to his lounging body.

"And d'you think I'd just set around while he was tryin' some of his killin' work?" asked Gomer. He had heard all this before, but he wrung an undefined satisfaction out of hearing her repeat it. He liked talking to her.

"That sand is all we have to live on," the girl at his side suddenly proclaimed in a hardened voice.

This, to Gomer, was a new phase of the situation. He had been thinking only about his rights and not about the possibility of taking the bread out of a hungry girl's mouth.

And there was something mistily appealing about the drooping lines of that mouth, softened by the glow of the ember bed through the open iron door.

"What about your farm work?" he asked with a frown. "Doesn't your father make money out o' that?"

She moved her head from side to side in dissent.

"Father isn't farming any more. I try to get enough out of my egg money for tea and flour and sugar. But when that goes for drink we have to get along without the tea and sugar."

Gomer felt deep down a sharp stirring of resentment.

"I hear your father's quite a highborn gentleman," he observed. And the girl stiffened at the tinge of scorn in his voice.

"He's a Warren," she proclaimed, her plaited head higher than before. But neither her tone nor her movement made much impression on the man at her side.

"Too proud and haughty to work," scoffed Gomer, "but plumb set on stoppin' somebody else from earnin' an honest livin'!"

The momentary flash of fire from her slumberous eyes did not escape him.

"He'd only be defending his own," she contended, a harder note coming into her voice.

"But that sand ain't his," countered the thick-shouldered man beside her. "It's no more his than this river water is his. The law settled that long before he took to kickin' dumb animals and shootin' off firearms. He's a legal right by prescription and custom to the sand on his own bank. But this is a navigable river and the law gives me the right to suck sand from anywheres below the surface, from water's edge to water's edge. What's more, I'm keepin' the channel open. And if it's a rule o' nature for loose sand to slip back into a river bed when the lower layers are lifted away, he ain't goin' to change that rule by shootin' either me or my barge hull full o' holes. What he'd best do is draw up that sand o' his where it won't get wet and where it won't get toted off by strangers!"

He noticed her small hand gesture of helplessness, though she did not speak for a moment or two.

"You-all don't understand," the low rich voice beside him was saying. "That may be good argufying, but how're you going to argufy after you've had a bullet hole shot in your head? He's done it before, and he'll do it again!"

Gomer was able to laugh at the terror in her eyes.

"Are you still worryin' that yellow head o' yours about me?" he inquired, studying the line of her averted face. He tried to speak lightly, but it had no ponderable effect on his companion.

"I don't want your blood on my father's hands," she said with an intensity that took the last of the laughter out of his eyes.

"Then what're we goin' to do about it?" he challenged.

She turned as she drew away, her deep eyes studying his face. It was no easy matter, apparently, to phrase the question she was putting to him.

"Then you'd deem it unmanly to go quietly away and avoid fighting, mortal fighting?"

He meditated over that contingency for a full minute of silence.

"I ain't lookin' for trouble with no man," he contended, "but when I've a right to be where I am I'm lookin' for a man-size reason before I move on."

"And you would change for nothing I could say?" she asked, confounding his thought with the closeness of her scrutiny.

"I ain't sayin' I wouldn't change," he conceded. "But when I back down I want to see some justifyin' reason for it."

Still again he beheld the small hand movement of helplessness. He felt sorry for her. But there were concessions not easily included in his narrow code of conduct.

"Why couldn't you go back to your father and tell him how I'd like to talk this whole thing over with him, man to man?" the owner of the Argo finally suggested.

She stiffened at that, regarding him with wide and startled eyes.

"He'd kill me if he thought I'd been here!" she cried in her low and throaty voice.

"That's a habit he ought 'o get cured of," was Gomer's slightly embittered response.

"You-all could never change him now," she said with a tremor of her thin body. And again he felt indeterminately sorry for her.

"Then what do you aim I ought to do?" he asked in a suddenly altered voice. She turned sharply at that newer note of softness from him, and for some unknown reason a faint tinge of color flowed up into her face.

"Keep to the lower river," she quietly but tremulously responded. "Keep away from these flats for all time."

"And never see you again?" he found the boldness to inquire.

"Keep to the lower river," was her passionately reiterated cry, "or you'll be seeing neither me nor any other woman again!"

His own color deepened and paled again as he stood up in front of her. He had come to a decision, and it was a momentous one.

"I'll do that," he slowly and studiously announced, "on one fair and reas'nable condition."

"On what condition?" she asked, with her eyes on his face as she, too, rose to her feet.

"That you come with me when I go down to this same lower river," he told her.

Her sudden pallor accentuated the tender hollow in her face just under either cheek bone.

"You-all know that's out of reason," she said in a voice so low it was almost a whisper. But Gomer's eyes, for all the glow in their depths, were meditative as he spoke again.

"I've been doin' some quiet thinkin' here," he said in his calm and cogitative way. "I'm as alone in the world, lady, as you are. But I'm aimin' to get a livin' out of life, and that's something that life ain't been givin' you, as far as I'm able to size it up. You've been treated hard, no matter how highborn you may be. You've been half starved in body and soul on them blighted acres o' yours, and I can't see much hope o' things ever betterin' themselves. You were cut out for better things. But you'll go on day by day and year by year until ev'rything worth livin' for just curls up and dies inside your sourin' body. You'll just go on —"

"You've got no right to rate me that low!" she cried out, with her thin fingers clenched.

"I ain't ratin' you low," he corrected, mildly surprised. "I'm tryin' to save you from the others who've done that already. And I'm tryin' to do it honest. I haven't a heap to offer, I allow, but I could build you a neat little fore cabin behind my pilot house here, and before snow flies I could get up a cottage down below the Chamboro mill, and in the winter evenin's I'd have a chance for readin' and betterin' myself. It'd be right pleasant, in the warm weather, steamin' up and down this old stream and havin' somebody better'n a one-legged nigger to talk to when the cargo's off and ev'rything's been made shipshape again. And we could ——"

"You-all don't mean you're willing to marry a killer's daughter?" she cried, interrupting him for the second time.

"That'd be the only terms on which decent folks could carry through a deal like this," he said with a quietness which brought a second tinge of color to her face.

"You-all would be doing it only through pity," she parried, standing a little straighter as she moved back from him.

"It'd be mighty comfortable for me," he protested, trying to keep the quaver out of his voice.

"No, no!" she cried, with her hands clasped over her girlishly flat bosom. And Gomer was startled at the sight of sudden tears in her eyes. He was startled even more a moment later by the sound of a distant door slammed shut and the call through the quiet midnight air of a man's voice harsh with anger.

The girl, as that repeated call came to them, topped with an oath, shrank back as though she had been struck.

"He knows I'm gone," she whispered, cringing back into the shadows.

Her face was colorless again as she threw off Gomer's coat and moved gropingly toward the narrow door.

"What is it?" demanded the mystified man at her side.

"That's father calling me," she said in an oddly flatted voice. "He'd—he'd rawhide me if he thought I'd come out here." She was at the rail by this time, studying the vague outline of the house, where lamplight showed in one small window, like an eye that had opened in the dark. "I've got to go back!" She spoke in a whisper, but it was a whisper strong with resolution.

"What are you goin' back to?" demanded Gomer as the angry voice once more echoed drunkenly out across the darkness.

"I've got to go back," was her stubbornly repeated cry. "You don't know him as I do!"

"I intend t' know him better," averred the man at her side as the house door up on the hill was swung open and slammed shut again.

"Not when he's like that!" she gasped with a shuddering movement of the body, as she made ready to slip over the side. But the other's strong and resolute hand held her back. "I've got to go," was her frantic whisper as she tugged to free herself.

"Then I'll go with you," he proclaimed.

"You can't do that," she contended. "It—it would only make everything hopeless."

"I can't see how," he persisted.

"I know!" she cried, struggling to free herself.

He released her. But his hand went out to her again, the weight of it warm on her thin shoulder.

"Then it ain't hopeless," he exacted, seeking to decipher her face in the darkness, "if we ever come together again?"

(Continued on Page 118)

This house has been burned by a smokeless, flameless fire. This fire (called rot or decay) has left barely standing the shell of what was once a comfortable home. Lead paint would have prevented this unnecessary loss.

For the fire that makes no smoke
lead paint is the extinguisher

NEARLY fourteen million houses in this country are burning without sign of flame or smoke. The destruction is so slow that it is not noticed. Perhaps your own house is burning and you don't know it. Lead paint could stop this burning.

Wherever unpainted surfaces are exposed to the atmosphere, they burn just as surely as when a match is applied. This burning, or combustion, involves oxidation, during which oxygen is taken from the surrounding air. There are three kinds of combustion—almost instantaneous, or explosion; rapid, or fire; and slow, or rot. Slow combustion is destroying the fourteen million houses mentioned above, rotting wooden porch columns, window sashes, and exterior walls.

All combustion can be stopped by cutting off the supply of oxygen. You can keep the wooden surfaces of your house safe from *slow* combustion, or *rot*, by keeping them covered with a constantly maintained film of a paint that is impervious to air and moisture and does not crack or scale.

Lead paint is a real investment because it gives this complete protection to wood. It increases the value of your property and saves repair bills. It has been standard for generations. Professional painters prefer to use "lead-and-oil," pure white-lead made from the metal, lead, and mixed with pure linseed oil. Property owners specify white-lead paint for exteriors and interiors because they can depend on it to save the surface of their property.

Why people use Dutch Boy white-lead

Thousands of master painters and house owners use Dutch Boy white-lead. Dutch Boy white-lead is *pure* white-lead. It contains no adulterants to cheapen it and rob it of its merits. It is *ground fine* (it must pass through a silk screen containing twenty-seven thousand holes to the square inch). This insures a smooth, dense film with the maximum of spread. It makes a *tough*, *elastic* and *waterproof* film that sticks to the surface. Dutch Boy white-lead makes a paint film that *does not crack or scale* and has great *hiding* power.

Users have learned to rely on the *unvarying uniformity* of Dutch Boy white-lead. The picture of the Dutch Boy Painter on every keg of Dutch Boy white-lead is the trademark that guarantees a product of exceptional purity.

For exterior work use a combination of Dutch Boy white-lead and linseed oil. For flat finishes (usually desired for interior painting) mix Dutch Boy white-lead with Dutch Boy flatting oil. In either case the paint can be tinted to any color desired. Dutch Boy white-lead and flatting oil, either white or tinted, make a paint that gives particularly soft, beautiful flat finishes that rest the eye.

Send for this free paint booklet

We will gladly send you a new booklet, "Painting—Protective and Decorative." This booklet tells what paint is, what paint does, and why paint protects the surface. It contains color plates of house exteriors and interiors and also of interesting and unusual artistic wall finishes that can be obtained with paint. This booklet sent free on request.

Other Dutch Boy products

IN the famous Dutch Boy series of products, besides white-lead, there are flatting oil, solder, red-lead, linseed oil and babbitt metals.

National Lead Company makes, in addition, lead products for practically every purpose to which lead can be put in art, industry and daily life. Among these products are die castings, cinch expansion bolts, Hoyt Hardlead products for buildings, and printers' metals.

If you desire specific information about any of these or other uses of lead, write to any branch of National Lead Company.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York, 111 Broadway; Boston, [illegible] State St.; Buffalo, 116 Oak St.; Chicago, 900 West 18th St.; Cincinnati, [illegible]; Cleveland, [illegible]

The Dutch Boy Painter has become the exponent of beauty and protection. He [illegible]

(Continued from Page 114)

She took a deep breath, wavering toward him in the gloom and recovering herself only with an effort.

"No, it isn't hopeless," she whispered, standing very still.

"Then wait here," he cautioned her, "until I pole in so's you won't get wet again."

He moved quietly toward the taffrail, where his pike pole hung on its hooks. But when he returned he found that she was already gone. He could get no glimpse of her as he studied the ghostly slope from which the faint odor of apple blossoms drifted down to him. And though he watched and listened deep into the night he caught no further sound or movement from the shadowy house on the hillside.

IV

MILT GOMER was not a fighting man. He nursed a vague dislike for violence. Violence, in fact, only seemed to bring you victories that were both ephemeral and unsettling. It solved no problems and in the end always made you pay for your short cut to power. To live and let live—that was the best road along which to travel. Give every man a fair deal and expect the same from him. But don't look for trouble. It takes all kinds of people to make up the world, of course, and if this one or that one tries to double-cross you, move on to the others who will treat you more fairly. For it's the quiet and orderly worker, Gomer remembered as he watched the methodic clamshell dipper bite into his sand cargo and swing it ashore, who wins out in the end. And his one big wish was to better himself.

His laboriously articulated outlook on life, in fact, stood embodied in the Argo. He had transformed it into what it was, and it, in turn, was to transform him into something different. It was his home and his hope. He saw no ugliness about it, blunt-nosed and ponderous as it lay in the pale-green water mottled with its ferruginous squat shadow. It was substantial and dependable and somberly blithe with its pointing of chrome yellow and its sparse scattering of metal duly polished. And it was his duty to see that it was given its chance, even as he asked for his own chance.

He knew as the last dipper swung ashore and the last dribble of sand was swept up from its wet planking, that he and the Argo would have to go back to the upper river. He would have to go back for the simple reason that to keep away was now out of the question. He couldn't eat crow in a case like that. He wasn't a trouble maker, but there were times and situations when a weakening of will could only be accepted as cowardice. It would mean a yellow streak in a man's make-up. And there were more reasons than his own sense of right to take him back. There was the promise of some soft unfoldment, as vague and mysterious as the annual miracle which spring by spring embowered the bald river valley with verdure and filled it with color and fragrance. He wasn't a fighter, but he nursed no romantic faith in the survival of the passive. He had talked with Cephas Warren's daughter, and having talked with her as he did, he was committed to return. Her lips, it is true, had warned him away. But her eyes, as he could still remember them, were calling him back. They left him with a riddle still unread and a problem still unsolved.

It seemed a strangely peaceful world to Gomer as he forged slowly up the winding river warmed by its friendly sun and companionably dotted by homes where women worked in the kitchen gardens and men plowed in the sloping fields. They stopped and watched him as he steamed past, eying him at their furrow ends as he broke their upland peace with the throb of his engine. He liked the occasional flash of liquid silver from some unfolding new vista of the river, coiled like a cobra between the sun-clad hills. He liked the sober umber of the fresh-turned land, the seas of bloom above the occasional orchard lands, the shadows and the blossoms, the fragrance and the glamour.

But as he forged ahead into the lonelier reaches of the upper river he could see how the farms on either side of him lay less opulent in the sun. It was harder soil up there, and a hard soil makes a hard people. And calm as he remained to the casual eye there was a quickening of his pulse and a tightening of his jaw muscles as he steamed within sight of the three towering buttonwoods. It seemed shadowed in some way, that ominously quiet stretch of the river with its ragged fields and its more tortuous shore line. But beyond the next bend was the sand that God had given him—and what he had a right to he had no intention of forsaking. His cargoes were there awaiting him—and if they could come through his dredging tube he intended to have them. Right was right, and this talk about being shot down like a trepassing shote would never serve to hold him back. He wasn't such a slouch himself, he acknowledged, when it came to firearms. From his boyhood, season by season, he had shivered in blinds and shot wild duck off Long Point and the Sny marshes, in Mitchell's Bay and Rond-Eau. Throughout Dover and Raleigh he had hunted quail and woodcock, and his finger was as quick on the trigger as his eye was true. In the corner of his pilot house stood his duck gun and the polished old rifle with which he could pick off the mossbacks that Jude so magically made into terrapin soup. But fights weren't won with firearms. And Cephas Warren would understand that, once they got together, man to man, and made plain what the law allowed and the law denied.

That meeting, Gomer realized as he rounded the last bend, was to take place even sooner than he had expected, for as he drew closer to the three buttonwoods he beheld a tall and lonely figure patrolling the sand flats. And Gomer's eyes narrowed as he saw the rifle which this sentinel carried in the crook of an arm as long and lean as a gorilla's. A faint twitching of muscles even eddied through the barge owner's body as he noticed the man come to a stop at the water's edge and fix a cold and saturnine eye on the approaching craft.

But Gomer did not stop. It had been his intention to anchor in midstream and size up, in his own leisured way, a situation which he had no wish to force to an early issue. But that, as things now stood, would seem too much like hesitation.

So he merely signaled for Jude to shut off steam and let the Argo nose in toward the sand bar under her own headway. As she did so Gomer noticed the old fisherman of the day before hobbling out past the three buttonwoods. He saw the aged and self-immured angler seat himself on the walnut log, dispose his belongings about him and deliberately bait his hook, oblivious of the armed figure within a biscuit toss of his pool, ignorant of the accumulating tension about him. For as Gomer stepped out of his pilot house he held in his right hand the polished old rifle that brought him, as it nested along his arm, a fortifying sense of friendliness.

He had no intention of using that rifle. He knew, in fact, that no need for its use would arise. But life had taught him that a reasonable parade of power was seldom lost on a bully, and he chose still to accept Cephas Warren as a petty and posturing tyrant. He was not even thinking of the rifle as he stood on the foreplanks of his barge, rather like Prince Codadas on his dhow peak, studying the enemy whom fate had so blindly thrust upon him. He studied that enemy as a man in a roped ring studies his opponent. The thing that most impressed Gomer was the other man's height. But it was a slack and stringy height, more suggestive of age than of strength. He seemed almost like a dry and hungry animal, all nerves and bones and tendons, malignantly alert even though no longer young, narrow-shouldered and sagging and soured, inwardly cold and hard with a hardness suggestive of a battered and eroded iron chain. Yet it was the cool venom in the narrow and deep-set eyes that most disturbed the younger man. It seemed to leave the figure opposing him animal-like and unreasoning, intimating that to argue with such a spirit would be like trying to argue with a copperhead snake coiled and ready to strike.

But Gomer's hand was steady as he rested his rifle butt on the yellow-painted deck rail and submitted to the sustained malignant stare of the taller man in rusty black. He made no effort to speak, preferring to let the other break that pregnantly prolonging silence.

"What are you doing here?" was Cephas Warren's final challenge. He spoke quietly, but there was an unmistakable tremolo of intensity in his voice.

"I'm goin' to suck sand," was Gomer's equally quiet and deliberate reply.

"Where?" demanded the gaunt man with the rifle.

"Here," retorted Gomer, with a head nod toward the water beside him.

"You're not," was the cool-noted reply. But the man on the sand barge could see the graying of the lean face confronting him.

Gomer smiled, the madura brown of his own face showing cheese color over his big cheek bones.

"Who'll stop me?" he slowly inquired.

"I will," was the prompt reply, in a slightly higher pitch than before.

Gomer folded his arms. He folded his arms because through his body he felt a feral flash of which he was wordlessly afraid. Unless he kept cool and reasonable, he knew, there might still be trouble. And he had never been a trouble seeker.

"D'you own this river?" he asked, as quietly as he was able. And the older man's response to that apparent insolence was a quick raising of his rifle to the half-arm and a momentary compression of the mottled blue lips.

"I don't own this river, you sand-sucking pup, but I own this sand along my bank. And I'll put a bullet through any blue-nosed river thief who tries to take it away from me. So back off this headland! D'you hear me? Back off this bank before you get a slug o' cold lead in your guts to show you I mean business!"

Gomer, at that show of ferocity, forced a laugh. But it was a hard laugh and a mirthless one.

"Not on your life!" he said with sudden grim candor, puzzled by the wayward glow that swept through his body. It was the dull glow of combat, the wine of violence, that he had tried so hard to keep down. It left him vaguely dizzy and vaguely disappointed. But he managed, every moment of the time, to keep his studious eye on his enemy.

So intent was his scrutiny of his enemy, in fact, that he caught no glimpse of the startled black face in one corner of the engine-room door, the black face so closely watching that disturbing drama. He failed, at first, even to see the hesitatingly advancing figure of the girl with wheat-colored hair, with her eyes wide with horror and her thin fingers clutched together over her breast. Gomer's attention remained absorbed in the man who was known as a killer, in the man with the rifle, who was so clearly defining himself as his enemy.

"Not on your life!" he repeated, louder than before. So challenging was that shout, in fact, that the self-immured old fisherman turned petulantly about on the log where he sat and frowningly regarded the two men who faced each other like two cockerels in a fowl run. Even as he did so the huge negro, Jude, faded back into the engine room. There, taking authority into his own hands, Jude sagaciously reversed his engine and threw on the steam. There was trouble ahead, blacker trouble than channel bars, and it was time to back off while the backing was good.

The Argo was under way, was backing into deeper water even before its master stood aware of that unexpected, of that humiliating movement. But Gomer awoke to the ignominy of what was taking place when he saw the space so mysteriously yet so unmistakably widening between him and his enemy. And he knew it was too late to retreat. He shouted a sharp word of command to Jude, who merely showed the whites of his eyes at the engine-room door and again disappeared from sight. When Gomer at last realized the Argo was keeping up that ignominious withdrawal, was thus cravenly betraying him, his response to that knowledge was both automatic and instant. Throwing his rifle aside, he jumped from the bow of the barge into the shallows, his one determination in life being to preserve contact with the disputed sand bar in front of him.

But the Argo was in deeper water than he had counted on, and he found, to his surprise, that he would have to swim for it. And that, he soon saw, was not so easy as it seemed, weighted down as he was with his heavy boots. But he shook the water from his face and struck out for shore, pushing forward with quick strong strokes.

He resented the thought that Cephas Warren should even momentarily feel he had shown the white feather. He resented still more the thought that the girl with the wheat-colored hair should imagine him as cringing away before a foolish old man with a loaded carbine and a loose tongue.

It was the scream from the girl halfway up the hillside, the scream sharp and short, that made Gomer's glance go back to the man with the rifle. His momentary failure to discern the rifle as he fought forward for a footing on the ribbed sand of the river floor puzzled and piqued him. Then he discovered that his failure to see the carbine was due to the fact that it had foreshortened into a menacing small O that winked at him like an evil eye. The old fool was aiming at him. The old fool was ——

All thought on the matter was cut short by the simultaneous report of the rifle and the swish of the bullet through the water at his shoulder. He knew what that meant. The murderous old coward was firing at him, was firing at him at short range while he floated helpless in the water, was trying to kill him as he'd killed trespassing livestock that happened to kindle his anger.

There was still a chance of escape, Gomer knew, by diving under water like a harried teal and threshing his way back, back behind the protection of his heavy-planked barge. But that meant flight. That meant showing the white feather—and he was afraid to show the white feather. Even when he saw the tall man in the rusty black advance step by methodic step toward the water's edge, with the rifle still leveled, even as the swimmer found a footing on the sandy bottom, and stood only breast-deep, then waist-deep, then hip-deep in the current, he knew that he had to keep on moving forward. He knew that he dare not turn back, even as he saw the lean gray cheek nestle closer against the carbine stock and the menacing O of the barrel end waver and come to rest. All Gomer's thought was concentrated on that unfair and odious barrel end, with its power to spit death into his face.

He failed even to see Cephas Warren's daughter as she slumped down where she stood, with her hands over her face, in a forlorn and foolish effort to shut away the inevitable. He was dimly conscious, it is true, of the wrinkle-faced old fisherman who seemed to stand closer in the picture than before, who seemed so petulant at this disturbance of his peace. He so resented that noisy intrusion, in fact, that he was using his long pole and line like a whip, raising it above his head, inanely, and as inanely lashing at the man with the balanced rifle. Gomer, bracing himself for shock, knew that the movement was senseless, that it was futile and unreasoned, that the string with which his enemy was about to be whipped could affect the venomously intent body no more than a rock is affected by a shadow falling over it. And he knew that the finger hugging the rifle trigger was going to pull back on the little horn of curved metal and spill thunder from the foreshortened barrel.

He knew and remembered that, in his heat-lightning quick quavers of thought, but he failed to remember the hook and sinker that swung at the end of the wrinkle-faced old fisherman's line. For that was what saved his life. The trigger was pulled and the shot echoed out across the quiet river valley. But as the finger pressed on the curved horn of metal a flying billet of lead trailing a hook and string fell across the leveled rifle barrel, fell across it swishingly and coiled there in shortening circles, binding the metal barrel and the black-clad arm together.

The old fisherman, after all, had not been so foolish as he appeared. His line jerk had sent wild a shot that would never have missed its mark. And he was pirouetting and cackling shrilly as he saw his hook barbed in the coat sleeve of rusty black, his tugs on the pole moving the rifle barrel about like a semaphore arm.

Gomer shouted, without knowing he was doing so, as he saw the wasted bullet throw up the water a good six feet from where he stood. He shouted again as he threshed and fought his way ashore, knowing only too well what awaited him if once that fighting arm got free of its entangling line coils. It struck him as ludicrous, that struggle on the bank so close to him, with the gesticulating and cackling old angler doing his best to keep a tight line on a catch too big and burly to be subdued or retained. The killer would be loose again, Gomer knew, as soon as those frail meshes were beaten aside. There was no time to be lost.

All the gentleness was gone from Gomer's make-up as he flung himself on the tall and twisting figure. But that figure, even after the rifle had been jerked away from him and tossed aside, continued to fight with a savagery that was blind and brutelike. Gomer pinned first one arm and then the other against his panting frame, holding him in a writhing helplessness that brought muttered oaths from the flaccid mouth.

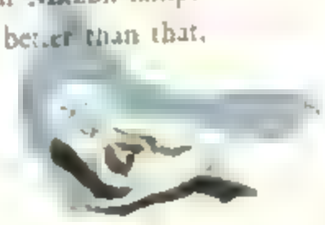
(Continued on Page 121)

The LAMP THAT TRIED

A lady went into a store and bought a lamp.

It was a good store. It was a good lamp. In fact it was a National Mazda lamp.

There's nothing better than that.



Then, *why*, if the lamp was all right, did it give the lady a headache?

Well, look how she used it.

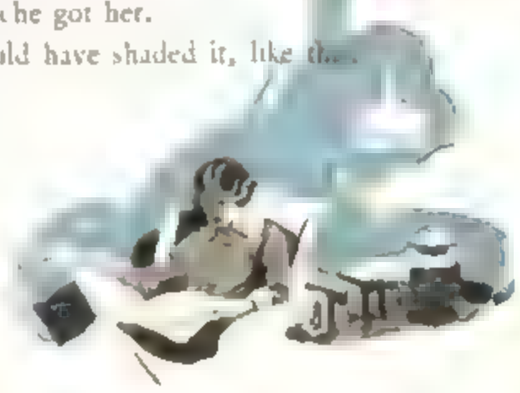
She made, in fact, three mistakes:

The lamp, you see, has a clear bulb—which is not the kind to read by.

It should have been a diffusing bulb—a White Mazda Lamp. Then its light wouldn't have been raw and irritating.

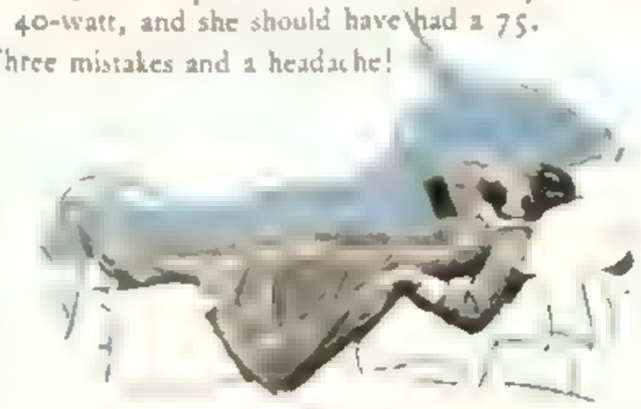
And she let it glare into her eyes—not noticing until the headache got her.

She should have shaded it, like this.



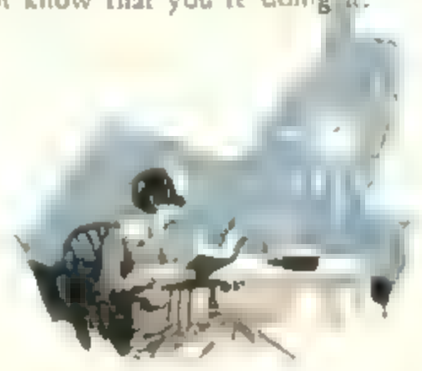
Besides, the lamp was too small to read by. She got a 40-watt, and she should have had a 75.

Three mistakes and a headache!

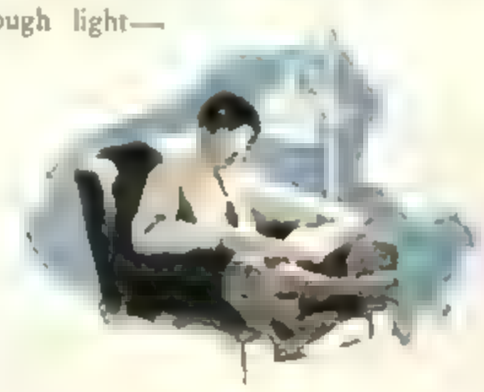


Maybe she knew what made her head ache, and maybe she didn't. If she's reading this, she'll know.

Any oculist will tell you how easy it is to abuse eyes and not know that you're doing it.



It's a fine thing to play safe with eyes. This is how: Have enough light—



and be sure to shade it properly.

You'll never encourage eye-headaches that way.

It has a lot to do with "nerves" and with "temper," too, light has.

Anybody is irritated, sooner or later, by lights that glare.

They're almost as bad as gloom.

Next time you're buying lamps, be choosey.

Go to the store that displays this blue carton—

or this blue lantern—

because that's the right store, all right.

But remember the three mistakes of the headachey lady!

Buy a *large-enough* lamp in a *diffusing* bulb, and *shade* it.

Buy a carton (that's six) of them while you're there. It's a great comfort to have them handy.

And what you'll have handy will be the best you can buy in light.

And maybe you'll head off many a headache!

National MAZDA LAMPS

How to get longer, qu

Buick

Buick valve in head construction is continued in the 1925 models. The Master Six, continued from 1924, has cylinders of three and three-eighths inches bore by four and three-fourths inches stroke. In the new Standard Six, the bore and the stroke are three and four and a half inches respectively. Cooling of both models is by water with pump circulation.

Cast iron pistons are used in both engines. These are each fitted with three rings above the piston pin. Close clearances are maintained and the cylinder bores, which are made of a hard alloy iron, are given their final finish by a honing process. The combustion chambers are machined and proportioned to give a compression pressure of approximately seventy-five pounds per square inch.

The lubricating system employed in both models is of the force feed type, oil being delivered under pressure to each of the main and connecting rod bearings, also to the overhead valve mechanism through the hollow rocker shaft. The timing gears receive their supply through a connection from the rocker shaft, all other engine parts being lubricated by the oil spray thrown from the connecting rod and main bearings. The oil is circulated by a gear pump located at the bottom of the oil reservoir, its intake being protected from dirt by a fine mesh screen. A relief valve governs the oil pressure.

Due to the method of fitting the bearings and to the accurate piston and ring fits maintained, excessive oil consumption and carbon accumulations are prevented. Consequently a fairly rich lubricating oil may be used in these engines without difficulty from this source. It is important, however, to minimize the power and fuel waste resulting from the friction drag which heavy bodied oils induce in cool running engines. This is particularly the case in Buick cars which, due to their cooling system design and large reserve power, run exceptionally cool.

For best results we recommend the use during summer of Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" in Buick cars of 1923, 1924, and 1925 models. When freezing temperatures are likely to be encountered, however, Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic should be used in order to insure a reliable oil flow through the fine mesh oil screen employed. This grade also is recommended for the lubrication both winter and summer of all models previous to 1923.

Marmon

The Marmon is an example of high-power, medium speed design applied to the six cylinder engine. The cylinders are of special design to assure uniform cooling and are cast in blocks of three. A very large and rigid crankshaft is used.

An unusual design of piston is employed. The head or part which carries the rings is of aluminum alloy and this is extended downward to carry the piston pin on which the upper end of the connecting rod oscillates. The piston skirt or portion sliding on the cylinder wall is a light shell of cast iron which is securely bolted to the lower face of the aluminum part, the two forming a piston of light weight, high heat conductivity and excellent wearing qualities. Each piston is fitted with three rings, the lower one being of special design to prevent any excess oil reaching the combustion chambers. Oil holes provided in the ring groove drain the oil trapped by this ring.

The lubricating system is of the full force feed type, the oil being supplied under pressure to the crankshaft and connecting rod bearings, also to the piston pins. A gear type oil pump, located at the rear end of the crankshaft, forces oil to the rear main bearing and thence through the entire length of the hollow crankshaft. At each crankpin bearing and at the center main bearing an outlet is provided to supply the bearings with oil. This outlet is so located that in conjunction with the special bearing design, it acts to limit automatically the amount of oil thrown to the cylinders.

Of the large volume of oil flowing through the crankshaft only a small portion escapes through the bearings; the rest of the oil, after serving to cool the shaft, is discharged at the front bearing and is taken to a regulating valve which prevents excessive oil pressure at high speeds. Some of the oil is also supplied to the overhead valve mechanism.

These various features of des... have a direct bearing on the chara... of lubricant which should be selec... The tendency toward carbon for... tion is influenced by the amount ... passing the pistons which is contro... to a large extent by the design of ... lubricating system. When this is s... that an over-supply of oil is prevent... little carbon deposit may be expe... The type of piston and ring equi... ment employed in the Marmon de... reduces not only the amount of ... reaching the combustion chamber... but also the tendency of the fuel ... knock or "ping" should carbon ... posit accumulate.

To best meet all these and ot... lubrication requirements of the M... mon design, we recommend the use ... Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" except wh... the atmospheric temperatures bel... zero may be encountered. Under ... conditions use Gargoyle Mobil... Arctic.

Studebaker

The engine of your 1925 Studebaker car, whether of the standard Six, Special Six or Big Six Model, marks an advance in Studebaker engine design. Although similar in appearance to models of previous years, many refinements have been incorporated in its design, all tending to promote engine efficiency and engine life. In their main features the engines of these three new models are very much alike, the principal difference between them being in size and power. All are of the four stroke cycle, six cylinder, vertical L-head type, water cooled by pump circulation.

The pistons are of cast iron fitted with three rings above the piston pin and one below it in the piston skirt. The ring just above the piston pin acts to control oil pumping, eight one-eighth inch oil holes in its groove providing for drainage of any excess oil back inside the pistons. These are fitted in the lapped cylinder bores with close clearances.

When an oil of the proper body and character is used, this construction tends to prevent abnormal amou... oil reaching the combustion cham... and the formation of detrimenta... bon deposits.

A Force Feed type of lubric... system is employed on all these ... gines, the location of the gear-type ... pump however, differing in the var... models. On the Special Six and ... Six engines this is just to the re... the camshaft; on the Standard Si... about the same level but on the o... side of the engine. The oil is lifted ... suction from the reservoir in the b... to the oil pump, whence it is forced ... the camshaft, crankshaft and con... ing rod bearings. The spray th... from the latter lubricates the cylin... and pistons, piston rings, valve m... anism and other engine parts ... lubricated under pressure.

A lubricating system, so desi... will circulate efficiently practica... engine oil during the summer. D... winter weather, however, an oil w... is fluid at low temperatures should ... used in order to assure circu... when the oil is chilled.

Branches in principal cities.

VACUUM

ter mileage from your

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" in summer and Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic in winter meet completely all requirements of these engines and we recommend their use by Studebaker owners during the seasons specified. These grades are also correct as recommended for previous Studebaker models.

For the differentials of all models, also the transmissions of 1925 cars not equipped with four-wheel brakes, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C". Where four-wheel brakes are used Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" in summer and Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic in winter should be used for transmission lubrication.

Maxwell

THE LATE MODEL MAXWELL engines are designed with force feed lubricating systems in which oil is forced under pressure to the three main bearings. Holes drilled in the crankshaft carry the oil under pressure from the main bearings to the connecting rod bearings. The other moving parts are lubricated by the oil mist which is created when the oil is forced out through radial grooves at the ends of the connecting rod bearings.

The oil circulating pump is of the vane type and is located at the camshaft level, drawing its supply through a pipe connecting with a strainer in the oil reservoir.

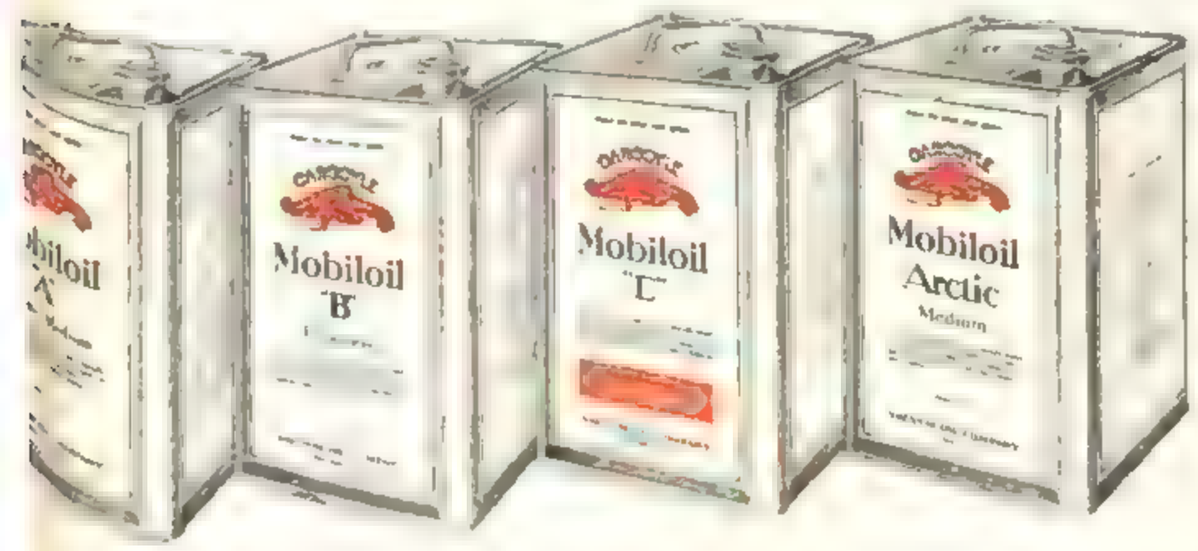
Aluminum pistons of the constant clearance type are employed. The skirt or bearing part of this type of piston is slotted on one side to provide for expansion under heat and therefore permits the use of close clearances. In addition, horizontal slots are cut through the piston below the lower ring to permit the free return of oil from the cylinder walls.

With the effective control of the oil supply which is secured by this oil return provision on the pistons, the possibility of carbon formation is minimized. In addition, the characteristics of aluminum as a piston material tend to prevent the fuel knock which often occurs when carbon deposits accumulate.

Where natural circulation of the cooling water (thermo-syphon system) is employed as in the Maxwell design, it is desirable to use, in warm weather, an oil which is suitable for fairly high operating temperatures. Such an oil will be thoroughly atomized and distributed by the Maxwell lubricating system under the conditions of summer operation.

To assure circulation of the lubricating oil in cold weather, the use of an oil which flows freely at low temperatures is necessary because of the elevated location of the oil pump with its long connection to the oil reservoir.

To meet correctly these and other important lubrication features of the Maxwell design, we recommend the use of Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" in summer and Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic in winter for the models of 1922, 1923, 1924 and 1925. For the 1921 and earlier models, Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic should be used both summer and winter.



Chrysler

THE CHRYSLER SIX engine is of the high speed L-head type, having a bore of three inches and a stroke of four and three-quarter inches. Water cooling with pump circulation is employed with thermostatic regulation of the water temperature.

The cylinder head is specially designed to secure extremely rapid combustion of the fuel, minimizing the tendency of present day gasolines to knock or ping under severe operating conditions. The pistons are of the constant clearance type, made of aluminum alloy and fitted with three narrow rings above the piston pin, the bottom ring being of special oil control design.

A Force Feed lubricating system is employed. A gear type oil pump is located in the crankcase just above the oil level and delivers the oil under pressure to each of the seven main bearings, thence through drillings in the crankshaft to the connecting rods. The camshaft bearings are also pressure lubricated while the pistons and other working parts are supplied by the oil mist which is thrown from the connecting rod bearings.

To keep the oil free from road dust, carbon and other impurities a special filter is used in addition to the oil screen located at the pump intake. An air cleaner is also employed to prevent the entrance of dirt into the cylinders.

These and other features of the Chrysler Six have an important bearing upon its lubrication. The high heat conductivity of the aluminum alloy pistons reduces the tendency toward carbonization of any oil passing the pistons, while the absence of dust also reduces the quantity of deposit accumulating. If any carbon should accumulate, promoting the tendency of the fuel to knock, the special cylinder heads and aluminum pistons offset this, thus permitting the use of a rich lubricating oil. The design of the lubricating system is such that it will distribute even quite viscous oils at low atmospheric temperatures while the relatively high operating temperatures, normal for this engine, reduce oil friction losses and make the use of a rich lubricant very desirable. Effective sealing of the piston rings and adequate lubrication of the alloy pistons are also factors favoring a rich lubricant.

To meet these requirements of the Chrysler Six engine the use of Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" is recommended for all seasons, except when atmospheric temperatures below zero may be encountered. Under such conditions use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic. Gargoyle Mobiloil "C" is the correct grade for transmission and rear axle lubrication.

Ask for a 5 gallon can

GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS

Your engine will operate at its best if the level of the oil in the crankcase reservoir is maintained in accordance with manufacturer's instructions. Replenish oil frequently as required. Never fill above full mark on indicator. With a 5-gallon can or 15- or 30-gallon drum of the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil on hand you will always be ready to give your car this valuable attention.

Crankcase oil should be entirely drained at least every 1000 miles in summer and every 500 miles in winter unless manufacturer's instructions are to the contrary. When draining the oil, the oil strainer screen (if your car has one) should also be removed and cleaned. Draw off the old oil when the engine is warm, as the oil then flows more freely and tends to wash out any foreign matter. (Never flush the crankcase with kerosene.) Then refill with the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil.

for your Home Garage

The 5-gallon can or 15-, 30- or 55-gallon steel drum with leak-proof faucet.

the One Quart can

The new quart can is on sale in many states. Put 2 or 3 under the car seat. 35c a can or 3 for $1.00.

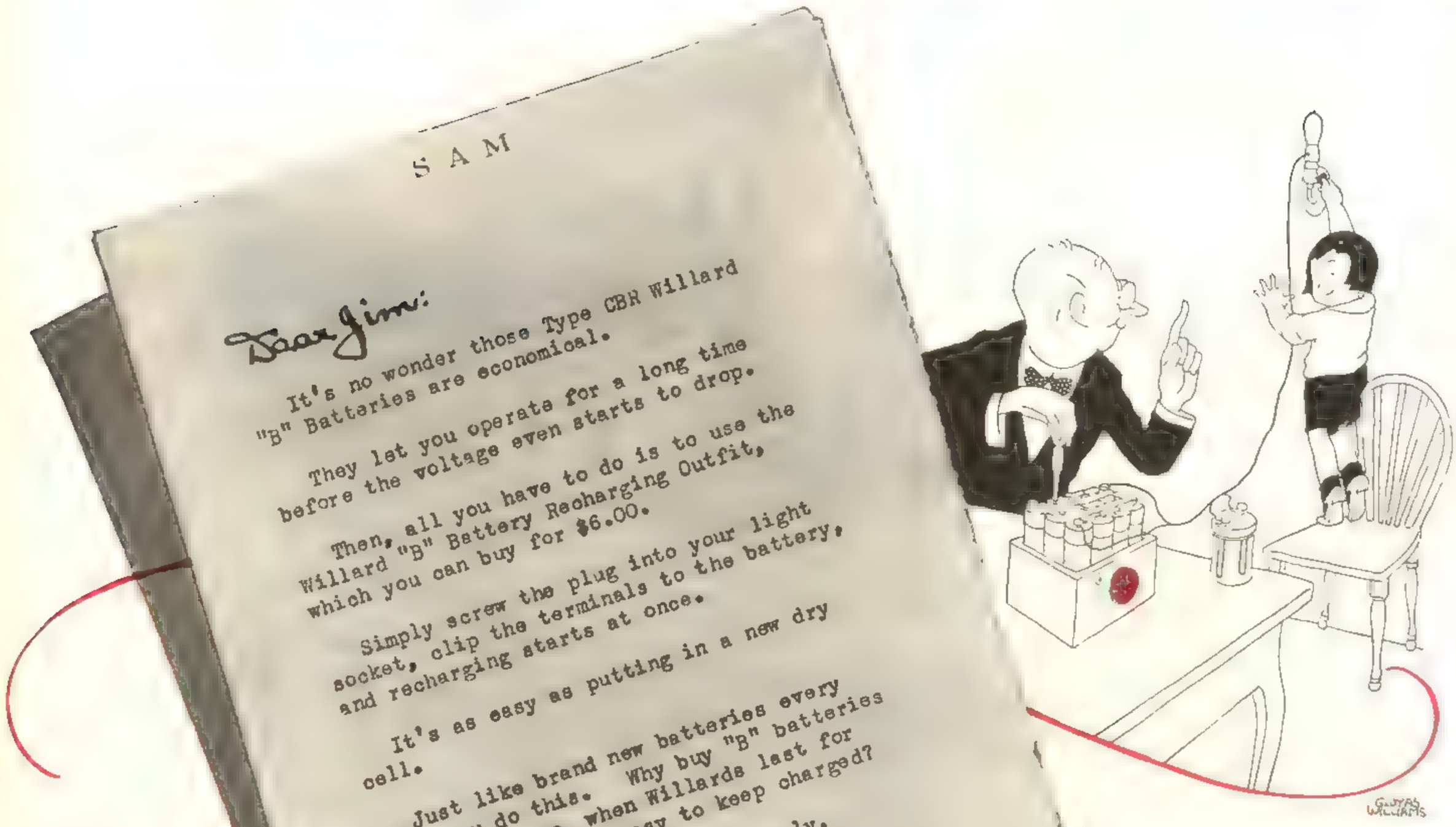
30c *a Quart*

is the fair retail price when the dealer sells Mobiloil from pump or barrel. Lower prices often accompany substitution.

Prices slightly higher in Canada, the Southwest and the Far West.

COMPANY

Address New York, Chicago, or Kansas City.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P 8

(Continued from Page 116)

"I'll fight you, you skulking Northern swine," gasped the old man imprisoned in the iron-banded arms of the barge owner. "I'll fight you, you backwater sand sucker, I'll fight you bare handed or with firearms, you skulking sand thief! This valley's too small to hold you and me, you mangy scow scraper, and one of us is going to get out of it for good!"

"Shut up!" cried Gomer, recovering his breath. "Shut up, or I'll throw you into the river!"

"You'll do a lot, you skulking son of a she-mongrel," mocked the impassioned lips so close to the other's face. "But if you've any manhood you'll stand up in fair fight. You'll take your gun and see which gets out of this world that's a sight too cramped to harbor the both of us. That's what you'll do, if you're not a white-livered bluenose!"

But Gomer was not to be incensed to further combat. His expression was almost pitying as he held the older man off and looked at him.

"Why, you liquor-soaked old wreck of a gun toter, I could break you over my knee as easy as you could snap a lath over your shin bone. I reckon you've done enough talkin' in your time, and enough killin' too. You ain't no more fit to be goin' round loose than a rattler is. And I aim to take you where your talkin' 'll be o' some use to you, for it'll sure require consid'rable explainin' to get you away from where I'm leavin' you."

He turned about and called to the one-legged negro, who, finally convinced that the fighting was over, had acquired sufficient courage to work the Argo in toward the river bank once more.

"Jude, throw me over a length o' that lighter line," was his curtly preoccupied command as he continued to hold the twitching tall body in his iron clasp.

Gomer felt a touch on his free arm and found himself looking down into the white face of Azuba Warren.

"What are you going to do with him?" she asked in a quiet but tremulous voice.

"I'm a-goin' to carry him down to Chamboro and have him jailed," asserted Gomer as he busied himself with his rope ends.

She studied Gomer's face with her shadowed eyes, studied it long and intently.

"He's an old man," she said, still with the quaver in her voice.

"And a sure dangerous one," amended the young boat owner, compressing his lips at the fluent blasphemies that flowed from the older man as the twitching arms were trussed and tied behind his back. "You'd best," suggested Gomer, "not stay within hearin' of such talk."

"I've heard it all before," acknowledged the girl, with a listless sort of weariness. But her face hardened as Jude, at his master's command, ran a plank out from the Argo's bow. "I don't want my father jailed!" she proclaimed in a suddenly altered voice.

Gomer stopped short at the odd light in her eyes. He could see her body trembling under its thin and faded covering of blue calico. He could see the quiver of the squared underlip, wounded and pitiful, like that of a child hurt beyond reason.

"What d'you want me to do with him?" he asked with a patience obviously coerced. And his own face hardened as he picked up the killer's fallen rifle and tossed it aboard the barge.

"I want that you should let him go," said the girl with the luminous eyes.

"And what good'll that do you or me or the rest o' this neighborhood?" inquired the practical-minded Gomer, his eyes no longer on the girl's face but on the flat and empty planking of the Argo. He had engaged to keep the cement works supplied with sand that season, and you can't be dodging bullets when you're busy getting your cargoes aboard.

"Couldn't we leave him to his own?" she asked, pallid with some inward struggle that was draining her last reservoir of courage. "Couldn't we leave him here and move on to some other part of the world? Couldn't you leave him here where he's always lived, while we moved on to other parts? You said last night there was a chance of such things. I don't care how you take me or where you take me. But I don't want my father jailed!"

He stood arrested by the unlooked-for passion in her voice, waywardly tingling at the words that might mean so much and yet so little to him. His own color ebbed as he stood studying the luminous-eyed face under the encircling plaits of wheat-colored hair. But he had to steady himself against the sudden tug and strain of the bound figure at his side.

"I'd kill you with my own hands," cried out the girl's venomous-eyed old father, "before I'd see you hitch up with a hound like this. I'd rather see you dead and buried than go roaming through the world with a lowborn scow scraper like him! Let him get busy with his jailing! I'd rather rot between stone walls than think flesh and blood o' mine had run off with a piffling river thief who hasn't the manhood of a water rat!"

A look of shame crept into Gomer's face, shame at the thought that womenfolks should be compelled to listen to such language.

"But he'd marry me," the pale-cheeked girl was trying to explain to her father. "He offered to marry me, openly and honorably."

"Marry you!" shouted the frenzied upholder of the house of Warren. "Not while I can still draw the breath of life! Not as long as I can lift a hand to stop it! Warren blood is Warren blood, and I'll not see it tainted! No skunks and river rats'll crawl into my family! Not while I live! We come from the Warrens of Stapleford and Little Marlow, gentlemen and fighters from the capture of the Marengo down. And if you think you can keep me aboard that mud scow, if you think a man who eats with niggers can master me, you'll soon find, my sand-sucking scow man, that you're mistaken!"

It took all Gomer's strength to hold him as he struggled.

"You see how hopeless he makes it?" challenged the younger man when he could get his breath. "He don't even leave me a chance of actin' moderate."

"Then you won't listen to me?" asked the girl as Gomer tugged his captive toward the plank end.

"There's been too much talk a'ready," he said with his hardened face averted. "What I'm goin' to do now is act!"

"And I and my feelings don't count in those actions?" she demanded in her inapposite feminine pride.

"I'm doin' what I'm doin' b'cause I can't help it," maintained Gomer, jutting his jaw. "Jude," he called aloud, "come help me get this man into the pilot house."

It was the girl's face that hardened as Gomer turned away from her. Her eyes were luminous again as she watched the struggling pair drag their prisoner aboard the sand barge.

"I guess I understand," she said with her hands clenched. Her head was high, but the trembling of her chin stood as evidence of her quiet suffering.

It was the bleating of the hungry calves that wakened her out of her torpor. She turned slowly away in the failing light, and went as slowly up the close-cropped river slope. When she came to the well curb she stopped, with one hand resting on the rough stonework, staring through the twilight at the empty and shadowy house. Then she moved on to the worn step of the doorway, through which no lamp shone.

"I guess I understand," she repeated in her lifeless whisper as she stooped to take up her battered wooden bucket. But she stopped a moment to wipe the tears from her eyes with the back of her hand.

■

IT WAS two hours later as Azuba Warren, dry eyed and determined, was placing her meager belongings in a stained and abraded old saddle bag, that a knock suddenly sounded on the door. Her hand was resting on the equally abraded scabbard of her grandfather's sword, which she had taken down from between the two oval-framed old portraits on the wall, and her fingers, as the knock was repeated, louder than before, tightened about the weapon which some perverse underplay of pride had prompted her to carry along with her. She couldn't have explained just why out of the little that had been left to her she should have chosen that ancient and incongruous weapon. But it spoke in its broken way of past glories. It stood an obscure emblem of the service and the gallantry that had been so obviously absent from her own life.

As she still hesitated there, with her thin hand resting on the moldy scabbard that sheathed the blade she had never allowed rust to stain, the door was flung open from the outside. Her startled eyes narrowed as she beheld Milt Gomer in the doorway with his rifle in his hands. His face was unnaturally stern and there were both menace and watchfulness in his pose as his eye swept the room.

"Where's your father?" he demanded with a harshness that brought her widening gaze back to his face.

"That's for you to tell me," she said in a voice made steely with affronted pride.

"Where's your father?" repeated the man with the rifle, less loudly but no less determinedly.

"He's not been here," she answered, trying to keep the tremor of triumph out of her voice.

"So you tricked me again?" said Gomer, out of the silence that prolonged itself between them.

"I tricked you?" she repeated, staring into his colorless face.

"You helped him get away!" accused the man with the rifle. "You sneaked aboard my boat in the dark and ——"

"No, no," she interrupted. "I couldn't do that! I ——"

"Then how'd he get away?" cut in the other. "And carry off his rifle when he went?"

That hard-lipped face frightened her, but she made an effort not to show it.

"He must have fought his way loose," she contended with quickening breath. "I had no hand in it. I didn't know!"

"But you know what it means?"

"What it means?" she repeated, backing away as he advanced a step or two into the room.

As though in reply to that question the quietness of the night was broken by the sharp sound of a rifle shot, followed by the tinkle of falling glass from the river below.

"Put out that light," was Gomer's quick command.

For just a moment she hesitated. Then she stooped over the chimney and blew down its throat, leaving the room in darkness.

She could hear Gomer's step in the doorway.

"What are you going to do?" she asked as the sound of a second rifle shot echoed across the river valley.

"I'm goin' to find that killer," was Gomer's unimpassioned reply.

She moved out through the doorway after him, groping in her moment of stress for the man who was no longer her friend. But he moved away from her again, intent on other things.

"Oh, what does it mean?" she cried as she felt for the support of the shadowy house wall. For a third shot had filled the valley, followed by the protesting shouts of Jude's deep barytone from the sheltered side of the Argo.

"It means that he's a-shootin' up my boat," said Gomer with his first show of passion. "It means he's hidden somewhere along the hill there, tryin' to kill anything in sight. And it means I'm goin' to get him or know the reason why!"

"Oh, wait!" she implored, with her hand reaching out toward him. "I—I've got to tell you about myself. I want you to know ——"

"We'll talk about you later," was his grim rejoinder as he listened to a bullet go splintering through the deck house of his beloved craft. And she was conscious of his thick-shouldered figure moving forward in the darkness, slow and cautious and stooped slightly forward, his rifle in his hands.

She saw the silence and the gloom swallow him up, and she waited, breathless, for the first betraying sound that the night might bring to her. She waited without moving until the accumulating pain in her heart brought her left hand up against her breast while her unsteady right hand groped for the doorway. When she came to it she sank down on the worn sill, her knees shaking and the sound of her own pulse loud in her ears.

But quietness came to her body as she waited. And with quietness came hope, a faint and phantasmal sort of hope which she could not define. She had listened that way before, she remembered, and nothing had come of it. Life, she in some way felt, was going to be kinder to her. It had to be. It was being that already.

She leaned back against the splintered door frame, staring up at the starlit rafters of heaven. She sat as motionless as the shadows about her, grateful for the deepening coolness of the air which signified the deepening of the night. They might not come, after all, those shots which she dreaded to hear through the darkness. They might not meet, those two shadows so ruthlessly stalking each other in the gloom.

Give those drains a housecleaning, too

Isn't cleaning house without cleaning the drains like sweeping dirt under the rug? This spring you'll want to give the drains a real housecleaning, too—you'll want to clean out the accumulation of winter waste and make them free-flowing—sanitary.

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Drāno keeps refrigerator drainpipes clean and open—keeps laundry traps free-flowing—cleans, disinfects and deodorizes garbage cans—removes grease from garage floors.

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Enjoy memorable days about colorful Seattle and sister cities—as restful or as strenuous as you please! Plan two weeks or make it a real summer's vacation.

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Then a quick tingle ran through her body at a sound from the depths of the house behind her. She could hear steps, slow and cautious steps advancing through the darkness. And that sound brought her slowly to her feet on the worn doorsill.

She could hear a door open, and the guttural mutter of a voice as a chair leg scraped on the bare floor. Then came the advancing steps again, and silence, and the sound of something hard and metallic put down on the table, followed by the scratch of a match along the table end.

She knew by this time that it was her father. She knew it even before the lamp wick caught the flame and the unsteady hand replaced the chimney on the burner. She could see him quite plainly now as, still muttering, he took the glass oil lamp up in his hand and moved about, plainly in search for something he could not find. She saw blood on his hand, and thought for a moment that he was wounded. But the blood, she realized, was from nothing more than a brier scratch.

He stopped short as his wandering eye fell on her crouching white-faced in the narrow doorway. And his hard eyes narrowed as he stared at her.

He moved his head up and down in slow and silent approval. She could see his face work, the drawn and deep-lined face with the mottled lips that left her so wordlessly afraid of him.

"He'll not get you any more'n he'll get me," Cephas Warren said with a malignant quietness that brought the trembling back to the watching woman's knees. "Come here!"

She looked at him and at the rifle that lay across the table end. But she was unable to move.

"Come here!" he commanded, his face darkening with anger.

"I—I can't," she whispered, her thin hand groping along the door frame for support.

She heard the oath that the man with the lamp flung out at her, at the same time that she heard a shout from the river. That shout, she was mistily aware, came from Jude, the negro on the sand scow, but she never knew whether it was one of warning or one of wonder at the sudden signs of life in the midnight house. But it gave her the courage to turn her head and glance at the valley of darkness that might still engulf her, that might cover her flight as she went. And the thought of that sheltering blackness gave her the courage to back slowly away, watching the seamed old face that watched her as she gathered the will to defy where she had never defied before.

The man with the lamp must have read that determination to escape. He must have deciphered it in the intently staring eyes, for his immediate reaction to her first movement was automatic and unconscious.

He flung the lamp at her. She heard his second shrill oath of rage and the crash of the glass as it struck the splintered door frame. But she had wheeled about by this time, and was running down the river slope, with her arms outstretched and a faint wailing coming from her parted lips as she ran. She stumbled and fell, but struggled to her feet again. She was vaguely troubled as she went on again with no clear-cut sense of direction or destination by the midnight screaming of her geese, shrilling along the valley side like a calliope and dying down and rising again. She became equally troubled by the faint light that played along the river bank, throwing a pink tinge over the raspberry brambles through which she waded, over the billowing orchard bloom beyond the calf pen. It was too early for sunrise, she knew, but that mysterious light increased in volume until it prompted her to stop in her flight and look back.

She knew then what it meant. The house was on fire. She could see the doorway through which she had so recently passed already turned into a widening furnace mouth, framing long tongues of flame which licked higher and higher along the house wall. She could see rose-colored coils of smoke eddy from an upper window that had once been the window of her bedroom. And as she looked she saw a second window become incandescent. Her staring eyes as she watched made out a lean and crouching figure between the window and the light behind it. She could see a groping hand beat at the narrow panes, and then fall back into the coiling smoke tinged with an ever brighter and brighter red.

She had no knowledge of screaming out as she turned and struggled back through the raspberry brambles that caught so viciously at her ankles, at her skirt, at her hands, as she fought her way up the garden slope. She must have called out a second time as she sank to her knees, for from the darkness beyond the orchard she could hear Milt Gomer's answer call, "I'm comin'!" She must have cried out still again, for as he came within the radiance of the mounting flames he called out, "Where are you?"

He dropped his rifle as he caught sight of her, his high-booted figure crashing down the berry canes as he ran toward her huddled figure.

"Are y'all right?" he panted, stooping over her, his strong fingers taking hold of her.

But she pushed him away as he tried to hold her up on her feet.

"My father!" she gasped in loose-lipped horror. "He's in there. He's in that—alive!"

"Are y'sure?" he asked, incredulous.

She covered her face with her hands.

"I saw him," she gasped through shaking fingers.

Gomer, instead of advancing toward the burning house, turned and ran toward the barge at the river bank. He tumbled aboard and caught a blanket up from his wall bunk, trailing and tramping it in the shallow river water as he tumbled ashore again. He was draping the wet blanket about him as he ran toward the house. The woman with the stricken eyes could see him catch up a piece of stovewood as he ran, circling the house to the east, where he beat on a side window with his billet of wood. She could hear the crash of the glass; she could hear it plainly above the crackling of the burning wood. She could see the released smoke cloud that puffed out and partly enveloped the high-booted figure as it crawled in over the sill. And as she saw the wet top-boots disappear within what seemed a burning hell a new terror tightened about her heart and she turned on her unsteady feet and ran toward the house, where the flames were now creeping along the sagging eaves and the smoke was oozing out between the warped cedar shingles.

"Don't—don't go in!" she cried as the heat of the flames brought her to a stop. And she wrung her hands as she stood moaning, "Oh, it'll take him too! It'll take him too!"

She saw the one-legged negro, with a wooden bucket in his hand, stumping back and forth between the well curb and the western side of the house, where the flames were slower to catch. His eyeballs showed white and his bared chest shone oily in the red glare.

"'Tain't no use, miss, 'tain't no use!" he muttered, even as he busied himself throwing futile pailful after pailful of water on the crackling timbers. But in spite of the heat she crept still closer to the window through which Gomer had disappeared. That window was now an oblong of singing flame and she knew no living thing could come out of it. She could hear Jude's lugubrious cry, "Dere goes de roof! Dere goes de roof!" followed by a rending and crashing of timbers that turned her tortured heart to stone.

She knew then that it was hopeless. She cowered away from the heat, with one arm thrown up across her face to protect it, until she came to the water-splashed well platform. There she sank down, dry eyed and tight lipped, with her thin fists pressed tightly in against her reddened cheek bones. She felt unutterably alone in a world that had forsaken and betrayed her.

It was only dimly that she heard Jude's repeated cry and saw him beside her at the well curb, slopping water from his bucket in his haste. She saw him fling what was left of his water over a tall and high-booted figure that emerged from the smoke about the far side of the house. This figure threw aside a smoking blanket and slapped at his cindered legs with his hands as the negro drenched them with his second pailful from the well. Then, mopping his streaked face, the man in the tattered boot tops walked slowly and dejectedly toward the negro, taking the bucket out of his hand. He went on to the well curb, with the same tired and listless step, drawing a pailful of the cold water and drinking from the bucket's rim.

It wasn't until he turned to put down the pail that he saw the figure huddled in the curb shadow. He came and stood before her, oddly contrite and humbled.

"I was too late," he said, looking not at her but at the tottering walls farther up the hill.

"I know," whispered the woman on the well platform.

"He was gone, b'fore I'd a chance o' gettin' to him," explained Gomer, his voice steady but his face furrowed with a frown over the thought of failure. "Everything's gone."

"Everything's gone," was her listless cry, echoing him without knowing it.

He looked down at her with a softening face. "And I guess it ain't doin' any good, you sittin' here in the night air."

The kindliness of his tone hurt like a knife blade in her breast.

"I've no place to go to," she said in her dull monotone of misery.

He stopped to slap out an ember that showed red in the cloth below his leather belt, a minute ruby worm that crawled along the ragged corduroy and vanished under his repeated hand blows.

"You're goin' aboard the Argo," he proclaimed, his hand groping for hers in the shadow.

"Not after this!" she protested, shrinking away from him.

"After this," he amended, "it ain't in our hands. You're comin' with me now, until the end of time!"

"But you're doing it only out of pity," was her repeated cry of protest as his wet arms locked about her and he drew her up beside him.

"I could've died happy, back in that burnin' house, if I thought I was doin' it for you," he said with a blunt sort of quietness that broke down her guard and brought a strangle of sobs to her throat. "I guess this hillside's had about all the hate it can stand. But that's over now. And we've got our own lives to live, you and me!"

"But you hate me, you must hate me," she cried, trying to study his face in the wavering light.

He smiled wintrily as his huge hand rested on the pale plaits of her hair.

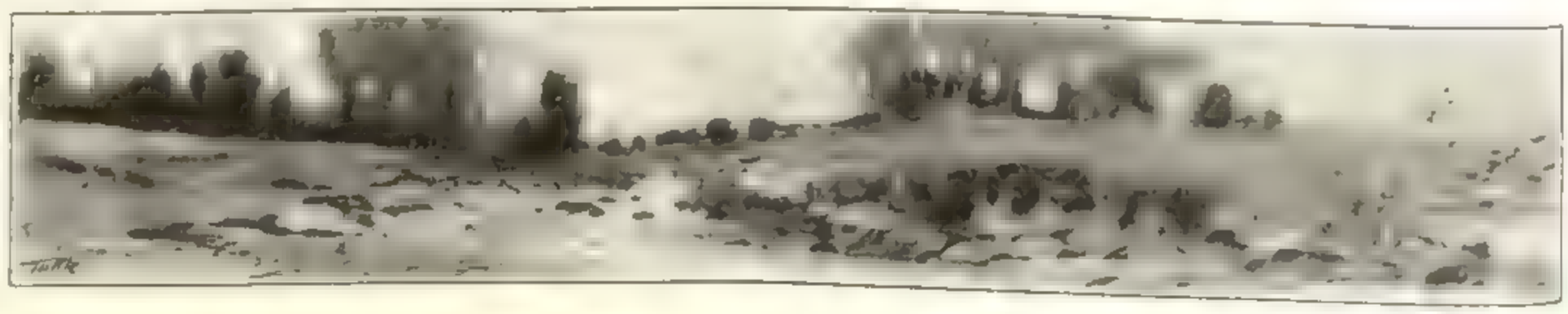
"Poor li'l' woman!" he murmured, drawing her head down on his sooty shirt front. "You've had more'n you can stand. You ain't been given a chance!"

"How can you be good to me!" was the forlornly tremulous cry that broke from her lips.

"That's the easiest thing I can do," he proclaimed, squaring his shoulders. "It won't be easy sledge-ahead, we get things straightened out. But we can figger on them problems tomorrow, after we get married down to Coupeville. There'll be this livestock to look after, I s'pose. And of course I've got 'o keep on suckin' sand, seein' the cement-works folks is dependin' on me for their supply. But after tomorrow Jude'll sleep ashore and we'll have the old Argo to ourselves."

"To ourselves," she repeated in her wondering whisper.

"Jus' you and me!" he said, tightening his arms about her thin figure and letting his smoke-stained face rest on the plaited hair that was the color of ripened wheat.



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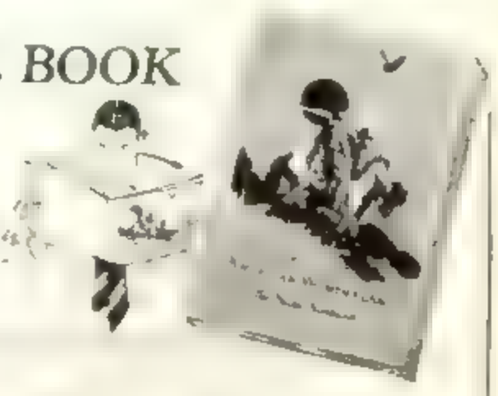

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 36)

order. Mrs. Azel was a tall, distinguished, white-haired woman who wore a platinum lorgnette and spoke with an English accent. One of her cousins had been decorated with the Purple Eagle of Montenegro — fourth class — by the late potentate of that country, which naturally gave her somewhat of an edge on her fellow members where matters of aristocracy were concerned.

"For the benefit of our guest," said Mrs. Azel, beaming upon Alice, "who, I understand, is related to the Pazels and the Nazels, I will say a few words in explanation of the purpose of our organization"

"Hear, hear," murmured some of the ladies in well-bred aristocratic voices.

"The T. M. L. and G. S.," continued the president, "was founded to combat the unwholesome tendency toward democracy that is threatening to undermine our social structure."

"I thought this was a democracy," said Alice. "I wonder where I could have gotten such an idea."

"Politically, of course," said Mrs. Azel. "But politics in this country are so vulgar and sordid. Now in England ——"

"Dear England," sighed Mrs Bazel, the secretary.

"——A lady might stand for Parliament and go on the hustings without becoming contaminated. But in this country —why, would you believe it, the member of Congress from my district was actually in the wholesale dry-goods business!"

A horrified shudder ran through the room.

"A draper," continued Mrs. Azel indignantly. "So our organization has been founded to safeguard Society against the distressing bourgeois influences that threaten it. Only ladies are eligible to membership whose ancestors were somebodies in the sixteenth century. In that way we are assured that our members are really worth associating with."

"Madam President!" A portly woman rose and addressed the chair.

"Mrs. Jazel," said the chair graciously.

"The hospitality and entertainment committee submits the following report," said Mrs. Jazel. "The list of guests for our annual dance is almost completed. Our genealogist is now checking up their ancestry at the public library. Thus far we have been compelled to discard fourteen names whose ancestors appear unquestionably to have been engaged in trade prior to 1804."

"Quite right," assented Mrs. Azel.

"We are experiencing difficulty, however," Mrs. Jazel went on, "in obtaining a distinguished guest for that evening. I took the great liberty of writing to Her Grace the Dowager Duchess of Albania ——"

At the mention of this august name all the members present arose and curtsied quite low.

"—— the Dowager Duchess of Albania," repeated Mrs. Jazel with awe in her voice, "and Her Grace was gracious enough to direct her secretary to reply to me."

"How lovely!"

The Hairdresser Who Specializes in Permanent Waving Carries Out Her Ideas in Furnishing Her Home

"How perfectly charming!"

"*Noblesse oblige!*" the ladies all exclaimed.

"It seems that Her Grace's price is twenty-five dollars a day plus all her expenses."

"That seems reasonable enough, indeed quite moderate, for a Dowager Duchess," said Mrs. Razel.

"It is. Her Grace's secretary said she was fixing a special price for us because she was so heartily in sympathy with what we were doing. But unfortunately we can't afford it. You see, we lost four hundred dollars last year on that dance we gave for the benefit of the starving Zulus. That was due to the expense we had in bringing over Her Royal Highness Princess Olga of Iberia."

Once again, at the mention of the royal name, the ladies all rose and curtsied respectfully.

"I understand," said Mrs. Kazel, "that Her Royal Highness charged only fifteen dollars a day and expenses."

"Her Royal Highness," Mrs. Jazel explained, "was kind enough to bring her entire retinue along, and of course that put us in a bit of a hole."

"Well, those things can't be helped," said the president. "We must consider the tone and distinction that these guests give to our cause. I for one am in favor of inviting Her Grace."

"Perhaps you can get her to do it cheaper," Alice suggested.

"Your great-aunt Celestine Nazel would never have said that," said Mrs. Azel in mild rebuke. "Remember that real blue blood does not concern itself with sordid money matters. All in favor of inviting Her Grace the Dowager Duchess of Albania."

The ayes were unanimous.

After the meeting Alice sat balancing a fragile teacup upon her lap.

"They are the cream of our society," the Red Queen whispered to her. "Their ancestors all fought in the War of the Revolution to free this country from British sovereignty. They all had sons or nephews in the recent war for democracy."

"It's very curious," said Alice

—*Newman Levy.*

Drab Ballads

XIII

LAST night, at the Sorghum Corners Opera House down here, JOHENNA HARE (THE CONTAGIOUS CONTRALTO) sang with great success the light-opera number entitled:

YOU CANNOT GET NO MINUTE STEAK

A hungry patron went into a restaurant.
Eventually, the waiter came and stated,
"I'll take your order, kindly mention what you want—
Our frappéd fricassee is goodly rated."
The patron was in haste, and made this most sarcastic crack,
"A minute steak will do, if you concur."
It was an hour later when the waiter soon got back:
"I beg your pardon, if you please, kind sir:

REFRAIN

"You cannot get no minute steak,
The clock's stopped, I'm afraid.
To fry one we can't undertake
Without its timely aid.
I've ordered you some pork and beans,
With murphies, fried or b'iled.
Just listen to our jazz band play:
(Close harmony)
OH, FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD!"

—*Harry G. Smith.*

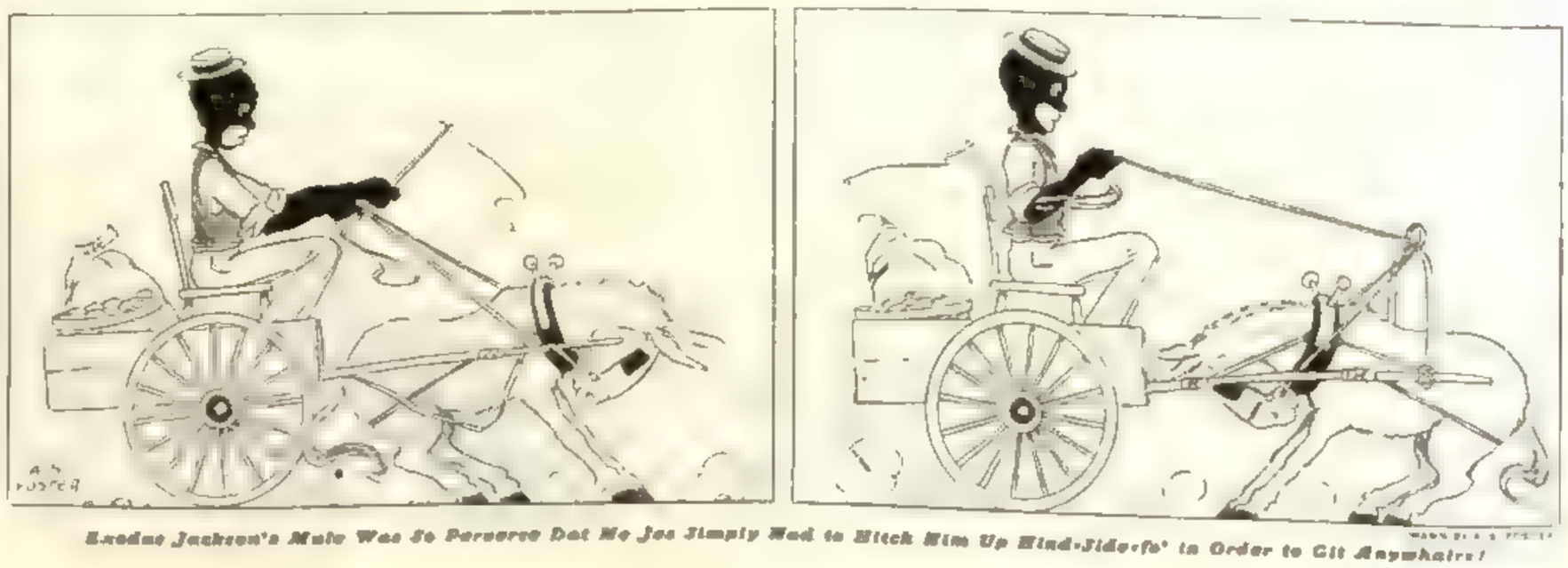
Theater & press
Its worth confess,
ONLY A POOR CHORUS GIRLIE.

A Song Against Constancy

IF LOVE were what they say it is
A fixed and steady star
To shine forever in one place
And light one single upturned face,
We'd dream and sigh, "How gray it is.
From rapture, oh, how far!"—
If love were what they say it is,
A fixed and steady star.

But that is not the way it is,
For love is like the wind
That blows about, now here, now there,
Without a thought, without a care,
And sways the buds when May it is—
So love within the mind,
As changeable the way it is,
And charming as the wind.

—*A. J. M. Smith.*



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Vibration has been eliminated. Owners tell us that at any speed this Equipoised Eight is smoother than they ever deemed possible—that it has tremendous reserve power—that it marks the very peak of dependability and riding comfort.

As for appearance, you need but glance at this car to appreciate its rich beauty of line and design.

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John J. Earley, architectural sculptor of the Church, and Murphy and Olmsted, the architects, chose concrete because of its permanence, its adaptability, its economy. And they selected Atlas, both in its normal gray and its pure white color, as the logical material for this achievement in modern architectural decoration.

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CYNTHIA COMES OUT

Continued from Page 13

Of the year's debutantes, some hundred and sixty of them, who had danced at Gay Howison's party, half, perhaps, had both family and money back of them. The other half had one or the other. An aunt perhaps, well intrenched and a bit bored, who was willing to bring out a penniless little niece and stake her to one gorgeous winter; the daughters of poor Cornelia Van Ruysdael, who couldn't possibly afford a debut dance, but who must be asked, anyway, because the Van Ruysdaels were so clanny; or an heiress, rich in South Dakota wheat, who knew not a soul in New York, but had been wise enough to engage a shrewd, experienced, well-connected social secretary and leave the wire pulling to her.

Cynthia Bardwell had neither family nor money behind her. To be sure, there was an aunt of her mother's who had gone about with the right people in her day; but both the people and the day, and, for that matter, the aunt too, were gone now. As for money, having the tidy competence that Cynthia's father had left was, according to New York society standards, the same thing as having no money at all. Oh, as a debutante, Cynthia was doing it on a shoe string.

When Cynthia was only four her mother had looked at her daughter's signs of unmistakable budding beauty and said to her own sister, "I am going to let nothing stand in the way of Cynthia's making a brilliant marriage."

The sister had died shortly afterward, taking this confidence to the grave with her. To nobody else, not even to Cynthia, had Mrs. Bardwell ever been so crudely frank again.

"I want my baby to have a good time," was the slogan under which Cynthia's social progress had been conducted.

And it had been progress! Not that Mrs. Bardwell had had Gay Howison's debutante dance and all that it stood for in mind. She had never aimed so high as that. She was like a walker who had walked steadily along, always in the right direction, till she looked up at last in surprise herself to see how far she had come.

When Cynthia was thirteen they had given up the big comfortable house in Blue Bank in which they had lived after Mr. Bardwell died. Blue Bank was a democratic suburb, too far away from New York to be really smart commuting, and Cynthia and her mother had lived there in modest comfort on half their income. The other half was saved and carefully invested against the time when Cynthia should begin having a good time. The fall that she was thirteen they had moved into New York and taken an apartment on Riverside Drive, and preparations for the good time began.

To begin with, Cynthia was put into a very smart day school. This is much more important and much more difficult than it sounds. Miss Porter's has girls from the exclusive New York families and assumes a natural responsibility for keeping them exclusive. But Mrs. Bardwell had gone to Miss Porter, evoking the memory of the one aunt who had gone about with the right people

"I'm sure you knew my aunt, Mrs. Howard Cyrus," Mrs. Bardwell introduced herself prettily to Miss Porter. Yes, indeed, Miss Porter knew Mrs. Cyrus well. "Aunt Helen," Mrs. Bardwell went on, "was so eager for me to send my little daughter to you." The very name of Aunt Helen, who, by the way, had seen Mrs. Bardwell but three times in her life and did not even know she had a little daughter, was potent. Miss Porter had explained about her school's waiting list; girls were entered on it before they were six months old. Still, she said, once in a while there would be an unexpected vacancy in the middle of the school year when there was nobody on the waiting list free to avail herself of it. In case such a fortunate possibility should come to pass, she would remember Mrs. Cyrus' niece and slip her daughter in. In the middle of Cynthia's fourteenth winter the opportune vacancy occurred.

With Cynthia safely in attendance at Miss Porter's, the real struggle began. It did not take Mrs. Bardwell long to realize that the big, sunny, comfortable apartment on Riverside Drive had been a grievous error. None of the little girls at Miss Porter's lived on Riverside Drive. A very few did live on West End, only a block away, however, and the next autumn the Bardwells moved to West End. Their apartment was smaller and more expensive and not on the sunny side, but it was on West End Avenue. In this five-room apartment was conducted as canny a campaign as is often waged. It was founded almost wholly on the personal touch.

The personal touch was the one human luxury with which these young schoolmates of Cynthia's had had little experience. Nearly all of them lived in big houses or in the great duplex apartments on Park and Madison. But—and this was the secret hunger to which Cynthia's little home catered so cannily—her schoolmates were not very important people in their great houses. They were being carefully prepared, of course, for the time when they would be important. From their ugly orthopedically correct shoes to the disfiguring braces on their teeth, their bodies were being groomed for the future. A carrot-spinach-and-rich-milk diet for coming complexions, classes in eurythmic dancing for suppleness, swimming lessons in the school pool, skating lessons, carefully chaperoned, at the fashionable rink, Saturday-morning horseback rides in the country—everything that could be done physically was being done; and mentally too. The French group where no English was spoken, the art classes teaching which forms of expression must arouse enthusiasm and which must not, voice lessons, piano practice, current-events class.

But this was all in preparation. In the actual present they were eager, awkward little girls, left largely to the care of servants and hired instructors. Their older sisters, their fathers and mothers were the rushed, important figures about whom the big houses revolved. A big brother, home from college, might stop on his way out to a dance for a casual "Well, how goes it, Funny Face?" A busy mother usually found time to crowd in one party for young sister during the Christmas holidays. But that sort of thing was all.

In the five-room apartment on West End Avenue, Cynthia's school friends found themselves the most important people in the world. When they came there for luncheon, their favorite dishes were remembered, joked about and always served; they could tear the whole apartment to pieces for the slightest whim, make fudge in the immaculate white kitchen, have a play in the living room. Girls who often would not see their own mothers two hours out of a week, whose adult companionship at home was limited to a governess, a worthy, unimaginative person who took them to and from school, saw to purchasing their clothes, and so on, found Cynthia's mother amazing and fascinating.

She played up to them—these awkward, eager little girls who had never been played up to before. She really listened to them when they talked about their school life—not as their own mothers and sisters might, with an air of half-bored, half-amused indulgence. Mrs. Bardwell took it all as seriously as they did themselves. She laughed with them heartily enough, but never once did she so much as smile at them. The intense rivalry between the classes seemed quite as stimulating to this one listener as it did to the excited rivals.

Their own mothers were occasionally interested in certain of their activities—the French play that was held in the spring, for instance, the one dance the juniors gave for the graduating girls. But Mrs. Bardwell was interested in everything, in every phase of the petty everyday drama. She shared their likes and dislikes, their clique spirit, their rivalries, their jokes. More than one girl's first thought on being chosen for the Christmas pantomime, being awarded first place for scholarship, being voted the most popular girl in school in one of those subterranean contests which occasionally undermine even Miss Porter's, was of what fun it would be to tell Cynthia's mother about it. Cynthia's mother, they knew, would not need to have the importance of the distinction explained to her as any of their own mothers would. Cynthia's mother lived as completely in their little world as they did themselves. She never found it "too utterly delicious" to hear one of the most prominent debutantes described as "Elinor Cadwell's big sister." To her, as to themselves, anyone outside their own age group was important only in being related to someone in it.

Cynthia was tremendously popular. She was particularly in demand on the school committees. These committees at Miss Porter's school formed a great talking point; they prepared the girls, as Miss Porter always pointed out, for the demands of club life, philanthropic organization—all that sort of thing they would probably have to cope with later. A committee which was lucky enough to include Cynthia could hold frequent meetings at her house. Any of the other members, of course, might entertain the committee at luncheon in any of their own homes. But that was quite different. Any one of these luncheons was a wholesome, matter-of-course affair. The same lamb chops and spinach that would be served if there were no committee being entertained, a casual meal which must be tucked in unobtrusively so that it would not interfere with any important activity of the household. A committee luncheon at Cynthia's was important itself: lighted candles on the table, place cards perhaps, made by Cynthia and her mother, with all sorts of school allusions and jokes on them.

Cynthia's popularity, however, her mother estimated at its exact value—which was that it was good enough as far as it went. She was always invited to the one-party-during-the-holidays of each school friend. When the Uhland girls were sent up to the Uhlands' big seaside house at Kennebunk Port with their governess, Cynthia was invited to spend August with them. She was taken up to the Macdougals' Adirondack lodge for two summers with Martie Macdougal. Those summers Mrs. Bardwell went out to Blue Bank and boarded, modestly and inexpensively herself, pooling her own entire summer-clothes allowance in a swagger London sports coat for Cynthia.

This might seem very self-sacrificing and pathetic in Mrs. Bardwell; but, as a matter of fact, it was neither. She doubtless deceived herself into thinking that she was doing all this for Cynthia. As a matter of fact, she was doing exactly what she wanted to do. Cynthia was merely the young human thing with which she was doing it. Mrs. Bardwell would sit on a breezy side porch with Billy Gregg's mother, knitting one of Cynthia's innumerable bright-hued sweaters, explaining to Mrs. Gregg just how important the Uhlands were, and was as nearly happy as a human being often is.

While Mrs. Bardwell boasted about her child, Mrs. Gregg boasted about hers. Billy had won a scholarship at Tech, Billy had graduated with honors, Billy had got a position with the Banks Maritime—of course Mrs. Gregg had to explain how important the Banks Maritime was, just as Mrs. Bardwell had had to explain the Uhlands. Billy would get along in the world; he had it in him; nothing ever held Billy back.

"Wouldn't it be funny," the simple-minded Mrs. Gregg suggested one day, "if our children should grow up and marry each other?"

"Very," said Mrs. Bardwell dryly; and after a few moments, "I hardly think it's very likely."

"Oh, I don't know," said Mrs. Gregg encouragingly. "Billy's always admired Cynthia."

Billy Gregg, Sr., ran the Blue Bank grocery; and this knowledge of his son's preference did not animate Mrs. Bardwell as it did Mrs. Gregg.

However, neither the second summer that Cynthia was invited to spend with Martie Macdougal, nor the third, when she was taken up to Quebec with Enid Hamilton, did Mrs. Bardwell deceive herself any as to the true value of Cynthia's position. One does not make a brilliant marriage at fifteen or sixteen. At fifteen or sixteen one is merely taken along as a companion for an unimportant member of an important family. But when all these unimportant members should become important themselves—as Mrs. Bardwell knew that they would almost overnight—what then? That was the nerve-shaking question.

And with Cynthia's last year at Miss Porter's, it began to be alarmingly imminent. There were still the popular little informal parties in the West End apartment. Mrs. Bardwell was still the same favored confidante of her daughter's schoolmates. But the confidences began to be of a sort to keep her anything but peaceful. They were so forward-looking. Friends in the class just a year ahead who had left Miss Porter's

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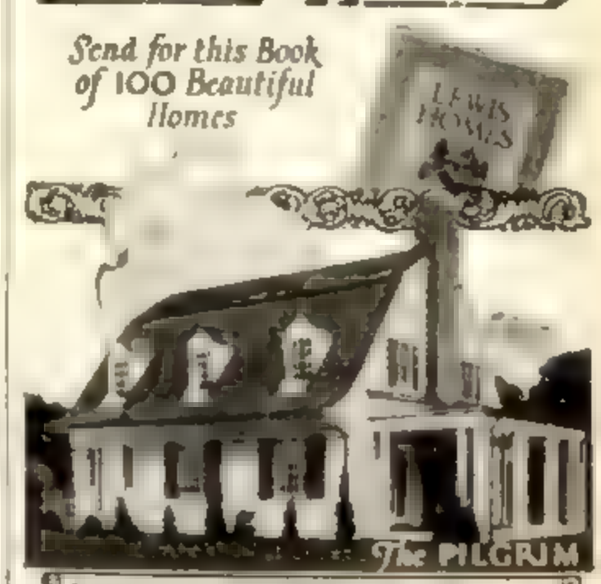

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were coming out. Martie Macdougal had come out on a Wednesday evening, and run off and married John DeGraf, a charming scion of the powerful DeGrafs, on Thursday, the very next afternoon.

As to Martie's marriage, the general feeling among the girls still at Miss Porter's was that Martie had done herself out of a lot of fun which even the winter in Paris she and John were having could scarcely make up for. Still, as the oldest Uhland girl, a plain-looking, shockingly plain-spoken young person, observed, it was a lot better than fooling around a couple of seasons and not getting married at all.

"Gretchen says"—she quoted a tremendously successful cousin of the Uhlands—"that it's best to marry your first season. She says you can tell without knowing which girls are in their second. They have a panicky look around the eyes. Their morale is breaking. And as for the third—well, Gretchen says there's nothing left for a girl then but to go in for art or good works or something."

That holiday time Cynthia was invited to her first almost real dance. Mrs. Uhland gave it at the Colonists' Club "for the younger girls," so the society columns stated. By no means all of her daughters' classmates were invited. Cynthia's mother read the lists of those present in the different papers with a joy that was two-thirds apprehension. For the name of Cynthia Bardwell appearing in each list served partly to remind her that that name would not be in the lists next year. Next year, Cynthia would not be one of the younger girls. Next year, a girl would be a debutante or nothing. "Among the debutantes present," the notices of Cynthia's friends' parties would read next year.

Where would Cynthia be then? Would she be able to hang onto even a precarious place on the fringe of things? It was doubtful. The debutante affairs were legion, all Cynthia's friends would be dated from morning to night. Granted that their interest held, what time would they have left over for Cynthia? She would probably be invited to a few of the parties, but only a few. And all these dearly bought friends who had seemed so close in the everyday intimacies of school life would begin saying, "What on earth has happened to Cynthia Bardwell? I haven't seen her for ages." Would Cynthia be able to hang on at all to the flying fringes?

Mrs. Bardwell developed a morbid interest in the details of this year's debuts—an interest in which she found little to cheer her. Martie Macdougal's coming-out dance—dinner for two hundred first—had cost ten thousand dollars. Joan Fletcher's mother had had a house in Paris and brought out Joan there first, a mere prelude to her New York debut. The Uhlands, it was whispered, were already pulling the wires to have their daughters presented at the Court of St. James. What chance—what chance in the world—had Cynthia?

Her mother knew that she should have foreseen all this. She had in fact foreseen it. But it had seemed remote and far off; she had gone along, doing all she could and then consoling herself with the Micawber possibility that something might turn up. And something did—most unexpectedly. Martie Macdougal—Martie DeGraf, rather—came back from Paris with an amazing new wardrobe and an amazing old friendship for Cynthia.

Mrs. Bardwell was secretly amazed at the tenacity of that friendship. She had expected, quite sensibly, that once out of school, Martie would drop Cynthia completely. If the circumstances had been reversed, she would have insisted upon Cynthia's dropping Martie. She was not sure that Cynthia would have done so, however. Cynthia, like Martie, seemed to set great store by friendship. This was sheer absurdity on Cynthia's part, her mother knew. Martie could afford to do as she liked; Cynthia could not. Still, in this particular case, sincere affection seemed to have served better than any more intelligent means.

"Oh, Mrs. Bardwell," Martie wailed, "Cynthia simply must come out this fall. It will be an awful shame if she doesn't. Why, she won't be invited anywhere! Most of the parties will be made up from the deb list and the young-marrieds. Oh, Cynthia simply must come out!"

"I'm twice as sorry as you are, my dear, but it's out of the question. We can't afford it." Mrs. Bardwell knew shrewdly when and with whom to be charmingly frank.

"Oh, but do it cheaply," Martie urged; "any way at all, just to get Cynthia on the list."

Mrs. Bardwell smiled indulgently.

"Just how would you go about it, my dear, to give a dinner for two hundred or so, followed by a dance for a thousand, cheaply?"

"Don't give a dance," Martie urged. "Just give a luncheon. After all, a luncheon for a hundred gets a girl on the list. Of course most of them who come out at luncheons do have dances given for them later, but it isn't necessary. Oh, please!"

Mrs. Bardwell was calculating quickly. There was the money she had laid aside during Cynthia's little-girl days in Blue Bank. Yes, she could manage the most correct of luncheons at Peret's, perhaps. She thought of Martie's weeks of fittings at Madame Alda's, of the Macdougal limousine that had been at Martie's complete disposal, of the pearls her grandmother had given her for her debut; but anything short of actual impossibility merely stimulated Mrs. Bardwell. That early saving had grown to a fairly tidy sum by now. A limousine could be rented each time, clothes could be managed, pearls could be done without —— And it had actually, unbelievably, been managed.

Fortunately for Cynthia's wardrobe, the decision had been made in the summer. Twice each year, in January and in July, Madame Alda, Francine and others of the great modistes have sales of model gowns. These are the real French creations which had been worn by the models and been copied for customers. Cynthia, softly curved, slimly made, wore model size as though by special fitting. Plenty of the ultrawise know of these sales. All the garments left after a week are cut once more in half as to price and enter the second week. The canny shopper arrives early Monday morning of either the first or the second week, according to her desires. Mrs. Bardwell was more than canny; she was truly gifted.

"Pick out the dirtiest looking dresses you see," she instructed Cynthia that July. "They are always the biggest bargains. If a model is still fresh looking, they may hold it over; or, anyhow, they won't cut it down so low. Pick the most hopeless looking ones you see."

The cream velvet dancing dress that Cynthia had worn the night she met Kent Howison had hung at Madame Alda's on Monday morning of the second week, the dingiest, most bedraggled looking garment which a keen eye ever spotted as coming from a famous French house. And it had needed nothing in the world but a trip to the cleaner's. Fifty dollars Mrs. Bardwell had paid for it. A brief two months before, Madame Alda had been copying it—with slight changes—at three hundred dollars a copy. It was sufficiently daringly new in line to be good for the coming winter—trust Mrs. Bardwell to see to that. Then there was a black satin frock from Francine's that needed only cleaning and to have a bit of duchesse lace replaced.

Cynthia's entire winter wardrobe was bought in August. Twenty-six-dollar custom-made slippers at twelve-fifty a pair, a beaver coat—not such an amazing bargain that; still, a good deal less than it would be in October; and Cynthia must have a fur coat—a silver lace dress, a gorgeous metal-cloth evening wrap, straight slim little kasha dresses, gloves, stockings, hand bags, even handkerchiefs—all bought at amazing bargains and plenty to last over till the January sales.

Mrs. Bardwell, however, knew where to economize and where not to. There was no bargain hint in the coming-out luncheon, an orchid corsage at each of the hundred places, Peret's most carefully worked out menu, invitations from the smartest of the engravers. There, she allowed even the most ridiculous form of extravagance, a good half dozen guests that there was no reason in the world for inviting. But Martie DeGraf had helped Cynthia make out the list, and the two of them had held firm for the half dozen that Mrs. Bardwell would have eliminated with the most casual sort of ruthlessness. However, she realized sensibly that a half dozen extra for luncheon was little enough to pay for all that Martie was doing for Cynthia.

For Martie's unwavering loyalty placed solidly behind Cynthia the power of both the Macdougal and the DeGraf millions. Without this, it is doubtful whether Cynthia, with all her beauty and all her mother's pushing, could have made the grade.

And make it she unquestionably, incredibly did. One could scarcely believe that the Miss Cynthia Bardwell whose name was "among the debutantes present" of nearly all the really important affairs given that winter, the Miss Cynthia Bardwell for whom Mrs. John DeGraf entertained at dinner before the Howison dance—that this Miss Cynthia Bardwell could by any possibility be the same girl who, on her rare free dinner hours, slipped down a side street with her mother to a second-rate hôtel which served a very good dinner for a dollar and a half.

It was most inopportune that the son of the Blue Bank grocer should arrive in New York the same autumn and begin paying some attentions to Cynthia. Big and handsome, Billy Gregg was, excited over his first success, already confident of his next and much greater one. He was going to be rich and great; he told you so himself. That, Mrs. Bardwell carefully pointed out to Cynthia, was as it might be.

"I haven't much faith in these people who are always blowing their own horns," Mrs. Bardwell observed frequently.

"Oh, I imagine Billy'll get there all right," Cynthia always defended him loyally.

As to the danger in Billy's attentions to Cynthia, Mrs. Bardwell was in considerable doubt. It would be, she reflected, the ironical sort of thing that really happens so often in life, for Cynthia, with everything in the world worth the having almost within her grasp, to fall in love with this grocer's son and marry him. Cynthia, she knew, would be quite capable of such an absurdity. There was a queer impulsive streak in Cynthia, as there had been in her father, which cropped out just often enough to keep her from being completely depended upon. In the way, for instance, that she was always trying to drag a certain Alicia Ames after her up slippery social heights on which but for Martie's friendship Cynthia would never be able to keep her own footing. Mrs. Bardwell might point out again and again that Alicia was just a common little climber, that she had not really belonged in Miss Porter's school in the first place, that Cynthia was merely imperiling her own position by bothering with her. Cynthia never argued about this; but every now and then she would do some ridiculously unwise, impulsive thing just to give Alicia a hand up. Oh, Cynthia would be quite capable of losing her head and marrying the wrong man!

Mrs. Bardwell's one security was that Cynthia did not seem in any danger of losing her head over Billy. She did decline to freeze him out as completely as her mother advised. At the beginning of the season, when the engagements were not quite so completely engrossing, she occasionally found time to let him take her to a matinée; even had him for dinner once or twice, cooking it herself, with the long kitchenette thrown open into the palatial living room. There was nothing in this really, though, to indicate anything to worry over. Cynthia laughed at Billy too much—right to his face.

"Well, how's Wim, Wigor and Witality today?" she would ask. Or when Billy was attacking her social life, as he took great pleasure in doing, she would suddenly throw out her chest, slap it resoundingly and say in an excellent imitation of his own hearty tones, "Yes, sir, I always take a cold plunge every morning. Nothing like it to keep you on your toes. I can't see why any red-blooded man who calls himself a man doesn't do the same." Billy would stare at the interruption, demand what nonsense she was talking about—nobody had said a word about cold baths.

But all this never discouraged Billy; any more than the fact that as the season progressed in intensity, Cynthia had almost no time to see him.

On one of his rare evenings there—Cynthia was going out to a supper club later, but had the time till ten o'clock free—Billy actually turned to Mrs. Bardwell with a cheerful, "Cynthia may as well go ahead and get this social nonsense out of her head. I suppose a girl's got to have her fling before she's ready to settle down. But Cynthia is too sensible to be satisfied with this hohow thing forever. And she's got too good sense to marry a worthless man just because he happens to have money. When she's tired of all this playing around, I'm going to come along and marry her."

"Don't be so reckless, Billy," Cynthia cautioned lazily over her shoulder from the baby-grand piano where she was playing Follow the Swallow in a faint undertone. "I've got mother for a witness; I might try to hold you to it."

"I suppose you think I'm just joking," said Billy.

"Of course I do. I'm not the only one with sense."

"I suppose you think it wouldn't be sense to marry anybody who isn't in the Four Hundred."

"I think it wouldn't be sense for me to marry you," said Cynthia, not even turning around on the carved piano bench; "not sense for either of us. Imagine you and me trying to live together! Why, Billy, we can't even pick out a play that we both want to go to!"

"People don't spend their married life going to plays," Billy countered neatly.

It had been as though for a moment or two they had both forgotten Mrs. Bardwell's presence in the living room. She had of course been present, however, and had gained a certain degree of comfort from Cynthia's attitude. Still, girls, she knew, all talk much more indifferently than that and then marry a man. And Billy was the born go-getter type. Moreover, from the evening of that little chat, he began to be much more attentive. It was as though Cynthia's words had warned him away from his stated plan of waiting till she was through with all this nonsense. Perhaps, Mrs. Bardwell thought apprehensively, Cynthia had foreseen that they would and had said them accordingly.

Not that Billy made very much headway. With the coming of the holidays, the social schedule tightened up, Cynthia's waking hours were crowded full of engagements. Billy was a rank outsider, invited to none of the places she went, and there were precious few scraps of time left over for him. Moreover, a new element had entered into the situation. This new element was Kent Howison.

Through the years of campaign that had led up to this possibility, Cynthia's ambition had not entered at all. It had been all her mother's. Cynthia had partly accepted her mother's camouflage, "I just want you to have a good time, baby." Partly, of course, she had been too clever not to realize what was in the back of her mother's mind. The brilliant-marriage idea, although never mentioned between them, might quite as well have been. Cynthia had understood it well enough for some time; it was merely that she had taken no part in it. Now she did. Cynthia was as eager to marry Kent Howison as her mother was to have her.

It seemed quite incredible to Cynthia that she should have even a ghost of a chance to marry a Howison. There were few better families in New York than the Howisons. Kent was far from the worthless idler that Billy assumed any man who danced with the debutantes must be. Kent did not exist merely in being a Howison. He amused himself selling bonds, one of the young-marrieds told Cynthia. Her husband said he was extremely good at it too.

A girl, Cynthia felt, who was willing to sink every personal preference in favor of ambition could scarcely do better than to marry Kent Howison. It seemed a pure lagniappe of fate that he should be as charming as he was eligible. On the two occasions that he had taken her to the theater, they had no trouble in choosing a play that they both wanted to see. They had, it appeared, been just waiting the opportunity to see the same ones. And once at the play, even more surprising, they saw it through the same eyes. The first they chose was a rather sophisticated, delicate, subtly done thing, and the pleasure of catching each fleeting bubble of allusion was doubled by having a companion who always caught it at the same instant. At that play they were like two exquisite delicate instruments tuned to play together. For the next, they chose a rollicking musical play and it was the same at that. They came out, laughing together, humming the same tunes under the breath, buying the song copies in the lobby, both eager to try them over on Cynthia's piano.

They danced perfectly together; they went skating one of the Monday afternoons that the exclusive skating club charters the Ice Palace Rink, and found there that they both much preferred outdoor skating. So the first Saturday afternoon that there was ice for skating, Kent telephoned Cynthia and she slipped away from a *thé dansant* and they went to Central Park, putting on their skates in the common warming house and swinging down the ice in a unison of

(Continued on Page 133)

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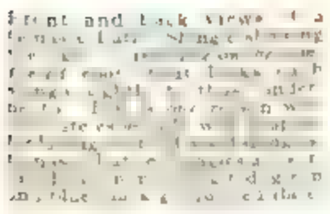

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This cut-away view of the burner shows how the blue flame of the Florence goes straight to the cooking. The heat is *focused* on the kettle just where you want it

When hot days come – *use an oil range that sends its heat into the cooking and not into the kitchen*

HERE'S an oil range that doesn't throw its flame out in all directions —scattering its heat over the kitchen. The Florence is built on the principle of *focused heat*—it sends its flame, intense and concentrated, right to the bottom of the pot, where it is needed.

That feature of the Florence is important all the year round because it makes your cooking quicker, better, cheaper. And it's doubly important in the hot months because it makes your cooking a cooler, easier job for you.

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The minute you see this handsome stove you admire it and want it in your kitchen. Its sturdy, well-proportioned black frame, its gleaming blue or gray enamel, make the Florence the range that belongs in a beautifully equipped kitchen.

And the Florence is fully competent for any cooking or baking or roasting you ever have. For the quick, easy cooking of fresh vegetables, for the long simmering cooking of cereals, for canning, for preserving—Florence is the stove for every meal every day, every season of the year. It is easy to operate the Florence. Just a simple turning of a lever and your flame is burning at any degree of heat you require. No mussy wicks to trim, no priming, no difficulty in lighting or putting out the flame. The Florence Leveler on each leg of the stove enables you to set the stove level if the floor is uneven; and a spirit level attached to the feed pipe shows when the adjustment is correct.

And it costs less to cook with the Florence. The heat is not wasted, because the flame is directed right where its job is. This conserves fuel, and you need less oil. The Florence delivers to the cooking more heat in a given time from a gallon of kerosene than any other oil range.

The oven completes the stove

The Florence portable oven is as excellent as the stove. When you wish to bake or roast, simply put it on the stove, and you have a highly perfected oven for your needs. Thousands of women say that the Florence oven is the best they have ever used. This oven is pictured at the right.

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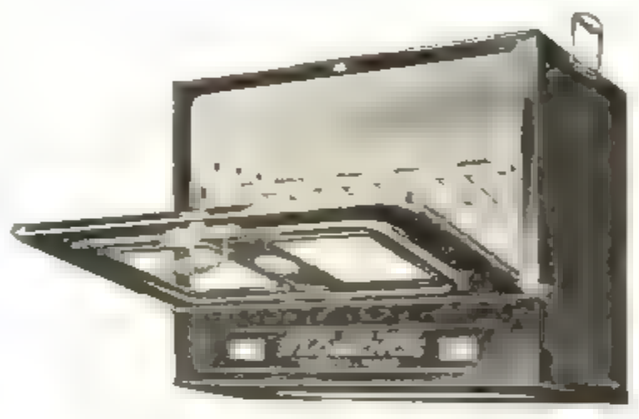

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Medium weight (service chiffon) pure thread Japan silk. Full-fashioned. With mercerized lisle garter tops, heels and toes. Dip-dyed. Unadulterated. All shades.

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Chiffon extra sheer. All silk, with the special invisible "inner foot" of fine mercerized lisle. Full-fashioned, pure thread, Japan silk. Dip-dyed. Unadulterated. All shades.

(Continued from Page 128)

motion that is one of the most satisfying rhythms known to man. In the smaller lake, away from most of the skaters, they scraped acquaintance with a hilarious group of half-grown boys and girls and cracked the whip with speed and abandoned skill till a policeman came along and broke up the forbidden game.

As it grew dusk—New York's mysterious lilac, yellow-pointed dusk—the crowd thinned out and Kent and Cynthia practiced waltzing on the ice, whistling In a Happy Land, Just You and I for the rhythm. On one of his backward strokes, Kent's skate caught in a deep crack and he went down, Cynthia tumbling on top of him. They looked at each other a startled moment, then at the same instant both began to laugh, and laughed there, sitting on the ice together, till they were almost too weak to rise.

They walked home afterward, Kent with the two pairs of skates slung over his shoulder like any schoolboy, in the tired, comfortable, relaxed silence which is one of the greatest proofs of the real congeniality of any relationship. And yet, later that evening, when Cynthia saw Kent at a dance for Cornelia Uhland, he did not come near her at all. She noticed him first, standing at one side, talking to an older man, and Cynthia glanced at him in half-puzzled admiration. He seemed quite a different person from the Kent she had skated with. That Kent had seemed mostly boy, eager, friendly, easily comprehensible. This Kent seemed all man; in his very pose there was the suggestion of strength, careless, easy decisiveness. There was even—and Cynthia should have been warned by that—a touch of mystery about him for her. She saw him standing alone a moment later, watching the dancers, and she found herself wondering with a queer excited interest what he was thinking about.

But he did not come near her all evening. Cynthia secretly waited at first for him to come, then became piqued and finally just puzzled. Why did he not? It was as though their afternoon of jolly comradeship had been wiped off the slate.

And that was the way it was right along. Kent did not attend a quarter, not a fifth, of the parties that Cynthia did. There would be days when she would not see him at all. During these days she would decide that he was really not interested in her at all, would endeavor to fix her interest on some of the other men who were paying her so much attention. But this procedure never had time to be really successful. She would unexpectedly find herself seated next to Kent at dinner, or he would do his best to monopolize her at a dance, or telephone to ask her to do something alone with him and the process would begin all over again. When she was with him, she felt sure of his liking and admiration. When she was not, she wondered if perhaps he was treating a half dozen girls in the same way. When he would leave her, it was never as most of the other men did, with an eager statement of when he would see her next again. He was far more likely to say, "Well, so long; write when you get work" or use one of the other slang farewells popular at the moment.

Marrying well, however, for an almost penniless girl is a success not always lightly achieved. One may need, as well as beauty and charm and front, some large degree of patience, of watchful waiting. Cynthia, without putting this crudely, even into thought, was playing a waiting game. Some lesser success she might easily have managed along the way; she had more than one chance to join the rapidly swelling number of debutantes who were coming out with the huge, ugly, square-cut diamonds which have succeeded the ancient high-set solitaire as the proof of honest effort rewarded. But Cynthia had hitched her wagon to a Howison.

As the season passed its hectic height around the holidays, played a slower game of charity affairs through Lent and rose to a brief fever again after Easter, Cynthia's mother became more and more apprehensive. What should they do in the spring? It would be unthinkable to stay through the summer in a New York apartment. Cynthia would probably be invited for a large part of the summer. But even so, what of next fall? The jokes she had heard of the second-season girls came back to haunt her uneasily. This winter had been the supreme effort. It had taken every cent of savings; and even so, there had been scarcely enough. Next year there would be only the old regular income, which in the face of these new standards of living had shrunk appallingly. She could not possibly keep Cynthia going another season.

In fact, as it began to look toward spring, she began to be afraid she could not even finish this one with a flourish. Even the price of the much-used limousine was becoming a bit of a pinch. Cynthia's clothes, even the new ones skillfully salvaged in the January sales, were beginning to look danced out. For the huge Easter holidays dance of the DeGrafs, she could not possibly have a new dress. Some of the stocks on which Mrs. Bardwell counted for her regular income passed their March fifteenth dividend. She tried to keep her worries from Cynthia, memories of the frank jokes—"a girl's morale is broken," "panicky look around the eyes"—warned her. But she was not very successful at it. Cynthia knew quite as well as her mother that she was dangling over the chasm by a thread that was growing daily thinner and thinner.

And then at Martie's dance! Cynthia was wearing the same cream-colored velvet she had worn the first time Kent Howison saw her. The DeGrafs were conservative enough to prefer tearing their own house to pieces for days to entertaining, as most of the others did, in one of the big hotels. So it was in a corner of the great staircase in the DeGraf house, half through the dance, that Cynthia met Kent for the first time in two weeks.

"I haven't seen you for ages," she said. "Have you given up all dissipation?"

Kent looked at her queerly a moment, then suddenly caught her in his arms.

"Cynthia," he said huskily, "I do love you so!"

There were sudden voices in the hall above. Kent freed her quickly. Cynthia went on downstairs. Through the rest of the evening she did not see Kent again. He was apparently not dancing. But as she came out of the dressing room, wrapped in her gorgeous cloth-of-gold cape, he stopped her a moment.

"Will you have an hour or so in the next few days that I can see you?" he asked. "I—I want to see you alone."

Would she!

"Are you invited to Betty Birchley's dinner tomorrow?" she said. "Well then, we might go home from there instead of going on to the Porter Alumnæ dance. That is bound to be dull."

Cynthia came into the big Park Avenue living room at three o'clock that morning to find her mother still up, going over some elaborate budget system of her own. She looked haggard and tired. The door into the long kitchenette was ajar, an unmistakable sign that Mrs. Bardwell's morale was breaking. Cynthia swooped her mother up in a big bear hug.

"What would you like best of all to do this summer," she asked, "if you didn't have me on your hands?"

"I'd like best of anything in the world," said Mrs. Bardwell with a weary sincerity, "to go out to Blue Bank and board at Mrs. Perry's. I'm so tired of figuring and scheming and planning, and we've just about come to the end, Cynthia. We can't keep this up. I thought I'd planned so well, but everything always seems to cost a little more than I figured on. I've been over and over these check stubs and I can't—Cynthia, we can't go on any longer. We're at the end of our rope. You'll just have to drop out or ——"

She did not finish the sentence. She did not need to. That silence was as near as Cynthia and her mother ever came to discussing the brilliant-marriage possibility.

"Poor mummy!" Cynthia seated herself on her mother's lap. "It's been an awful strain, hasn't it? What would you think if I should tell you I was likely to be off your hands for good?"

Cynthia's eyes were excited, but roguish.

"Not Billy Gregg!" her mother gasped, being in a state of mind to fear the uttermost worst. "If he's called you up once today, he's called you ten thousand times. Not Billy Gregg!"

Cynthia twisted a lock of her mother's hair around her little finger.

"Would you be pleased," she asked softly, "if I should marry Kent Howison?"

"Oh, baby!" A dozen years of worry lines were lifted suddenly out of Mrs. Bardwell's face. "Baby, if I knew that you were going to marry Kent Howison, I'd feel that I could die happy." A little pause, and then—"He's such a nice chap," she added conscientiously.

He was a nice chap, of course; but Cynthia knew as well as her mother that that was so much velvet. Cynthia turned her mother's nose up with an impish little kiss.

"Just live on another day then, mumsy. We're coming back here tomorrow night after Betty's dinner, and I have an idea that Kent is going to suggest something of the sort."

It was snowing outside blindingly, a real March blizzard, when Kent and Cynthia rode up to the Bardwell apartment in the jewel-box elevator. Inside, it was warm and richly quiet. They had got away from the dinner much earlier than she had expected, but Cynthia felt quite sure that her mother would be already gone. Mrs. Bardwell was going to play bridge with some old friends in the West End apartment house—trust her to leave Cynthia a clear field on an evening like this, blizzard or no blizzard!

She had set the stage, too, before she left. As Kent opened the door into the apartment, ruddy firelight shone warmly to meet them, three of the low lamps had been lighted, just enough to give the room an air of shaded, shielded, romantic propriety. The door into the fire-escape hallway stood wide open—here was inspiration, indeed! Like a tiny stage, such part of the fire hall as would show through the door had been dressed to fit the living room. The cement floor was covered completely by a soft Oriental rug; against the cement wall, covering it completely, hung the rich old shawl which, in the West End apartment, had been folded over the piano bench; a tiny half table flatly set against the shawl-covered wall with a bowl of roses that one of Cynthia's many admirers had sent that morning. The effect was perfection; just a glance into a luxurious passageway, leading ostensibly to remote and fitting elegancies.

In this perfection of stage setting, however, there was one flaw. As Cynthia slid off her gold-cloth cape, Billy Gregg rose from a chair beside the desk. Cynthia stopped short in surprise.

"Your mother was going out just as I got here," he explained. "She didn't expect you back till later, so she let me stop in to write you a note. I was just going. I've been trying to get in touch with you for two mortal days."

His tone was that of aggrieved determination. Then, for the first time, he caught sight of Howison in the shadowy entryway behind Cynthia. It was perfectly evident that he had thought her alone by the instant stiffening with which he responded to Cynthia's carelessly cordial introduction.

Cynthia was quite as annoyed to find Billy there as Billy was to find Kent, but she was much better at concealing her feelings. Billy was frankly disappointed, almost to the point of boorishness; in fact, Cynthia decided, completely to the point. Kent, she knew, was quite as disappointed as Billy, but at least he did not take it out on Billy. He was charmingly friendly and cordial.

Billy was neither. He would not sit down; he would not enter into conversation, and yet for a few moments it looked as though neither would he depart. Crossing to the desk, Cynthia picked up the note he had been thrusting into an envelope at her arrival.

"Don't read that now," he stopped her shortly. "Wait till we're alone."

He frankly glared at Howison. Billy was carrying the direct go-getter methods that had served him very well so far in business, into the drawing-room, where, he probably believed, they would be quite as effective under the head of cave-man stuff. Cynthia, however, did not respond as he had expected.

"It'll be a long wait," she said coldly, copying his own directness of method. "Mr. Howison is on the calendar for this evening and you're not. Take your hat and run along, Billy. Call me up ahead sometime if you really want to make a date."

Cynthia had strolled past the open door with its clever camouflage. The idea that it would be a dashing and appropriate gesture to stroll on through it occurred to her, and she murmured, "Just a moment, I've got to get a handkerchief," and sauntered out into the fire hall, stepped abruptly off the Oriental rug to the cement-floored, iron-stained reality.

Billy, however, followed her to the door.

"I've been trying to call you up for two days," he said, "and you're never home."

He looked out past the tiny table with its bowl of roses to where Cynthia halted, just out of range of sight from the living room, smiling roguishly, on the cement floor. Her merriment in such deception was evidently a red rag to Billy. He turned

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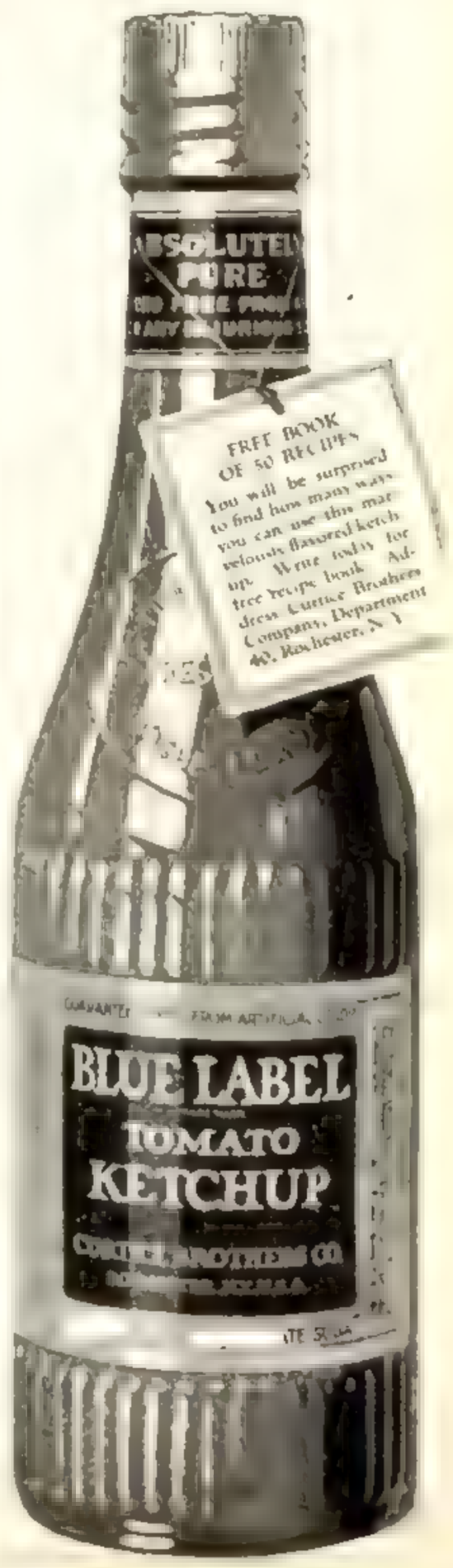
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back toward the living room with such an air of disgusted decision that for a panicky moment Cynthia was afraid he was going to call Howison to share in his outraged disapproval. He did not, however. He merely gave her a sudden look of malicious triumph and turned back himself

"Well, I'll be getting on," he said. "Read over that note when you get a chance. Good-by."

He turned back into the living room, closing the door after him. This seemed such a strange thing to do that for a moment Cynthia stood still, staring at the blank fire-escape side of the door in puzzlement. Suddenly her puzzlement froze into horror. There was no knob on her side of the closed door!

A low murmur of masculine voices from the living room, then the outer door of the apartment closing. Billy had gone.

For several moments Cynthia stared at the knobless door with impotent anger Billy had done this on purpose. He had known that the fire door would not open from the outside. There was no mistaking the look of malicious triumph he had given her.

"Out," she had told him herself, that first time, ages ago, when he had demanded to know where that door led; "Nowhere but out."

And here she was—out! Beyond that barred door waited Kent Howison, the triumph of a six-year-long campaign. If she called him to open the door, it would give everything away. Six years of effort puffed out like a soap bubble for lack of a doorknob! Frantically, Cynthia considered the flights of narrow iron steps that led down. Eight stories below, she knew they opened through an iron door with a knob only on the inside; out again, at the back of the building, into the whirling blizzard. It would be a long block and a half around the street to the apartment-house door, through the street already piled knee-high with snow. She looked down at her silver-kid slippers and gossamer stockings, at the scant edge of her silver-lace dress. A pretty figure she would cut coming in at the front door of the apartment house, up in the elevator, bursting in on the waiting Kent, shivering, her silver dress and bare arms covered with melting snow!

She happened to catch sight of Billy's note in her hand, and as a person will stop to take a piece of candy and nibble at it nervously and untastingly in the midst of intense preoccupation, so Cynthia opened Billy's note. Its contents, however, surprised her into momentary attention.

"Dear Cynthia," it began in aggrieved, heavily sarcastic vein, "as you're never free to answer the telephone, I suppose it's too much to hope you'll find time to read a letter, either. However, I will take a chance. I've been trying to get you for two days to tell you a piece of good luck that I have just had—though it really isn't luck, because I've been working for it. I've been made fourth vice president of the Banks Maritime on account of a system I've worked out in the renewals department which is working like greased lightning and going to save a lot of money. I don't suppose you have any idea what being made fourth vice president means, but I will have a salary of ten thousand a year to start with, and what is much more important, be in direct line to go up. They push a man they've got confidence in fast.

"I'd like to see you sometime, but I'm getting tired of telephoning all the time like a monkey ——"

Cynthia read no farther. Billy made a vice president of the Banks Maritime! At his age! Cynthia guessed quite accurately what this meant; guessed quite as accurately that Billy was making no idle boast. Truly, Billy would go far. He had both the ability and the determination, and none of the qualities which sometimes get in the way of progress. Billy would never be deflected by too great kindliness, never be puzzled by seeing any side of a question but his own, never be pulled up short by a sense of humor or a sense of delicacy or unwilling but too potent sympathies. No, undoubtedly, Billy would go far.

In ten years—perhaps in five—Cynthia knew with a clear certainty, Billy would be on his way to being a rich man. Why, Billy Gregg would mean a brilliant marriage for some ambitious girl! And Cynthia could marry him, herself, any time she wanted to. She need not have played this elaborate game in order to make a brilliant marriage. She could have married Billy without ever having left Blue Bank at all! Even now it was not too late. The locked door need not keep her from her brilliant marriage.

But marry Billy Gregg! It was not anger alone that stirred Cynthia so sharply at the very thought. Her present anger served only to make perhaps a trifle more acute a sense of distaste as fundamental as breathing. Marry Billy Gregg! Not in Blue Bank or New York! Old or young, prominent or unknown, rich or poor, not Billy Gregg—ever!

Then Cynthia looked back at the barred door and forgot Billy Gregg completely. What should she do? Minute after minute was ticking away by the little gold clock in the living room where Kent was waiting. Cynthia recalled a story that had gone the rounds of a rowdy little debutante who had boasted of getting rid of an unwelcome suitor by leaving him waiting in the drawing-room an entire evening while she slipped out and went to a dance. Kent, she suddenly remembered, had heard the story too. She could not stay here any longer, but what could she do? What could she do?

Inspiration came at last, born as it so often is of sheer desperation. Cynthia stood close to the closed door.

"Oh, Kent," she called lightly, "open the door, please. The latch seems to stick on this side."

And as Kent opened the door, she slid through it like a bit of silver-lace lightning, drawing it together instantly behind her, trusting to her only chance that he had not happened to glance past her at all. It was a bit too crude, too flustered, to seem exactly casual; and yet Cynthia, searching the man's face a moment later, could see no expression of surprise or puzzlement.

Taking a long breath to steady her, she dropped to the downy davenport before the fire. The danger had been averted, the moment of climax was still here. The bluff could go on to success.

The little gold clock struck with a tinkly, bell-like chime. Cynthia stuck a slim silver slipper out to the fire, all her air of easy assurance regained, smiled up at the man standing by the mantel—and waited. Suddenly he turned away from the fire he had been watching.

"Cynthia," he said suddenly, "this is the last time I'm ever going to see you alone."

A little silence. Then—"Why?" Cynthia's poised air of assurance had vanished in a breath. Her lace dress had been designed for some young lady who knew her way about very well. Cynthia's manner, her smooth black head and gardenia-white skin might usually make her seem like the very young lady. But not now. The eyes that looked up at Kent Howison were those of a hurt, bewildered little girl. "Why?" she asked again.

"Because I've fallen so dead in love with you that I can't trust myself not to try to marry you. And I've fallen too dead in love to want to take any such advantage of you."

"T-take such advantage of me?" Cynthia echoed in a small bewildered voice. She waited a moment. "I've fallen dead in love with you, too, you know," she said suddenly.

"Oh, Cynthia! I've wanted you so! And I ought to be boiled in oil for being glad of it right now. But I can't help it."

"Why oughtn't you to want me to?"

"Because it won't work, dearest. I've seen it tried too often. I'd rather get right out now and have this to remember, all perfect, than to go on and see it spoil slowly. Cynthia darling, it hardly ever works, and it couldn't possibly for us."

A Western Sunset

"Being married, you mean?"

"For a poor man to be married to a rich wife."

"Poor?" Cynthia echoed, bewildered. "You're not poor, are you?"

"Poor as Job's turkey."

"But I—I thought you were Mrs. Peter Howison's great-nephew."

"Oh, I'm that, all right. But that doesn't mean a darn thing. Mrs. Peter Howison's got a million great-nephews scattered over the country, and the New York branch of the family is the only one that's rich. Every cent of the old lady's money is willed to Gay and her brother. It ought to be, too. They're the only ones she's really fond of or who care a rap about her. I never even saw her till this fall when I came to New York."

A pause while Cynthia slowly took this in.

"Mrs. Peter Howison doesn't owe me anything," Kent went on. "I owe her a darn lot, though. Just being in her family has got me in everywhere. Lord, a Tuxedo and my last name are all I've needed in New York!"

"And you wanted to get in—everywhere?"

"My firm wanted me to. A frat brother of mine got me a job with them, an office job; studying bond-and-investment conditions and making reports, you know. Then the firm found I was related to Mrs. Peter Howison and they said I could eventually make ten times as much both for them and for myself selling bonds for them outside. I'm doing it, too."

Cynthia's eyes lighted.

"Just by being acquainted with the people who have money to invest?"

He nodded.

"Rich acquaintances are the main thing a security salesman needs. Rich people are the ones who can buy the most securities. They'd naturally rather throw their business toward a friend when it's to their good interest as well as his. My firm is one of the very best. Nobody's ever regretted dealing with them. Oh, I was quite sold on the method till I met you!"

"I don't see why knowing me should change your mind about it any," said Cynthia. "It certainly seems a perfectly sensible method to me."

"Oh, as a business method, it's sensible enough. It works. I can't see any objection to making your friends and acquaintances among people you can do business with to mutual advantage. It's as a personal method that it falls down with a dull sickening thud. It throws you in with a girl who lives in a palace, a girl that you might just conceivably be able to take care of say, fifty years from now."

Cynthia dropped her soft, shiny gray eyes, followed a bit of the rug pattern with her silver slipper.

"Plenty of men in your position," she suggested, "wouldn't mind making a—well, a prudent marriage."

"Plenty of them plan deliberately on making one," Kent agreed.

A little pause.

"But you don't love me well enough to want to try it?"

"I've put in three months of hell," said Howison, "looking around at that kind of marriages, making up my mind that I love you a great deal too much to want to try it."

Another silence—a long, throbbing silence—a silence in which Cynthia realized why she had felt so desperately eager out there in the fire hall when she had thought she might never get back to Kent, why she had decided from their first joking contact to marry him if she could.

Suddenly Cynthia began to laugh—to laugh with tenderness and mirth and abandon, in that mysterious alloy of spirit that makes some certain human beings always able to laugh or cry or spend or scrimp or love together—laughed as, young or old, rich or poor, she could never laugh with Billy Gregg.

"What's the joke?" Howison demanded.

Cynthia rose, caught his arm and drew him across the room to the broad gray-and-silver French doors.

"I was thinking what a joke it was," she said, "on us both."

"A joke?"

"Such a joke! Such a lovely joke! Why, I didn't realize how much I really meant it when I said I'd fallen dead in love with you! And you ——"

She paused, with her hand on the doorknob that should open portals into a banquet room worthy of Lorenzo the Magnificent.

"Kiss me," she said, "and then we'll take a stroll through the palace."

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THE SECOND ROUND

(Continued from Page 30)

It happened in 1904, when I was matched to fight Jeffries, and a rube from upstate, in a new store suit bought for the occasion, a green tie, and an extra high collar—they called them piccadillies—appeared at our camp in Alameda, California.

The train ran through the center of the little main street; our living quarters were on one side of the tracks, the building in which I trained just opposite. And the rube, having been refused admittance there, came over and knocked at my door.

"I want to ask a favor, Mr. Corbett," he said, hat in hand. "I've come all the way from ——" a little village in the northern part of California, Yokalopolis or something like that—"and I can't go back without telling the boys I've seen you box. Could you let me in?"

I shook my head gravely.

"You've come at a pretty bad time," I said. "Jeffries is here today, and we're going to rehearse the fight."

His face lighted up. Here was more luck than he had expected to have; he could see both Jeff and Corbett at one throw.

"Please let me in," he begged. "I won't tell anybody."

"No, I can't risk it," I replied. "You might go and spill it, and it would get in the newspapers. That would be very bad for me."

"I swear I won't tell a soul, Mr. Corbett," he said, all excitement.

"Well, if you'll do that," I answered, apparently relenting, "I'll see what I can do. Wait a minute while I phone."

And in his hearing I took off the receiver and called up my brother Jack.

"There's a chap here who's come a hundred miles to see me box, and I don't want to disappoint him. You bring over Jeff now and we'll start in at once, so he can get his train back to Yokalopolis."

My brother of course immediately tumbled, and said he'd be right over, and we could begin at once. In the meantime I had pointed out to the stranger a big heavy-set man lounging against the gatepost—my sparring partner, Yank Kenny, who was not unlike Jeffries in build.

"There's Jeff now. You're sure in luck, boy," I said with an air of congratulation, and his chest went out

"He's pretty big, Mr. Corbett," he said, sympathizing with me. "Do you think you can beat him?"

"No," I replied. "That's why we're fixing it up nice and easy for me."

A Treat for Little Willy

Then my brother appeared, managing to cover up his grins, and said angrily, "Who's this wants to see the rehearsal? Him? Why, Jim, you're crazy! The fellow'll spread it everywhere, and the fight will be called off."

"I won't tell, mister; I won't tell anybody," cried the rube, beginning to choke with his excitement and sticking his finger down the piccadilly.

I shook my head.

"You hear what my brother says," I appealed to him, as though helpless. "He says it's dangerous."

And all the while Jack walked up and down, protesting, while the man grew redder and redder. "Dangerous! I should say it is!" Jack exclaimed. "Why, I wouldn't do it for twenty-five dollars."

"I'll give you fifty," says the rube, almost crying. "It's all I've got. And I'll swear I won't tell a soul."

"There, Jack," I said gently. "He'll swear it."

"You mean you'll take your oath?" said Jack, turning.

"Yes, sir; on a stack of Bibles."

"Well, if you'll do that," replied Jack, "it's different. Never mind the money." And going across the street he whispered to Yank, then summoned one of my rubbers as a witness, and the ceremony took place.

"What's your name?" Jack began, looking as solemn as a judge.

"William Egar, sir."

"Well, Willy, hold up your hand and repeat these words after me: 'I, Willy, do solemnly swear that I will not tell a living soul what I am going to witness nor ever to spill even to my sweetheart that I was present when the Jeffries-Corbett fight was rehearsed. If I do, may my alfalfa shrivel and I be covered with warts and not die with my boots on.'"

Looking very scared and yet important, little Willy stuttered out the words, and I called to Yank, "Come on, Jeff; meet Mr. Egar. Mr. Egar's our guest, and on the level. Now let's get busy, decide what you are going to do, and let's get through with it. Mr. Egar's got to get back to Yokelapplesauce to milk the cows, and we want to accommodate him."

So we all crossed the street and went into the training quarters where Yank and I put on our togs and our best scowls, said "You do this" and "I'll do that" a few times in mysterious stage whispers, then went through our usual training stunt of sparring a few rounds.

The rube watched us, looking as swelled up as any man ever looked, and he must have gotten quite a thrill out of it. Then, after thanking us effusively, he departed, convinced that he had seen a famous fight-to-be rehearsed by a champ and an ex-champ, and looking as if he were going to have trouble in keeping the secret bottled up under that green tie and piccadilly and new store suit. At the door he waved to us patronizingly, like some lord.

Evidently we were safe in little Willy's care, for the secret has never before been revealed. But since the war is over now, the truth can be told.

And so with that off my soul, I guess we can proceed to the welters, feeling that the game, as far as most fighters are concerned, is mainly on the square.

This welterweight class, by the way, is an odd out-of-the-way division, sort of superfluous, say, like a fifth wheel, a sixth finger or some mothers-in-law. It was formed in the early nineties to take care of the men who were too heavy for the lightweights and too light for the middles. And of all divisions this is the easiest from which to pick the outstanding figures, for they are few and, in my opinion, can be ranked with little difficulty. Try as I can, I can think of but four really notable men—the original Jack Dempsey, who, had there been such a class in his day, could often have made the weight—certainly at one period of his career; Joe Walcott, who came in with the 1900's; Jack Britton, who is fighting still, though comparatively old; Benny Leonard, who should now be considered a welter; and Mickey Walker, the present champ. But Dempsey always fought as a middleweight, so we will reserve him for later.

Making up the top four, then, are two men of today, and two not very far back; so in this class the new century certainly has it on the old.

Jack Britton, now in his forties and still filling engagements on the coast, though a clever boxer, never even at his prime was quite so good as Mickey Walker, the present champ. Perhaps I am inclined to favor Mickey a little because of his aggressiveness, particularly since, as I argued in the last article, the majority of his contemporaries show so little of this very necessary quality. Still, I believe that his sturdiness, willingness and power as a puncher would have enabled him to shade Britton at the very peak of the latter's career. And if Leonard could be induced to take on Walker I am sure the latter would win, if in good condition, and barring accidents.

Now we have paid due tribute to Leonard's skill in a former article, ranking him with the ablest of all time in the lightweight division; but placing him among the welters is another matter. And I think Benny himself realizes this, for he has already been outpointed by Britton, an older and less rugged scrapper than Walker. And, too, by his failure to make the match with Walker, Leonard also passes up another fortune as well as the chance to retire with both the welter and lightweight titles at his belt—which is, for me, admission enough that Benny doesn't feel he can turn the trick.

Still, I don't blame him for not attempting it; and while I am in the midst of this article comes his bombshell—one has to write swiftly to keep up with the times—and he retires, the undefeated lightweight champion, one of the great boxers of the century, and a man who has reflected great credit on the profession I followed for so long.

Which leaves Joe Walcott alone. And with this negro from Boston none of the three—Leonard, Walker or Britton—would have had very much chance, for he was one of the very greatest fighters, weight for inches, in any year and in any class.

Mysterious Billy Smith

Joe, to start with, was ideally built for a fighter; by which I do not mean that he was statuesque, but that Nature in turning him out had been very practical. He was a thickset fellow, like Young Griffo, and extremely hard for an opponent to get at, with his black bullet head set on so short a neck that he offered at the top a very small target. With these natural advantages he possessed speed and two good hands which could hit some terrible wallops, and though not exactly scientific, was clever enough for most fighting purposes. And this combination of hitting power, quickness, aggressiveness and build would enable him, in my opinion, to beat not only all the welters before his time or since, but most of the middles and not a few of the heavies. Some of us in the latter class would have had our work cut out for us had we taken him on, at least in a short bout.

There was only one man in his own class that ever bothered Walcott—Mysterious Billy Smith; and this was simply because Smith was such a rough and terrible fighter, who recognized no rules and used rather ugly tactics. These bothered Walcott, for Smith got away with his style of fighting, seeming to have a faculty for blinding or hoodwinking timid or cautious referees, and Joe, though a game fighter, grew a trifle afraid of him after his experience in Boston one night. In this fight Smith, before the bout had gone many rounds, had butted Joe with his head, elbowed him, and wound up by biting him on the shoulder.

At once Walcott appealed to the referee.

"Mr. ——, he's biting me," said Joe.

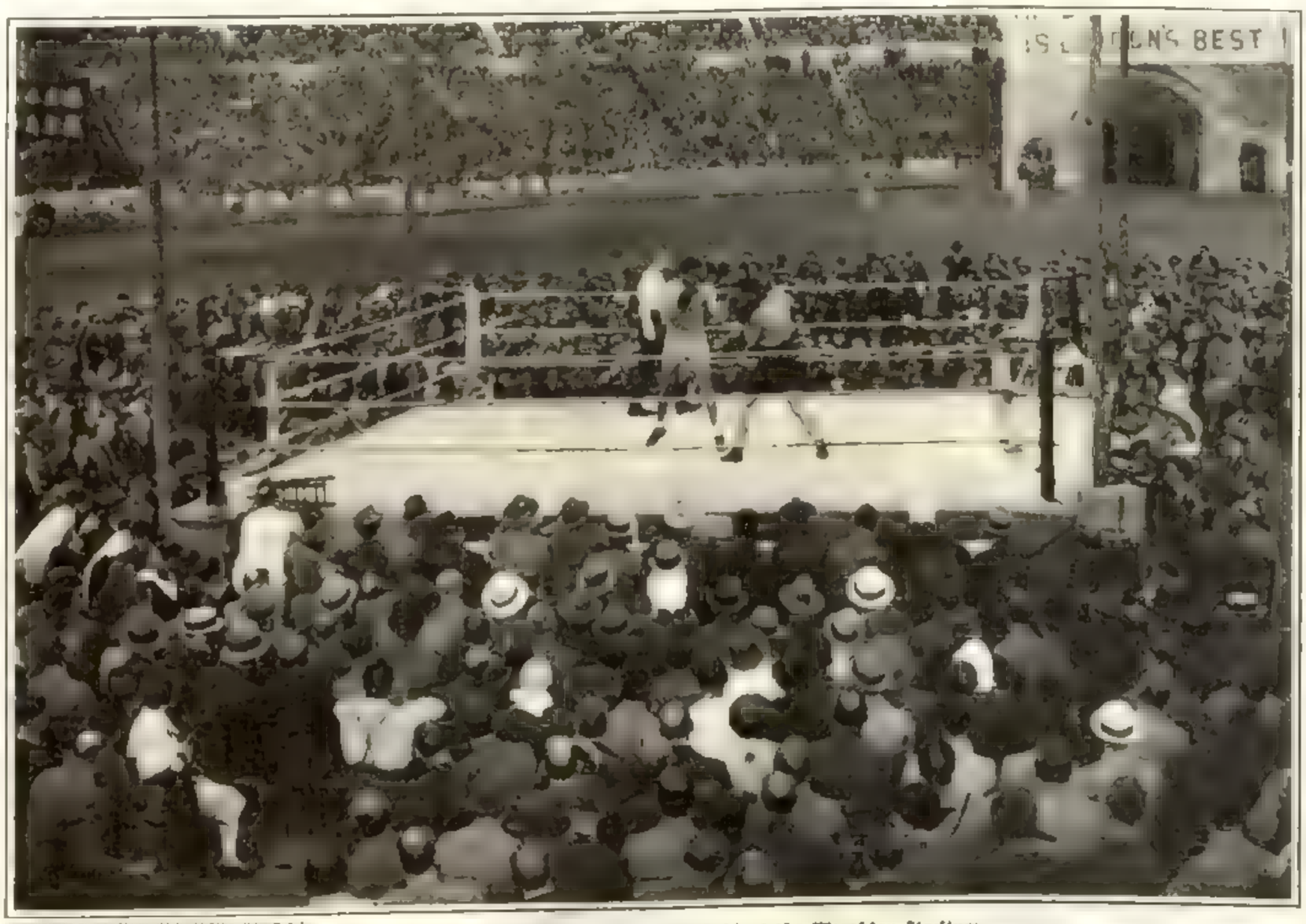
"Well, bite him back," the referee cheerfully advised, which was as much satisfaction as Walcott got.

Frequently this negro fighter, after showing up those in his own class, went after the heavies, and once took on the famous Joe Choynaki, some twenty or so years ago. But Walcott's victory, it should be explained in fairness to Choynaki, while a credit to the little fighter, was not so much of a blot on the big man's record as some have held it to be.

I was seated in the arena, watching the preliminaries, when the promoter, Tim O'Rourke, suddenly appeared and whispered, in excitement:

"Choynaki says he's too sick to go on. Look at that house," he added disgustedly. "Now we've got to give all that money back. Come on, Jim, and see what you think of his condition."

(Continued on Page 141)



Tommy Gibbons Defeating Jack Bloomfield at the Wembley Stadium

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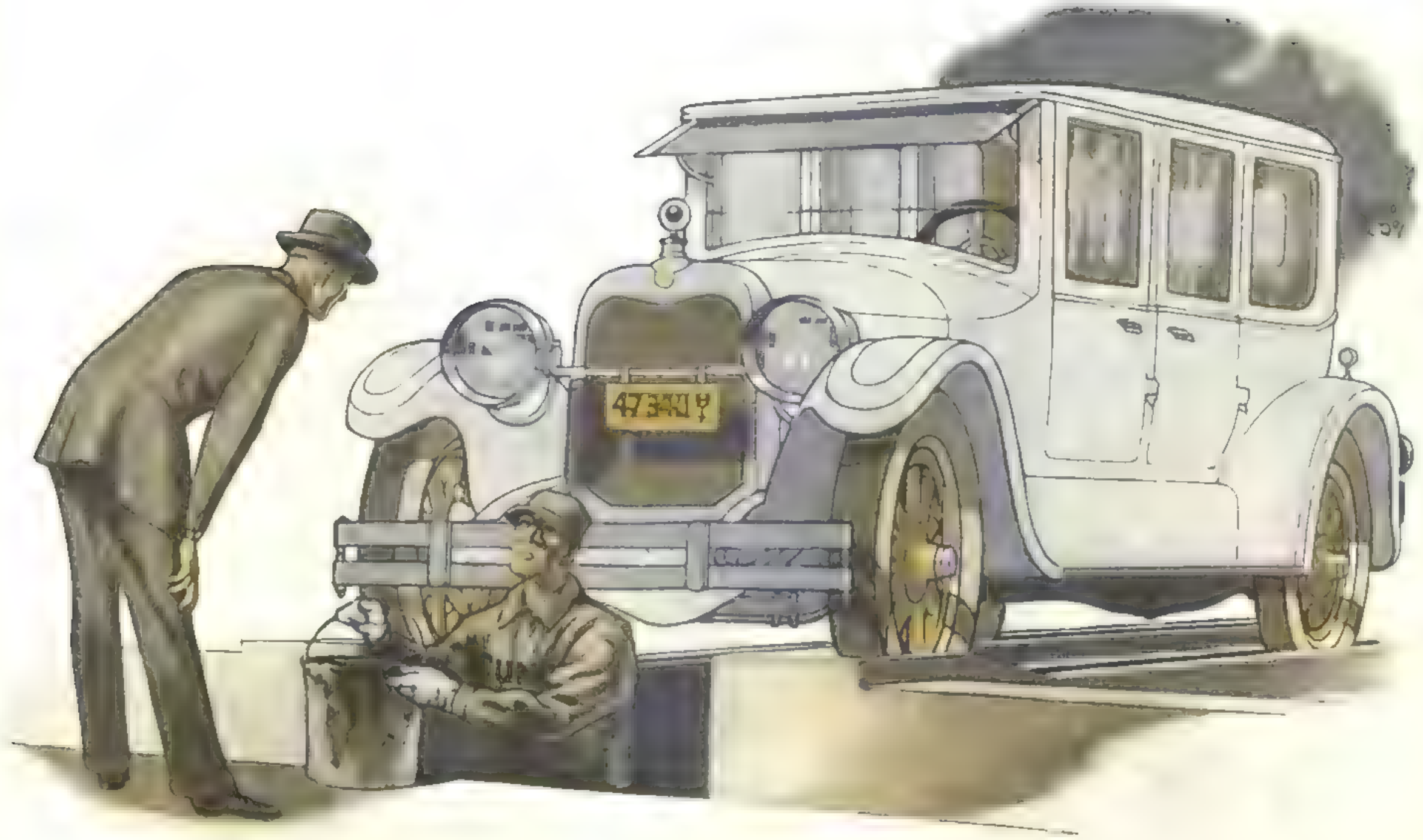

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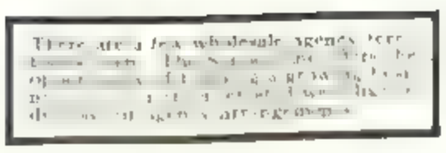

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THE Selz merchant in your city will gladly show you why Selz shoes contain more real value, why they hold their shape—why so comfortable. He'll point out the fine leathers—the most modern ideas of design—and the skilled craftsmanship. He'll show you a last particularly suited to you.

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The picture is explanation enough. Thousands in every city are eager for this Raisin Bread on Wednesday. It is made with Sun-Maid Raisins —a special mid-week baking. All your family will enjoy this wonderful bread with its rich and fruity goodness. You'll find it as inexpensive as it is delicious. Place a standing Wednesday order with your baker or grocer and have this famous mid-week treat *every* Wednesday

Endorsed by bakers everywhere, including the American Bakers' Association, the Retail Bakers' Association of America, and the Bread and Cake Bakers' Association of Canada

(Continued from Page 136)

So we went back—O'Rourke, George Considine, Bob Vernon, one or two others, and I—to look Choynski over.

He was in his togs and sat there in his bathrobe, looking a bit dejected; and he told us he had a bad cold and thought that he had a touch of fever. Still, he did not look actually ill, and when he threw off his bathrobe he seemed so big as I pictured the little black man beside him, and he was so finely built, powerfully muscled and with a fine white skin with just the right glow in it, that I couldn't think of him as having much trouble in going through with the engagement. Meantime the crowd in the house were growing impatient and began to howl for the fighters to appear, whistling, stamping and shuffling their feet, and as we talked on the din grew louder. Besides, I had not watched Walcott work, and did not then fully realize how good a fighter he was, and though Choynski did seem perhaps a little off his feed, I really didn't think he was running much danger.

So I told him, "Joe, that little touch of fever just evens things up. He's a little chap, you know. Just tear into him and finish it quick."

"All right," said Joe; "I don't want to disappoint the crowd"; and on he went.

In the first round he showed no life at all; there was no spring to his feet, no snap in his blows; and well I myself knew how he could hit when he was right. He really acted like a man in his sleep, just going through certain motions from instinct or habit.

The second round came—he was no better; and Walcott, having played with him and looked him over to his satisfaction, hit him twice—two good licks, then knocked him cold.

It was one of the worst cases of bad judgment I have ever shown in my life—my talking Choynski into entering the ring that night. I have never forgiven myself for it, since people who knew nothing of the circumstances figured that Joe wasn't the powerful fighter he really was, and I am to blame.

Still, as I said, while the explanation should take away any real discredit for his showing from Choynski, it should not take away any praise from the little negro. He did the job neatly, and there have been very few other small men, if any, who could in two rounds knock out a man of Choynski's bulk and power, even when not in condition. Anyhow, the wonderful little black man could hold his own with many heavies of today in perfect shape. And altogether I can see no reason why he shouldn't be placed at the top of the heap, the others we have discussed, following in short order.

THE GREAT WELTERWEIGHTS

1. Joe Walcott.
2. Mickey Walker.
3. Jack Britton—Mike Gibbons, when a welter.
4. Benny Leonard.

There is no need of bringing up the rear with stragglers, for it must be borne in mind that there has always been a dearth of good fighters in this class. It should also be remembered that we have ruled out a great fighter, the original Jack Dempsey, since in his time there was no such class, though for much of his career he was normally a welter—otherwise the ranking might be changed. And so we come to the middles.

The Middleweights

Here, too, we are confronted with rather a small class, if quality and not number of candidates is considered. But unlike the welter division, in which modern men showed up so well, this produced its best men some two or three decades ago. So I will proceed backward, from the standpoint of time, taking up the best modern men first.

And at once I think we can rule out from consideration for any top ranking all the present-day men with the exception of the champion, Harry Greb.

Certainly he, at the present writing, is the best of the lot, though the next two or three years may see his fall, if some of the present contenders develop rapidly, and capable men, now unknown, spring up. This might easily happen, I think, for Greb is a most peculiar boxer, and one whom I cannot bring myself to call fighter, no matter how hard I try. It is true that he is active enough all through the now prevailing ten or twelve rounds, exceedingly fast, in fact. But he cannot seem to get it into his head that fighting means anything but slapping and cuffing a man, and indulging in those backhanded hits he is so terribly fond of.

If he had only been taught, early in life, to box properly, and how to punch sufficiently hard to knock out or even daze his man, he might have been one of the best we have had, instead of an amazing freak capable of making really good men look foolish by his awkward style.

Right here it may be worth while to consider for a moment one of the present-day contenders for the title, Jack Delaney, of Bridgeport, not because he is great, for he is not yet in the picture, but because he is a better model to follow than Greb, and also illustrates certain statements I have made about present conditions in boxing.

In the first place, Delaney may not hit as many blows as Greb, but when he lands he lands effectively; and, too, he shows an eagerness to learn, as well as something of adaptability and versatility.

After his first bout with Paul Berlenbach, the latter, another willing chap, came to my home in Bayside and asked me a few questions about the finer points of boxing, which he thought my experience would enable me to answer. In the conversation he told me that Delaney had kept him off for the greater part of the bout with a straight left.

Delaney's Uppercut

So I was anxious to see how Delaney would work in his fight with the colored deacon, Tiger Flowers. I wanted to see whether or not he had other tricks in his bag and could adapt himself to new situations and styles in fighting.

Sure enough, he simply looked over the deacon for a while, feinting and stalling, to find out what medicine he needed; discovered he was to let, as they say, for short right uppercuts; got him coming, then timed an uppercut that knocked him cold.

Now this not only shows that Delaney, unlike many of his rivals, has the proper spirit, and also that if he takes heart and learns how to get a man going away from him as he did Flowers when coming on, he might go far, but also, as I have so often stated before, that good examples of boxing are today rather rare, for immediately all the newspapers grew enthusiastic over Delaney, printing columns about that uppercut, its timing and perfect execution. And all the fans talked about it for at least a week. It was a dandy, no doubt about that; but in the days when men studied the art of boxing more thoroughly, it would not have been considered any extraordinary thing. Such timing, such execution, were in the old days in evidence almost every night.

There were a few other middleweights who came to the front during the past ten or twelve years who showed some promise—Eddie McGoorty, who was rugged enough and had a wicked left-hand hook, the more lightly built Clabby, and Jeff Smith, of Bayonne—but as one looks down the years they cannot be considered more than just fair-to-middlin' middlers when compared with old-timers whose style and every motion I can remember as clearly as if it were yesterday. In fact, most of those who had a look-in for the championship during the past decade were in equipment and temperament like the prevailing build—just a flash of sturdy, thick-necked, willing fellows, with nothing of unusual power or personality to make them stand out.

And Mike Gibbons, who retired a year or so ago, though an excellent all-around boxer, never defeated enough good men to rank very high.

And, by the way, outside of his skill, I remember him chiefly for one trick that was as amusing to me as Sullivan's constant slap of his thigh before he let his punch go. You have seen sometimes in comedies Jewish comedians who in a scrap constantly hold on to their beaks. Well, of course, Mike, being a skillful boxer, didn't do exactly that, but he was forever rubbing it with his gloved hand. And when, as he frequently did, in coming out of a clinch, he would rub it and feint at the same time, it would oddly disconcert his man. One began to look for the curious trick, to wonder why he was doing it, and before you knew it you were getting clouted on your own beak while engaged in the study of Mike's.

Among the great men of old, first, of course, comes Robert Fitzsimmons.

He towered over them all, figuratively speaking—literally, too, for he was of a most peculiar build, his avoirdupois being laid on chiefly in the third and fourth stories. His head was small, but his chest, shoulders and forearms were those of a heavy, while there was no more flesh on his spindling legs—which always looked as if they would go back on him, but never did—than you find on a welter's. Top this picture off with a red head, a face splashed with freckles and gore, add two fists packed with something that resembled dynamite and which were always working as he bore in for more punishment, and you have a picture of a real fighter and one who added more color to his page of ring history than his freckles, blood or red hair.

However, since he had such a peculiar advantage of size over his middleweight rivals and soon took on enough flesh to fight in a heavier class, we will pause only long enough to rank him at the top, taking him up more in detail when we come to the heavies.

Closely following Bob and pressing him for the lead, come two, one the most natural of all middleweight fighters, the other the most finished—Stanley Ketchel and Tommy Ryan.

Ryan, who held the title during the early part of this century, was a pleasant-looking brown-haired chap, neatly built and perfectly proportioned. And he was beautiful to watch in action; really a perfect wonder for grace. In polish and finish he was the equal of the lightweight Leonard, and was one of the very best generals in all ring history. Perhaps this was because he was such a student of the game, forever studying things out, swiftly when in a fight, then analyzing them thoroughly afterward so as to apply what he had learned, in the next encounter. And, unlike some men of this type, with all his extreme cleverness and artistry he did not lack gameness, stamina or the punch. He had that in both hands; and to cap it all he proved more than once that he could go the route.

Furthermore, he showed common sense and wisdom in his way of living, and never did he clog up and weaken his beautiful body with dissipation. He always lived cleanly and today is one of the best-preserved men it has been my fortune to meet, enjoying a useful life as a successful business man in San Francisco. Clean living does sometimes pay after all.

As for ranking, he easily comes next to Fitz. Had he the latter's height he might have equaled him. But then, Fitz was a freak.

Stanley Ketchel, who came after Ryan, was at his best around 1910, and was the greatest purely natural fighter I have seen. In fighting instinct he resembled the modern Jack Dempsey and was like him, too—I may surprise you here—in being merely a slam-bang fighter. He was better at long range, though, than Tiger Jack, who shows his best work with short punches when close in.

Another of Ketchel's outstanding qualities was his courage, his ability to take punishment. I would not say exactly that in this he was supreme, for perhaps the lightweight Lavigne, the middleweight Darcy, the heavy Fitzsimmons, and one or two others, in this equaled him, but at least no one ever surpassed him. And a little study of him may be profitable.

Ketchel-Papke Bouts

When he first eased into the picture he demonstrated his courage in his fight with Thomas. I forget the latter's first name, and since I have adopted the method of trusting to my memory rather than of examining records—I feel that my account will have more truth that way—I will not look up this detail. It does not matter anyway, for it is sufficient to tell that Thomas had been very successful, had won many battles, and was for a while everywhere hailed as the coming champ. Ketchel, however, at the very start of his career, took Thomas on, and in doing it took an unmerciful beating, then came back at the finish of one of the most terrific battles on record and administered the knock-out punch.

I first saw Ketchel after his second fight with Papke and not long before the third bout. At the second meeting, Papke had knocked Ketchel out, and they were soon matched for another, which promised to be a whopper, and Ketchel began to train in dead earnest. He always took his work seriously, though he had had few lessons and knew little or nothing of the finer points of the art of boxing.

Some sporting editors who were interested in him asked me to run out with them

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Home is more than just a house with a fence around it—in a broader sense it is the environment—surroundings—neighbors, which you are pleased to call your "home town".

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in their machine to his quarters to look him over. Though I found him lacking in experience, I liked the looks of him and took to him at once, he was such a healthy, rangy fellow, and seemed both willing and game.

After I had chatted with him and his crew his manager called me into a room and there asked me to show Ketchel how to stop uppercuts. Papke, he explained, had beaten his man with these in the preceding battle.

Taking Stanley aside I asked him to tell me everything that worried him. "I'm the doctor," I said. "Now tell me your troubles, and I'll do what I can to help you."

After a little talk, in which he was quite frank and showed himself eager to learn, I found that, as his manager had explained, he not only did not know how to stop uppercuts but had not the first idea of how to go about it. So I showed him the various means of defense for such an attack, also several other useful tactics. I noticed that he had good fighting sense and was pretty keen in applying instruction.

Well, the next time he fought Papke he licked his rival decisively.

Between the second and third bouts with Papke came the famous one with clever Jack O'Brien—Philadelphia Jack. In this, through his superior knowledge and skill O'Brien outpointed Ketchel convincingly for the first nine rounds, but Stanley took a bad beating manfully, then came back in the tenth and administered his wonderful K. O. punch, and Philadelphia Jack went down, dead to the world.

This was Ketchel's greatest asset and glory, this ability to take his licking and then come back. There is no other man, not even Fitzsimmons, who so often accomplished the trick of turning defeat into victory. And, considering his equipment and unconquerable courage, he should rank right after Ryan, and very near the top.

There was another man who fought thirty years ago that possessed courage enough and, had he had more all-around skill, would have come higher than fourth—Danny Kelleher, of Boston. As it was, his one outstanding quality at least places him there—his hitting power. In this—and here I am not forgetting the redoubtable Bob—he was the greatest that ever lived. Like that other powerful hitter, the Australian lightweight Dawson, Kelleher was at his best in a finish fight; but he was better than Dawson in a limited bout.

Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil

Just above him, and right after Ryan, should come that grand old fighter, so often referred to in my writings, the original Jack Dempsey, sometimes called the Nonpareil. And, if I could, I would like to rank him first. However, in some things he does come first, as I think you will agree, when we look him over, for he was one of the worthiest champions that ever wore the belt.

Like Ryan, he was a delight to watch in action—not so perfectly proportioned or graceful, perhaps, for he was more rangy—but graceful enough, and a trifle more businesslike in his clean-cut Irish face, and very efficient in his way of going about things. His footwork was perfect, his timing the height of accuracy, and his delivery showed a beautiful economy—no waste motion.

And he knew every blow, every trick; in the ring was as quickwitted as they make them and developed many departments of boxing to a point never equaled before or since. For instance, at feinting no man ever was his peer; at this he was marvelous.

But from all this description of Jack's precision and businesslike effectiveness, it must not be thought that he lacked either hitting power or heart. He could punch hard enough when he had gotten a man just where he wanted him—and as for heart—he had that to a superb degree.

To realize this you will only have to go over his fight with La Blanche, which at first thought may seem a blot on Dempsey's record, but, as in the case of Choynski, will not when the circumstances are reviewed. This fight, by the way, was one of the most dramatic spectacles it has been my lot to see in the ring.

La Blanche was himself a worthy opponent, a rough-looking, swarthy-faced fellow, and a pretty tough man. He was especially famous for his use of the pivot blow and his constant resorting to the shift. Now this pivot blow is the name given to the maneuver in which a man suddenly and very swiftly swings his whole body around, like a polo pony or a skater spread-eagling, thus striking his opponent, if the latter stays within reach, with the extended forearm, elbow or the back of the hand. This trick is dangerous, especially if resorted to out of a clear sky, when the other man least expects it; and the other man does well to get out of the way when it is being tried. Personally I had always considered it a foul blow. After a few years it was barred, but La Blanche tried it many times during his career.

His other trick, the shift, which for a right-hander means quickly changing your pose from left hand, left foot out, to right hand and right foot, is useful when one is fighting a sluggish fellow, for it may confuse him. And Fitz as well as La Blanche was addicted to it. But with a fast man it is bad boxing, for the man who shifts is liable to be knocked cold.

Now in this famous fight between La Blanche and Dempsey, Jack was winning slowly but surely, gradually beating the tough La Blanche down by inches—the proper pace, since it was a finish fight. He had things quite well in hand when La Blanche suddenly decided to pivot. He was extra quick this time, and as he completed his swift circle he struck Jack with his forearm on the jaw, and, to the amazement of all in the house, knocked him flat and dead cold.

A Dramatic Episode

I never knew such a silent moment in all my ring experience. There was the middleweight champion of the world, perhaps the most popular who ever wore the crown, who was winning handily when, in a second, he was stretched out on the floor. Not one moved in his seat, actually no sound was heard, not even the sign of a cheer from the adherents of La Blanche, as the referee began to count and La Blanche himself stood dazed as the referee told off the seconds.

We, too, stood there, spellbound, as the referee came to "seven," then "eight." Could it be that the famous Dempsey was actually being counted out? But it was true. "Ten!" Then all of a sudden came one of the most dramatic, the most courageous, and, as I say, one of the most pathetic moments I have ever seen in the ring.

Somehow Jack, like a man coming out of a dream and catching his first glimmer of consciousness, caught hold of the ropes, managed somehow to get to his feet, staggered like a drugged or drunken man across the ring, his equally dazed seconds unable to move hand or foot, and lurched to the corner where La Blanche stood, still wondering at his good fortune.

Here Dempsey, the old fighting instinct asserting itself even in the end, raised his gloved hand, weakly and unclosed, and made the ghost of a punch at La Blanche. The arm could not even cover the short distance to La Blanche's unguarded face, but fell feebly, like the last effort of the paw of a dying lion, on the breast of his foe, and La Blanche caught the falling figure in his arms

So chance and accident, not inferiority, are sometimes responsible for a defeat, again many a champion has been caught when slipping. And all these things must be remembered in attempting any ranking, or studying it after it is made. It is when they were at their best that the men must be considered; their careers as a whole. And the fact that La Blanche defeated Dempsey, and Kelleher later knocked out La Blanche, does not, for me, who have studied the men in appearance after appearance, materially affect the list, which follows:

GREAT MIDDLEWEIGHTS

1. Robert Fitzsimmons.
2. Tommy Ryan—Les Darcy, if he had lived.
3. The original Jack Dempsey—Stanley Ketchel.
4. Danny Kelleher.
5. Harry Greb—George La Blanche.

Yes, for some things, if I could, I would like to place Jack Dempsey, the original Jack, at the very top—and by his side Les Darcy—if only to make things up.

But there is the gong again! And now for the mightiest men, not in spirit—as witness the battle of which I've just told—but because, if really great, they can add size and weight to their spirit, thus making their appearance more impressive, and their fights more memorable.

ROGER SWIGART, 3838 Alta Vista Ave., Chicago
Can You Match Him?—4½ years old, he weighs 42 lbs., has never been "sick" a day in his life, knows his alphabet by heart and is the home run king of his neighborhood. 1200 calories of his required 1950 per day are supplied by Quaker Oats with milk.

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THE mothers and dads of the children pictured here hold them without peer—or equal. It is a significant fact that not one has ever known illness. That all are unusually active mentally, and sturdy physically, and have been brought up with Quaker Oats as the basis of their cereal diet

Do you know any children that match them? Send in their photographs if you do. (Note comments beneath photographs here.)

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RICHARD GLAESER, 1502 Birchwood Ave., Chicago
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Can You Match Her?—7 years old and 3 years with the Chicago Opera Company! Also with Alice Brady in "Zander." Now in 4th grade grammar school and already an accomplished musician! Never ill—and every day Quaker Oats.

Growing children need this rich breakfast

QUICK QUAKER—cooks in 3 to 5 minutes!

HERE is the "oats and milk" breakfast authorities say no growing child should be denied—cooked, ready and served as quickly as plain toast.

Because of lack of time, many mothers were serving oats too seldom. So Quaker Oats experts perfected Quick Quaker, a new kind of Quaker Oats.

As an energy food, no other breakfast surpasses. As an early morning enticement, none compares. Rich, full flavored and enticing, it tempts the most indifferent appetite. All the fine Quaker flavor is retained, all the luscious smoothness.

The grains are cut before flaking and rolled very thin. They cook faster. That's the only difference.

Your grocer now has two kinds of Quaker Oats—the kind you always have known and Quick Quaker.

Standard full size and weight packages—
Medium: 1¼ pounds;
Large: 3 pounds, 7 oz.

Quaker Oats

The kind you have always known

Quick Quaker

Cooks in 3 to 5 minutes

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CHILDREN AND WORK

(Continued from Page 9)

And finally, at the heart of all this welter of confused and conflicting opinion, stands the little party of the first part, Exhibit A, the child himself, peering out doubtfully upon the mess. To work or not to work that is the question. But nobody agrees upon the answer. Has the child any natural rights in the matter? What are they? Who among the controversialists is right? Who is wrong? And just what is work anyway? When and where does it step across the dead line and become exploitation? Is all work in industry under certain ages to be construed as exploitation? If so, what is the dead line in age? Can we draw it with confidence? Is it twelve, fourteen, sixteen or eighteen years? Is it the same for boys and girls? And for all boys and all girls? Is training in work habits necessary before that age is reached? If so, where are the children to acquire those work habits? In school? Does our present elementary system of academic instruction provide for such training? If not, just when and where is it to be come by? Will it spring into being, full-fledged and mature, like Minerva from the head of Jove, on the instant it is needed, when children pass a certain age and are plunged into the work of the world?

Sorting Fact From Theory

These are fundamental queries—but to whom shall we turn for an unprejudiced reply? Whose evidence shall we take? First of all, it is evident that we must throw out the testimony of the employers, for they are self-interested parties; they are apt to give evidence favorable to their own side. For a similar reason we are obliged to reject the parents' point of view; they also have a pecuniary stake in the matter, and the ignorant among them are prone to regard children not as future citizens but as private property, as investments which should bring in a financial return. This is characteristic of poor foreign parents and likewise of some one hundred per cent native American stock as well. In addition, among those whose testimony must be declared void we are bound to include all those partisans, whether they be pro or anti, who know nothing whatsoever firsthand about the actual work of children in industry or of industry itself—and who must therefore be considered as talking through their honorable hats. This at one gesture removes from the scene most of the politicians, theorists, propagandists, special pleaders, sob sisters and brethren, not to mention a swarm of do-gooders and public-wealers who have darkened the councils of wisdom with vain and empty talk.

And now, with this great cloud of prejudiced witnesses barred out of court, the atmosphere begins to clear. For the purpose of this article is to narrow the subject down to its practical aspects, to get down out of the airy realm of abstract theory in which one person's opinion is as good as another's and both sum up to naught, and see if it is possible to get hold of a body of persons, not theorists, sentimentalists or partisans, who, through first-hand experience, do know something about children, about industry and the actual conditions of labor, and can give us some plain, unprejudiced facts.

In this process of separating actual fact from mere theory and rainbow-hued opinion, it is interesting to apply the eye for a moment to the knot hole of history and glance back over the past of our own country before the microbe of industrialism bored its way into the vitals of our system, when our people were still mainly agricultural—a stalwart, deep-lunged race of pioneers who, with their womenfolk and their circle of sober-eyed children, signed up for the stupendous, heart-cracking job of pushing westward the frontiers of civilization with their naked hands. In those days there was little of all this modern controversy about children. Labor. Exploitation. Wage slaves. These are industrial terms. There's a reproach, a sting in each one. Labor connotes hardship; exploitation implies oppression, abuse. But those rock-ribbed old giants of early days were too absorbed in battling with the rigors of their environment to waste breath in self-pitying definitions. Necessity—that was what gripped them. Call it labor, drudgery, exploitation, slavery, any laboratory term you please—that did not alter the solid fact that after they named it they were still stuck for the job itself; so they just pitched in and licked it and went on licking it—and let the definitions slide. In brief, to them work was the law of life to which all were subject, man, woman and child. For children, too, belonged in the work picture. Literally every hand counted; big hands, little hands; old hands, young hands; even the hired men were called "hands." So the children were broken in early, just as colts are broken, bitted, harnessed and taught to pull their share of the load.

The point is that the habit of work was fixed in them while they were still plastic; it shaped their brain patterns; it twined itself round the taproot of their souls. They became prodigious toilers, builders and founders and leaders—and thus this nation was forged. Pick up the biography of almost any great American; scan his early background; it is almost invariably a record of the forging of those work habits in early childhood and their successful operation in later years. The age at which these boys went over the top is usually given as eleven or twelve. We may see, later, a psychological basis for this age.

The Daily Bread of Life

There is an inelegant but pithy phrase current in the vernacular called "getting onto yourself." These youngsters, toughened and disciplined by work, with the confidence that comes only with actual experience, got onto themselves early in the game. They were children of fifteen or sixteen in the flesh, but nineteen or twenty in the spirit; ripe, resourceful, fit to marry, to make homes, laws—whereas today, reversing the process, we have youths twenty or twenty-five in the flesh, but fourteen in the spirit; raw, immature, without work habits, floating like jellyfish on the changing currents of the tide.

This conception of work, not as slavery but as the actual daily bread of life for all, influenced education. The point here is that in this period of our national development work came first, schooling second. Work was necessary—schooling merely desirable, if it could possibly be contrived. Work and habits of work were the solid base of life, upon which was built as big a superstructure of education as circumstances allowed. What academic instruction the average children of those days received came usually in the interludes of the slack season. Often they had to fight for it. Perhaps that is why they valued it so highly!

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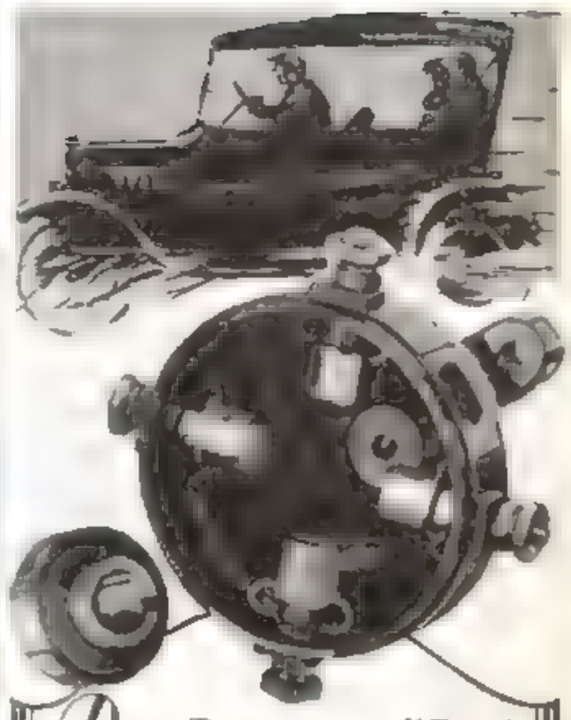

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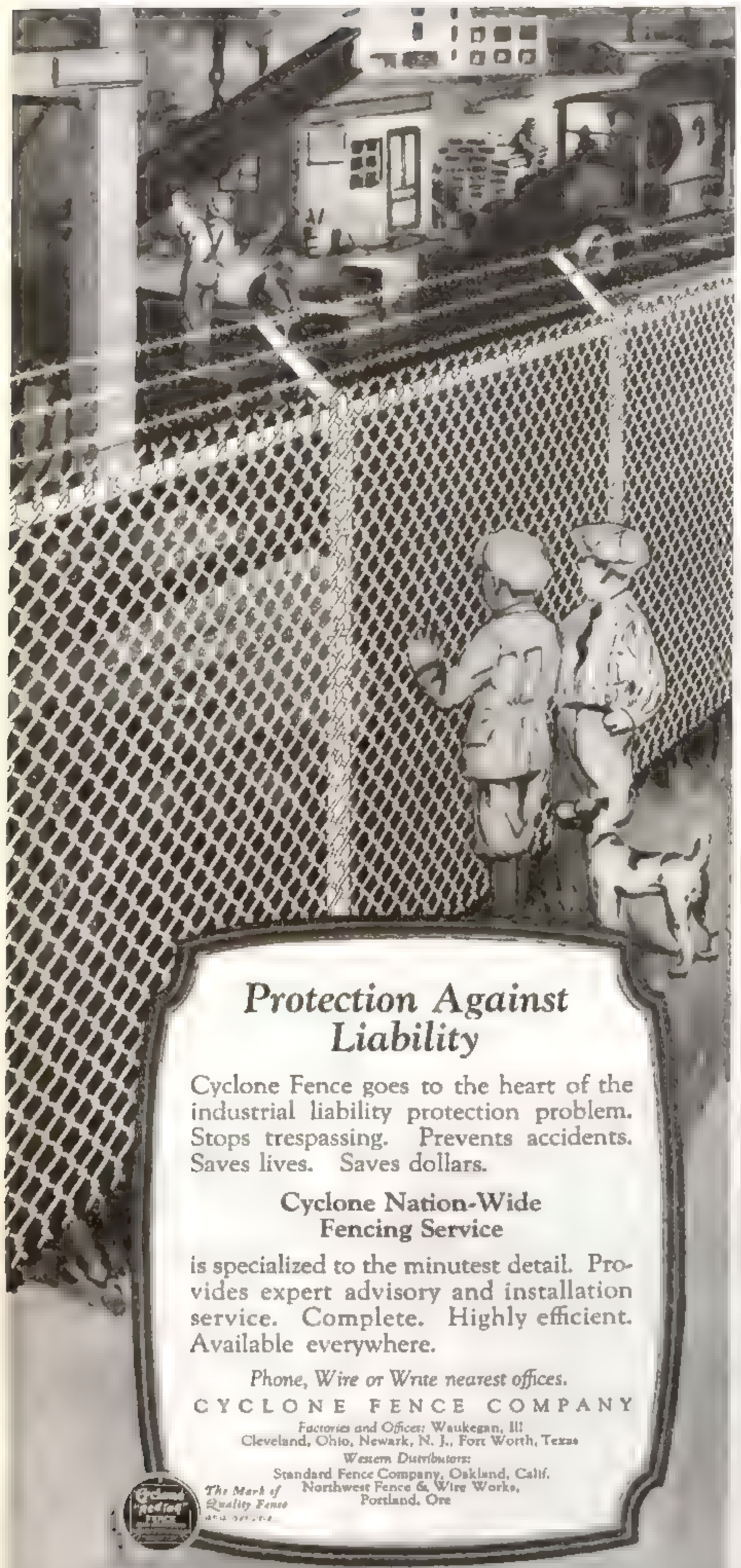
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education comes first; it is compulsory, while work and training in work habits which will enable the child to gain his livelihood out in the world come second—if at all. To put it bluntly, work in these latter days has a black eye. It is considered a misfortune, the penalty of poverty. The whole tendency of the age, of youth, of legislation, of the present system of academic instruction, is away from work. Are we then trying to abolish it by the pseudo-scientific method of ignoring its existence? Is it possible that those tough, horny-handed old-timers who preached and practiced and baptized their children in the fiery gospel of hard work had the rights of the matter, and that we modern intellectuals of this present era of progress and jazz and gin have hitched the cart before the horse, and in our eagerness not to deprive the young of their natural birthright of education are by way of robbing them of the biggest birthright of all, the very wellspring of true individuality?

It was with the hope of getting some light on these questions that I started in to investigate the trade and vocational schools of a certain large industrial center—not the special classes for defectives, morons, cardiacs and cripples, but those for normal, lively little hustlers whose only misfortune—or, if you like, good fortune—was that they must get out and earn their bread and butter with the least possible delay. I talked with the principals, the trade teachers, the children; the placement secretaries who found the children jobs; also with the employers and the labor union leaders, trying to uncover the actuality of the situation from every industrial angle as it touched the child. What follows is in the nature of rough field notes, necessarily sketchy and brief, designed to give a general cross section of the direction in which these practical educators are thinking and marching, rather than a detailed study of their activities as a whole.

I began with the principal of a trade school, a well-known educator with more than a score of years' experience in the living stuff of adolescent girls, and remarkable alike for her vision, her enthusiasm and her practical common sense. The school is a large one, its work standards high; the teachers trade experts in their own lines; the girls, more than a thousand strong, in their early teens, earnest and ambitious, who must be prepared to enter industry as soon as possible in order to assist their families or gain a livelihood for themselves. The children, after graduation from the one and two year courses, are helped in finding jobs by the placement secretary, and thus knowledge of employers, of conditions of labor, hours, wages, abuses and the actual effects of industry in making or marring these small citizens of the future is accurate, up-to-date, nonpartisan and concrete. Or if it errs at all it errs on the side of sympathy for the child; but even in this respect the point of view is not drenched in emotionalism, but is practical, salutary, sane. Here, then, is a body of data upon which we may rely.

The Instinct for Work

To begin with, this principal did not believe in the proposed Federal amendment on child labor and was rather dubious as to the real value of all the so-called blanket bills. Certain safeguards were, of course, necessary to protect children from exploitation, but these safeguards could and should be provided for adequately inside the states. But all these aspects of the question—the forbiddances, restrictions and age limitations—were, in her judgment, relatively unimportant as compared with the big constructive elements of the problem which the public and the legislators seemed prone these days to overlook, unable, it appeared, to see the forest because of the trees.

"In our eagerness to help," she said, "we must not lose sight of the main issue in this big and complicated problem—and that is the prime importance of giving our boys and girls the opportunity to work. Children must have the chance to work. It's their natural birthright and it must not be curbed or legislated out of existence. That's the first big thing we must all stand for. Secondly, children must be taught work habits in their plastic, formative years, when habits are naturally established. Otherwise they are likely not to acquire them at all. It's a natural, normal thing for a child to want to work. And by work I mean doing things; making things with the hands; constructing things. Children are natural constructors and they love to work with their hands. The normal child is very keen about this. His nature begins to stretch out in the direction of action. It's an inherited instinct in him, natural as the instinct of a cat to sharpen its claws against a tree. It's the same big urge in both of them, a kind of practicing-up, an instinctive test of strength. Now the age when this urge for action, for testing the strength by doing things, sets in has been very clearly established; it starts around twelve years, though it may vary with the individual, appearing earlier in some children and later in others."

"Then that accounts for the fact that so many eminent men in their biographies record that they started out to fight for themselves at about the age of eleven? It wasn't a mere happen-so, an artificially set date, but the result of a natural urge?"

"It was simply because that is the age when children begin to break loose and start doing things off their own bat. The vital point for us to realize is that the instinct is there, it's a big natural impulse in all normal children, and it should not be stamped out, neglected or repressed—to do so may spoil the entire after life. It's the working of this instinct which renders children at certain ages discontented in school: there's nothing active to do, nothing, so to speak, against which to sharpen their claws; they rebel at simply holding their mouths open and being spoon-fed with abstractions and theories. 'Gee, but how I hate that ole school!' is their doleful wail—and the day arrives when inevitably they break away. They break away because the instinct within them for action, for doing things, is stronger than the external bonds by which they are held, and because in our present system of academic instruction that instinct is not cultivated, but in the vast majority of cases repressed or ignored."

A Good-for-Nothing Girl

"To give you a specific example of how this instinct works, I know a girl, the daughter of wealthy parents. There was a time when that child was always at something: eager, full of zest to do things; knitting, making clothes, always with something in her hands. But nobody took any pains with her; she didn't have to earn her living; and consequently that instinct, neglected, died down. Now she's lost the desire. You can't interest her in anything; she's simply a good-for-nothing girl. The habit of work, if she ever regains it, will have to be rebuilt in her from the ground up. But if I could have had her at the proper age I could have started her off in the right direction."

"Then you think work is good for children?"

"Undoubtedly. It's a natural, normal instinct within them, to satisfy which gives them pleasure; and practically it's their salvation, their life. For this is a world of work—of hard work. There's no use blinking the facts or indulging in false sentiment. The work of the world has to be done; and these children have their share. The vast majority of them are obliged by circumstances to leave school early in order to help their parents or make their own way. They are flung out into business, into industry; work is their life. Then why should we ignore it and place the emphasis on legislative restrictions, prohibitions, instead of the big, living constructive force itself? We don't want to rear up a generation of nonworkers, what we want is workers and more workers—in every field of life. And years of experience has taught me that work for children is not slavery, imprisonment; on the contrary, it frees them; it gives them confidence, poise. Then why shouldn't they be trained in their plastic, formative years to work, to enjoy doing things and doing them well? The satisfactions of work well done are the biggest satisfactions of life; the only lasting satisfactions, and the children trained in work habits in this trade school have begun to taste those satisfactions. You can tell it by their enthusiasm, their ambition, their drive. I believe also that children should be paid for doing things well. Yes, paid by industry, by business employers. It adds to their zest; and they must be trained to do work well enough to be paid for it. No fakes. No falling down on the job. That principle, you see, cuts both ways.

"Sometimes people say to me, 'Ah, but how terrible to make a machine out of a

(Continued on Page 149)

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Voltage of Tubes	No. of Tubes	Type of Tubes (see note note)	Term Rheostat Adjusts Drain	Recommended Prest-O-Lite "A" Batteries: Index No. of Battery and Type	Recommended Prest-O-Lite "A" Batteries: Ampere Hour Capacity
5-Volt Tubes (C-300 and UV-200 are interchangeable; C-301A, DV-2 and UV-201A are interchangeable)	1	UV-200	1	69 WHR or 67 WHR	22 / 16
	2	UV-201A	½	67 WHR	33
	2	1 UV-200 1 UV-201A	1¼	611 WHR / 69 WHR	22 / 17
	3	UV-201A	¾	69 WHR / 67 WHR	29 / 22
	3	1 UV-200 2 UV-201A	1⅛	611 RHR / 69 WHR	21 / 14
	4	UV-201A	1	69 WHR / 67 WHR	22 / 16
	4	1 UV-200 3 UV-201A	1¾	611 RHR / 611 WHR	22 / 15
	5	UV-201A	1¼	611 WHR / 69 WHR	22 / 17
	5	1 UV-200 4 UV-201A	2	611 RHR / 611 WHR	19 / 13
	6	UV-201A	1½	611 RHR / 69 WHR	21 / 14
	8	UV-201A	2	69 KPR / 67 KPR	21 / 15
	For sets using current of a rate higher than 3 amperes.		2¾	69 KRI or 69 KPR	22 / 13
			2½	69 KRI / 69 KPR	19 / 16
3-Volt Tubes	1	UV-199 C-299 DV-1 DV-2	.06	One 43 MRR	100
	2		.12		50
	3		.18		33
	4		.24		25
	5		.30	Two 43 MRR in Parallel	40
	6		.36		33
1.1-Volt Tubes	1	WD-11 WD-12 C-11 C-12 215A 215N	¼	One 23 MRR Twin	48
	2		½		24
	3		¾	Two 23 MRR Twins in Parallel	33
	4		1		24
	5		1¼	Three 23 MRR Twins in Parallel	30
	6		1½		23

Recommended Prest-O-Lite "B" Batteries: See Manufacturer's Type and Index No.	Recommended Prest-O-Lite "B" Batteries: Number of Batteries
22½-24	One 24 XRR
45-48	One 48 XRR
90-96	Two 48 XRR
45-48	One 48 XRR
67-72	One 24 XRR One 48 XRR
90-96	Two 48 LRR
45-48	One 48 LRR
67-72	One 24 LRR One 48 LRR
90-96	Two 48 LRR
45-48 67-72 90-96	Use combinations of LRR as specified above for same voltage
22½-24	Use same XRR and LRR combinations as above for same voltage
45-48 67-72 90-96	Use same LRR combinations as above for same voltage
22½-24 45-48	Use same XRR and LRR combinations as above for same voltage
45-48 67-72 90-96	Use same LRR combinations as above for same voltage

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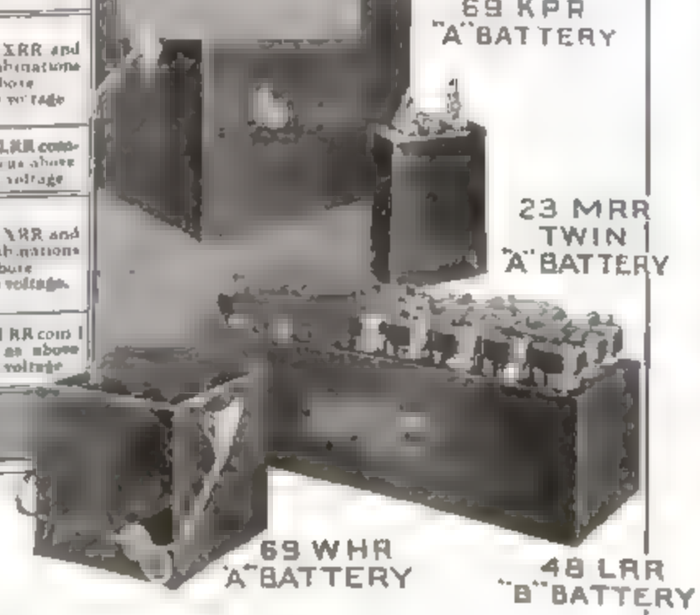

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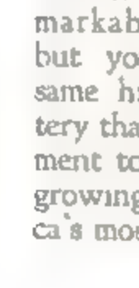

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Prest-O-Lite

(Continued from Page 146)

child by setting him to labor in industry, depriving him of his education!' Experience has taught me that such a point of view is both false and unreal. Work, literally, is education—and far from shutting the door on further instruction it is very often the open doorway itself through which the child passes to higher things. For this is what happens; we trade-school educators see it again and again: The child becomes restless, discontented in school; he gets bad marks; he seems to be wasting his time; he begs to stop. All right—his parents finally give him his head; he hunts up a job, goes to work. And after he has worked awhile and has been up against reality, he begins to see things differently; he begins to realize the need of further education if he is to climb. Far from dulling his faculties and turning him into a wage slave, the throwing him out upon his own resources sharpens him; he gets a new, practical angle on education; he begins to feel its need just as a mechanic feels the need of a special tool in order to achieve a certain result. And then how they go after knowledge! They eat it alive!

"Let me give you an example of how work became an open door. We had a girl in this school; she was restless, discontented and did not want to continue here. 'All right,' I said. 'Try a job.' She did. And after she'd been working awhile she saw the need of further education. But she kept on with her job and went through high school, toiling away at night classes. That girl would never have gone through high school if she hadn't first gone out to work. She needed just that spur."

Thrown on Her Own

"In addition, it must be said that a great many children, after a certain age, are simply wasting their time in school, and throwing them out to earn their own living, to sink or swim by their own efforts, is often the best thing in the world for them. It opens their eyes; it reveals to them their own hidden strength, and transforms them from loafers into keen young workers. We had a girl like that. She was a little trouble-maker. Full of ginger, but always stirring up strife. So finally one day I called her into my office and said, 'Mamie, you're not accomplishing anything here; you're simply wasting your time; you don't want what this school is trying to give you; so put on your hat and go home.'

"'What!' she exclaimed, astonished. 'You going to throw me out?'

"'Yes, Mamie, that's exactly what I'm going to do—throw you out. For your own good.'

"'Well, aren't you going to find me a job?' she asked.

"'No, you're going to find your own job. You're doing no good here, and so I'm going to let you shift for yourself for a while—see how it goes.'

"Well, she flung out of the room, furious, and left the school. Privately, I instructed the placement secretary to ring up the employment bureau and tell them if she came in, to find her a place. Then I heard no more of her. But six months later she came breezing into school, alert, confident, well-dressed; in short, a changed girl. She marched up to me and said, 'I guess you don't know me?'

"'Oh, yes I do. You're Mamie. Why, how fine you look, Mamie. You must be prospering!'

"'I am!' she retorted. 'And you didn't think I could find a job, did you? You didn't think I could hold down a job, did you? You didn't think I amounted to much. Well, I just decided to fool you and show you what I could do. And I've done it. I've got a fine job! And they like me, too.'

"'That's just what I did it for,' I said, smiling. 'I hoped that throwing you out on your own would make you find yourself. And it did, didn't it?'

"'Yes, ma'am,' she agreed with enthusiasm; 'it was the very best thing that could have happened to me. I'm much obliged to you!'

"The job had transformed her. Yes, work is a fine revealer.

"In our elementary or grade schools and perhaps throughout our entire academic scheme, in the higher institutions as well, the whole tendency seems to be directly away from work. Too much piling up of abstract on abstract and of theory on theory. Too great a gulf between what is taught inside the schoolroom and what goes on in the great world of work outside their doors. In our elementary schools as at present constituted, the restless energy of the growing child, his normal, healthy instinct to work are taken scant account of—with the result that there is constant waste, a constant slackening of effort. The plain fact is, we are so accustomed to measuring everything with the academic yardstick that we consider the academic standards the only proper ones to apply. And we apply them to everything

"But what is education, anyway? Does it consist in stuffing the mind full of abstractions, training it, magpie-like, to secrete information? Take a certain type of college graduate—we all know the type; unfortunately, it's not rare—women who have taken no end of academic degrees, and yet, in real life, they're stupid, clumsy, dumb. They know a lot of theoretic stuff, but practically, they're helpless as babes. They can't do anything! They can't trim a hat or whitewash a shed or make a decision in a hurry. They're not productive, constructive. Just dumb-bells filled full of theoretical knowledge. Then we see the opposite type—women who aren't any great shakes when it comes to books and abstract theories, but practically, they get there; they are doers, makers; they can put things over and give you a common-sense judgment on which you can rely. Which one of these two types shall we say has the higher mentality? Which one is the more truly educated?

"Do you see what I'm driving at? Some of these days we are going to overhaul our system of academic education, throw some of the theory overboard and connect up the rest more directly with the big outside world of work and production. It is a damaging reflection on our elementary school system and perhaps on our whole national point of view of education in general that a child thrown out early upon his own resources to earn his living is often better educated in the truest sense of the word than the one left in school. We see boys and girls out in industry far outstripping those in school; outstripping them in development, power, ambition, confidence and real zest. And why? Because the young workers have come to grip with reality, with life. Experience, hard work and the satisfaction of getting round their jobs are educating them faster than the schools.

"Do not deduce from all this that I do not believe in laws safeguarding children; I do. Children at work must not be exploited or abused. It goes without saying that there should be proper ventilation, sanitary conditions, regulation of working hours. And laws covering these points should be strictly enforced. But give the children a chance to work! That's the main point of the whole issue. Don't curb or destroy at its root his normal instinct for doing things; don't shut him off by blanket restrictions and prohibitions from an opportunity to work. Remember that comparatively few children are exploited in proportion to the vast number who work—and who must work. And certainly it is the part of wisdom to give at least as much attention to fostering work habits in all as we give to restrictive legislation which affects relatively few. Let us be cautious lest in our zeal to help those few we perpetrate legislation which would be damaging to all."

Trade-School Girls in Industry

"For work, a normal amount of work for normal children, is not exploitation—though," she smiled, "I believe that some good people consider it so!" She paused, pondered, then added slowly, weighing her words, "So strongly do I feel on this point that I should almost be willing to say it would be better to throw overboard all protective legislation whatsoever if the effect of that legislation would be to damage or curb the fundamental right of all children to work. To get at it from another angle—somehow or other we must create a working spirit in America among the young. It must be created in their plastic, formative years, when the instinct shows itself; and that, and not restrictive legislation, is the real, constructive problem which confronts us all today.

"Well," she finished, laughing, "that's my point of view. I know it's not popular. But it's been born of the experience of many years. And now let me show you how it works out practically.' The proof of the pudding is in the eating—and my girls, raised on these doctrines, have made good. Sometimes with a capital G."

She picked up a sheaf of records and culled out a few at random.

"Here's Maggie Breslin. She went out to work in industry at sixteen years. For her first job she received only $4 a week—that was during the war. Now she runs a business of her own, employs from sixteen to eighteen girls, and makes more than $600 a month. She works with a partner at interior decorating. Last winter she fitted out a big New York hotel with lamps.

"And here's Annie; fifteen; operator on a power machine. Annie began at $14 a week. Her wages as shown by the various jobs on her card leaped up as follows: $14—$20—$35—$40—$45—$55. How's that for the third year out? If I stress these children's wages, it's because wages, and particularly increases in wages, are clear indications of their enthusiasm and interest in their work.

"Now take Marie; sixteen years old, in the millinery trade. She began at $12 and now she's receiving $75 per week according to her last report. None of these girls had more than two years here, but we started them, taught them the elements of their trade, gave them work habits, trained them to do their job thoroughly, to take pleasure in it—and then they do the rest.

"Here's another girl. You see, I'm taking them just as they come. Millicent; started out after a one year's course in dressmaking when she was fifteen. For her first job she got $6 a week. She worked up to $40. Last year she went to the Bryn Mawr summer school and revealed splendid leadership qualities. They said she was one of their finest students. No dulling of the faculties there!

"And here's Anna; started to work when she was fifteen, after one year of dressmaking, at $14 a week. Let's see how fast Anna climbed her little ladder of success. Here's the record of her jobs: $14—$14—$16—$18—$18—$18—$18—$22—$25—$25—$38—quite a jump there!—$38—$50—$50. She began in 1919 and the last record is in 1924, so she made that climb in less than five years."

Hardly a Wage Slave

"Here is a student-aid girl—an interesting case. Her parents couldn't afford to keep her even one year in a trade school; they needed her wage. So she was given a small scholarship to cover food, car fare, and so on, and we made up to her parents what she would have earned out in industry. She took a year of dressmaking, all she could afford, and at fifteen we placed her in her first job. Her record here did not reveal any extraordinary aptitude. She was earnest, conscientious, but in no way different from scores of other girls. Now listen to this astonishing record of her various positions with their weekly wage: $6—$7—$8—$10—$26—$35—$75—$100—her weekly wage, mind!—$125—$150. And finally, $150 per week plus a bonus of $1000 a year! A regular poor little rich girl—with the richness all stored up in herself and discovered by actual experience in industry. For the point is, we didn't discover her genius here. All we did was to present her with the key and show her how to fit it into the door. I was so astonished at her report that I thought there must be some error, and asked her employer to confirm her statement. This is what he wrote in red ink across the bottom of her card: 'Works here. $150 per week as designer. Wonderful success!' That girl is still under twenty-five; undoubtedly a genius in her line—and she found herself through work!"

Summed up, the points made by this eminent educator who has had practical experience with children, employers and industry extending over a long period of years, are as follows:

1—Work does not injure or enslave; on the contrary, it educates and saves.

2—Children like to work; it is a natural, healthy instinct, manifesting itself around the age of twelve years.

3—This instinct should be cultivated. The child should be trained in work habits and to take pleasure in his job during his plastic years, which is the time when habits are formed.

4—The present tendency, both in academic education and in America at large, is away from work. Restrictive child-labor legislation simply follows this general trend and is essentially negative rather than constructive in action.

5—Safeguards are necessary to prevent exploitation, but it should be remembered that the number of children exploited are

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comparatively few in proportion to the total number who must work, and ill-advised legislation which takes no account of children's natural instincts might damage the many for the advantage of the few. Such legislation touches only the hem of the garment of the real issue. The constructive problem which confronts us today is how to create in young America the spirit of work.

Next, I sought the placement secretary in order to discover to what extent industry exploited these children. Were the employers black-hearted villains who oppressed and underpaid the girls? The placement secretary was a socialist. Her experience extended over a number of years, during which she had had direct contact with thousands of employers and placed thousands of girls. Thus her knowledge of employers was wide, practical and exact.

"What," I began, "is the general attitude of the employers toward these children who are forced out to work in their early teens? Do they try to exploit the girls, to work them to death and pay as little as they can get away with? Think back over your experience as a whole and try to rate the attitude of the employers. Would you call it good, fair, indifferent, bad or decidedly poor?"

She pondered a long moment, eyes narrowed, and then said simply, "On the whole—good. Their general attitude is just and fair and square."

"They don't take advantage of the youth of the girls to obtain their services cheap?"

"On the whole—no. Of course there are cases now and then—but the general attitude is very good. Of course this state has excellent protective legislation for children. And that helps. But, generally speaking, the attitude of industry is one of cordial coöperation. A good many of the employers watch the work of the girls and promote those who show exceptional keenness and ability."

The Exploitation Myth

"How does the increase in pay come about? I mean, who makes the first move—the girl or the employer?"

"Well, usually it's the girls. They strike the employer for a raise, and if he thinks their work deserves it he's pretty good at coming across. Not always, of course. It's hard to give a general reply on that; it depends on so many individual things."

"The employer doesn't hold it against a girl who asks for a raise?"

"Oh, no! On the contrary, I think they like it—that is, if the worker has shown ambition and ability. Yes, the employers like to see ambition in workers, and asking for a raise is one sign of ambition—other factors being all right. Of course, girls must use common sense. Some ask for a raise in hard times when shops are shutting down, and complain if they don't get it. They must understand when and why to demand an increase. We talk all those things over with them here.

"I used to believe," she continued reflectively, "that girls should stick to one job; that changing around showed flightiness, but experience has modified my opinion on that. Not changing may indicate even worse qualities; it may indicate a stand-pat nature, unambitious, sluggish, dull—or a complete indifference to the job. Remember that these girls are skilled workers. All they need is actual practice in order to climb. Ambition is natural; they wish to advance in their job, and a higher wage is the best sign of such advance. Many of our employers take only expert workers and they don't mind paying a high price if the girls can deliver the goods. Last month I jumped a girl up from $18 to $26 a week. An employer rang me up and asked for an expert worker. I filled it, telling the girl she'd have to make good—and she did."

"And do the girls hate their employers, feel they are being turned into machines?"

She laughed and shook her head. "They just love their jobs! You see, their work is so diversified that they get great enjoyment out of it. Take dressmaking, for instance; there are only four general diversions in the making of an entire robe; so they're constantly shifting from one type of work to another. Yes, they like it. But ask them yourself! We have a lot of continuation girls working out in industry who return here for special classes. Ask them how they feel about their employers, their wages, their jobs. Ask them anything you like!"

I did. I took them in squads of four. They sailed into the room, bright-eyed, bobhaired, full of giggles and grit. Ages ranging from fifteen to sixteen. Out in industry a year. Dressmaking, millinery, novelties, boxes, lampshades, and operating on high-power machines. Wages ranged from $13 to $20 per week. I never saw such merry little wage slaves. Did they like their jobs, I inquired. An enthusiastic chorus of "Yes, ma'am!"

"And how about your employers?"

"Awfully nice." "Oh, all right." "Pretty good." And so on. No complaints. But that wouldn't do at all.

"Look here," I began, "you don't need to be afraid to tell me the truth. Out with it. Hasn't anybody here got a mean, stingy old grouch of a boss who grinds her down?"

They burst into clear laughter. They giggled and wriggled with delight. Evidently they considered my remark as an effort at entertainment. If they were exploited victims of a brutal system they were giving a remarkable imitation of buoyant, enthusiastic, self-respecting girls who took an honest pride in their work. But I persisted.

"There must be somebody here who has a hard time. This is not natural. Now, come on!"

A silence. The girls looked at me, puzzled but friendly, as if they could not quite get my game.

"Well," confided one girl with an air of thinking up something merely to help me out, "I don't like the woman over me very much."

"Aha! She overworks you?"

"Oh, no!" She shook her head vehemently, round-eyed. "But—well, you see she's kinda old and cranky"—again the swelling chorus of giggles, but my little friend stuck it out—"Well, she is old! And that gets her kinda nervous and nasty." She finished sagely, "But I just keep out of her way!"

Again the giggles broke loose. And that was the extent of the exploitation I could dig up out of those enthusiastic young wage slaves!

Next I visited a vocational school for boys. Here all the teachers are experts in their respective lines. The school is intended to meet the wants of that large and constantly increasing number of boys between the ages of fourteen and sixteen who usually leave elementary school without any definite knowledge of or desire for practical employment. These boys either loaf their time away, drift into a life of crime or, if they find employment, take jobs for which they have no natural aptitude, and so become discouraged early in the game. This school is attempting to find a practical solution of this grave problem.

Crazy About Their Work

The principal, dealing with the raw living stuff of boyhood and also with the big outside world of industry, did not believe in a Federal child-labor law. He held that such legislation was the affair of the individual states.

"Also," he continued, "I think we should go very slowly in this whole matter of ages—forbidding and restricting child labor according to age. Legislation of that arbitrary blanket type may work great hardship. For often we find a boy of fourteen equal in stature, strength and mental development to another of seventeen. That boy of fourteen with a seventeen-year-old body and brain may need to work. To prohibit him kills his spirit. We had a case like that recently. He was a big, strapping, eager youngster just turned fourteen, but with the muscular and mental development of a lad of eighteen. He broke down completely, sobbing like a child, because he wanted to work, but the law said no, he must stay in school. He was poor, his father dead, his mother with a family of little children dependent on her. To forbid him to work was a crime. He was so big that the truant officers went right by him, never dreaming he was only fourteen. But eventually he had been caught. Well, we fixed him up, but the point is, we shouldn't clamp down these hard-and-fast rigid blanket laws upon fluid youth. Each individual case is different; what may be one boy's meat is another's poison; and we may damage a child irreparably by refusing to let him work when the urge is on him."

"When does the urge manifest itself in boys?"

"Around twelve years. Of course, here again we mustn't be too arbitrary with our dead lines. We say roughly around twelve, which is the B Seventh Grade. About that time the doing-things-with-their-hands instinct begins to crop out, and boys become restless and discontented if it is not fed. That's why so many of them break out, run away and jump into real jobs. That's also why in some cities we've started what we call prevocational schools, to try out boys in different lines of work and discover their natural bent. No, I don't mean manual training. That's something else again."

"And what about enthusiasm?"

He laughed. "Why, these boys are plain crazy about their work! Remember, they're a picked lot. They're here because they want to be here. Nobody drove them in with a big stick. And they're intelligent. We don't take morons, cripples or high-class imbeciles. It takes brains, and don't you forget it, to be a skilled workman these days. That's why we have such a high percentage of successes."

"Then you have a high percentage of boys who make good on the outside?"

"Very high. You find our kids running their own businesses at eighteen and nineteen. They start in here at fourteen, grab off one or two years' training, go out as helpers, keep on coming back to night school for special work, and inside of three or four years they're making big money. You wouldn't believe what they pull down! And keen as mustard on their jobs. Wait—I'll show you!" He drew from his pocket a bunch of business cards. "There you are! Business cards. Youngsters of eighteen and nineteen! The nerve of them—and getting away with it, too! Here's one—a plumber. Has his own shop. Another—electrician. Installs the power in big factories. Here's another, a lad of nineteen—he's just built a house and sold it for $12,500."

"His father helped him."

"No, sir! Father's dead. He did it off his own bat. He started in here, took a year of carpentering, worked, saved up a bunch of money, built his house, took all the worry and fuss—and came through! That's what I'm getting at—these lads of fourteen, fifteen and sixteen show ambition, brains, drive. Work wakes them up; they find themselves."

"And the employers?"

Wise and Unwise Methods

"All right. No exploitation—if that's what you mean. These boys are onto themselves. They know to a T what they're worth and what the job should pay. You can't put much over on them. As a matter of fact we have very fine, cordial relations both with the labor unions, who send their apprentices here to our night schools—that shows how practical and up-to-date we are!—and also with the employers, who visit us constantly, make suggestions, help us with materials and take our boys when they leave."

In this brief glimpse at actualities we behold once more the ancient breach between theory and practice—between the doers, the producers, the creators, and those who take it out in preaching. The creative spirit says to the child: "Go ahead. Jump in. Try. Let's see what you can do!" And what we may call the protective spirit says warningly: "Look out! Don't injure that child!" Both attitudes are partially right; one is male, the other female; but for the sake of the child neither should have full right of way; each one should modify and ameliorate the other. Undoubtedly in America today our attitude toward children is slightly overfeminine. Undoubtedly the child would benefit from a strong, creative—as well as a tender, protective—hand in guiding legislation in its behalf.

It is not to be denied that there exists deliberate and brutal exploitation of small children under distinctly unhealthful conditions and for a meager wage. For such exploiting employers the deepest depths of Dante's inmost hell are none too bad. To wipe out such plague spots is a problem worthy of the greatest brains of the land. It is a good fight—all the better because, from the very nature of the human animal, half beast and half divine, it can never be fully won until all of God's children have wings. Nevertheless, there is a wise method and an unwise method of procedure, and in fashioning legislation it is well to give heed to the experience of those who have spent their lives with and for children who are forced by necessity to labor in industry. And the advice of these educators is: Go slow. Don't legislate children's natural birthright out of existence. Give them all a chance to work! The real, constructive problem which confronts us today is to create in young America the spirit of work!

KRAFT
CHEESE
PASTEURIZED FOR PURITY

DEAD BIRDS

(Continued from Page 40)

I can do that for myself. Just now, I'd rather have somebody reduce the mountain to the molehill dimensions—and prove it."

Marsh smiled.

"That's what happens more often, sir."

"So I've discovered. Most of our vague fears are bogies. Nine-tenths of the worry in this world is apprehension unjustified by facts. But John has one silly conceit—he fancies himself a brilliant detective, master of deduction, and all that. Sometimes it carries him away, and I've known him to make a good deal of a fool of himself. As a very wealthy churchman, he has got by with one or two things that would have landed another man in trouble. Well let's forget it for the moment. . . . What a gorgeous day!"

He stepped to the window and looked out. Marsh joined him. During the night the wind had hauled northwest and was now blowing a clear fresh gale, bundling along rounded masses of white cumulus cloud beneath which brown shadows raced across the Sound. It was, to honor an interpreter of such, what might be called a Maxfield Parrish day. The water alternated vivid patches of brilliant blue, flecked out in snowy splashes with areas that might have been mistaken for kelp-covered shoals, had they not been keeping pace with the massy flying clouds.

The sweep of lawn, well kept, of Bermuda grass rather than the fine English turf that requires not only centuries of care but drizzle for its velvet sheen, stretched from the path round the house to the low rocky edging to protect against inroads of wind and wave a tract that only fifty years before might have been appraised at one hundred dollars an acre, and now could not be purchased for one hundred times that price. Looking down, Marsh and his host perceived that the flock of starlings were still strutting about directly under the window. Dodge commented on them.

"Though a bird lover, I fail to see where that species contributes much to our good. They're not decorative and they don't sing, and I've an idea they preëmpt the premises of our native birds. Still, I suppose they may perform some service we don't know much about. . . . Shoo! Shoo!" He flung out his arms.

The flock took wing, flying to a big bowlder some hundred yards out on the lawn, around which a clump of rhododendron had been planted, this bordered by a zone of pansy bed. Then, glancing at where they had been, Marsh discovered four starlings that had not gone with the rest of the flock, but remained apparently crouching down. They were close to the house, only ten or fifteen feet out from the gravel path, and something in their drooping attitude caught and held his attention.

"Look at those four starlings down there, Mr. Dodge."

His host, who had turned away from the window, glanced down again. Then he examined the birds more intently.

"That's curious. They look to be hurt, or sick." He picked up a pair of binoculars that were on a stand by the window and focused on the wilted birds. "Why, bless my soul, those birds are dead!"

v

THE two men exchanged a glance of extreme surprise. Here was a large flock of starlings busily foraging on the lawn just under the window, and now when shooed away had flown off to leave four of its number dead. Such episodes do not happen in vigorous bird life. Dodge looked puzzled for a moment, then a flush of anger rose in his face.

"I've got it, Marsh. That confounded head gardener of mine has been disobeying orders. Those birds are poisoned."

"Poisoned?"

"Yes; not purposely, so far as concerns the starlings, but poisoned none the less. We've been troubled a lot by cutworms in the vegetable and flower gardens. An exasperating pest that doesn't seem to have any reason or excuse for its mischief. Bores through the shoot of a plant and goes on its merry way without seeming to profit by the destruction. Sometimes you go out on the morning after a rain to see your finest dahlia sprouts ruined. We lost several that cost fifty dollars a bulb."

"Don't blame the gardener for being sore," Marsh said.

"He was raving. McGinty's a crusty old mick but an uncommon good gardener. He said he'd make a mixture of arsenic and flour and sift it into the surface soil where they work, and that would fix 'em. Or maybe it was corn meal. But I spoke to a neighbor about it that morning. He had suffered from the same pest, but he told me that McGinty's plan would fix the birds too; especially the robins and thrushes. We've got some vesper thrushes we wouldn't spare for any amount of plants, especially as there are plenty of the latter to go round, so I told McGinty not to use any poison destructive to birds. He got a bit stubborn, tried to tell me that the birds were a pest too. I called him down pretty sharply and said he would obey orders or get out. Now here's proof that he has disobeyed orders, so out he goes."

Here, to Marsh, was a new aspect of the easy-going genial Sherrill Dodge. The face of his host was flushed with anger and there was a hard gleam in his clear blue eyes. Marsh had heard it said that for all his good humor Dodge was no lax disciplinarian, either in his business or domestic affairs. Certain persons, presuming on an invariable courtesy and kindliness, had discovered this fact to their cost. It struck Marsh now that the smooth and frictionless fashion in which ran the domestic service and that of the yacht might not be entirely due to respectful affection and esteem. Also that Barclay Dodge might have sound reasons besides those filial for keeping his one serious fault from his father's knowledge.

Dodge stepped to the head of his bed and pushed a button.

"I'll fire that disobedient Irishman here and now. My orders were unqualified, and I've got the goods on him. The starlings must have been feeding in the garden and when flushed flew over here. Will you go down and get those birds, Marsh?"

"Yes, sir."

Marsh went out, and on his way to the spot where lay the little feathered victims of an offense not their own came on Cicely and Iona, the former with a flower basket and a pair of shears. He paused to greet them.

"We are going to get a few roses for the table and then we will have breakfast," Cicely said. "Have you seen father about?"

"Just left him," Marsh answered, "and he's in Jovian wrath."

She looked puzzled.

"Mercy, what about? Another sleepless night? Or something in the paper?"

"Neither. Some Borgia or Medici on the premises has been at his sinister work."

He checked himself to fling out a quick arm toward Iona, who appeared to have slipped. His prompt support saved her a possible fall.

"Snappy work, Marsh," Cicely said. "I'm going to have these rugs on the stairs tacked down. They are worse traps than banana peels, because you're on the lookout for banana peels. . . . What's that stuff about Borgias and Medicis. Don't quite get you. Dad's got up with indigestion. I told him last night he oughtn't to wolf that relish."

"A fatal indigestion," Marsh said, "but happily your father was not the victim. Four starlings paid the price."

He looked at Iona, whom the shock of her slip on the stair-landing rug had left a little pale.

"Whatever are you driving at?" Cicely demanded. "Borgias and Medicis and four starlings—sounds a little barmy to me."

"Well, it looks as if the head of your horticultural department had defied strict orders from headquarters not to spread cutworm poison, and the starlings beat the borers to it. There are four dead ones under your father's window on the lawn, and I'm on my way to collect the *corpus delicti*."

"Oh dear"—Cicely looked distressed—"I remember father speaking about that. It means down and out goes old McGinty, and he's a treasure. We shall never get another gardener like him, and he has been with us seven years."

"Let's hope Mr. Dodge may just bawl him out and send him back to work," Marsh said.

Cicely shook her head.

"Dad never bawls servants out. He fires them out. You've quite a lot to learn about him, Marsh. The rest of us have learned it. When Barclay was a little kid of ten dad caught him shooting craps with one of the stable boys. The boy was discharged on the spot and dad told Barclay that if he did it again he would send him off to school. That happened, and as none of the big boarding schools in this country would take such a little boy, dad sent him to one in England—and he adores Barclay."

This information furnished Marsh fresh food for thought, also suggested that he had better not stand there chattering but proceed on his errand. The two girls went out with him. Cicely shook her head sadly at sight of the birds, but Iona said nothing. She looked, Marsh thought, rather upset at this glimpse of rigid domestic discipline.

He picked up the dead birds, remarking, a little to his surprise, how quickly they had commenced to stiffen. Returning to Dodge's room, he found that disciplinarian seated at his desk, grimly writing a check—to the order of one McGinty, head gardener, Marsh correctly surmised. Dodge laid down his pen, blotted the check, then took the dead starlings from Marsh's hand and examined them.

"H'm—that's a bit odd."

"Their stiffening so quickly, sir?"

"Why, yes. I don't know how long it takes *rigor mortis* to set in with a dead starling, but then they might have been there some time." He laid the little corpses on the table and looked thoughtfully at Marsh. "If McGinty denies the charge shouldn't you say this evidence was strong enough to convict him?"

"It's purely circumstantial, sir. They might have flown here from some adjoining estate."

He picked up one of the birds, and parting its feathers examined the body closely. There was no evidence of the slightest bruise.

"I've thought of that. But neither of my next neighbors uses the stuff. We discussed it one day on the train. And I scarcely think a poisoned bird could fly that far."

There ran through Marsh's mind the regret Cicely had expressed at prospect of McGinty's dismissal, though it apparently had never occurred to her that any intercession of her own could avail. Another commentary on Dodge's inflexible administration of his affairs.

It was now in the hope of pleasing Cicely that Marsh observed, "I believe that arsenic is rather slow to act, sir. In the case of a bird, where the food stays in the crop for a while, it might be still slower."

"That's so. All the same, I don't believe that anybody hereabouts is using the stuff. Everybody I've talked to had heard that it was destructive to bird life. Market gardeners wouldn't care a hang, but there are no market gardens near by."

Marsh suggested a little diffidently, "Why not wait until you hear what McGinty says before dismissing him, Mr. Dodge? Of course, if he admits flat disobedience of orders there's nothing else to be done."

Dodge frowned.

"I fully expect the old rascal to deny it. I wouldn't hesitate to trust McGinty with anything I possess, unless it's the key to my prewar liquor. But he's the type that would lie out of a scrape from a sense of self-respect. It would shame him more to own up. More than that, he would lie to save somebody else he felt a friendliness for."

"That seems a generous fault," Marsh said.

"Yes, I suppose so; but I'm not much in sympathy with any sort of liar. My servants are highly paid and well treated, and I require absolute honesty from them. When my wife was living they were not instructed to say 'Mrs. Dodge is not at home' when she was in the house, but 'Mrs. Dodge is not receiving.' Callers had permission to be sore if they liked. This old Irishman lied to me two days ago, also about borers." He smiled unwillingly.

"Oh, well," said Marsh, "in that case ——"

"This wasn't a cutworm. It was what might be called a gun worm. I had plucked a prime hothouse melon on my way through the garden and set it on a bench to take to the house on my way back from the stable. When I came to pick it up I found two small round holes plumb through the middle of it. McGinty had been there all the time, and I called him over and asked how come. He scratched his grizzled old shillalah mat and said that they must have been made by a melon-boring worm, where it rests on the ground. 'How about an air-gun worm?' I asked, having seen my little scalawag of a grandson beating it across the lawn as I came from the stables. McGinty had the cheek to swear he hadn't seen the boy since breakfast time."

The gardener, Marsh reflected, would be a man of heart if not of strict truthfulness. He was the more surprised that Dodge should see fit to mete him out such summary justice. It did not go with Marsh's previous estimate of his host. Well, Marsh had just learned a good deal that surprised him about the son, and now he was getting a corrected observation on the altitude of the father. He had never guessed at the flintiness of Dodge's composition. It was necessary to live with a person a little to know that one really, Marsh decided.

There came at this moment a rap at the door. "Come in," Dodge called, and McGinty, the gardener, entered. The old fellow was far from being the tidy and superior sort of person one might expect to find the head gardener of a rich American or British estate, in which he differed distinctly from all other members of the Dodge personnel that Marsh had seen. McGinty, in fact, with his enormous stooped shoulders, bent middle and short thick legs that showed a bow even in his loose corduroy trousers, looked more like some toiler underground than on the surface of it, a gnome or troll.

Marsh also perceived immediately sufficient reason for Dodge's distrust of his veracity. McGinty's face, under a grizzled thatch of thick curly hair that grew down nearly to his grizzled eyebrows, was as full of crafty cunning as that of the gray old ape it suggested, creased with many lines and wrinkles that gave its expression a sort of humorous malice. Looking more closely, there was a good deal of wisdom in the slaty, restless eyes. One would have said that the gardener, in his close intimate touch with Nature, aid and servant and helper of fragile growing things, had listened to a great many of Nature's whispered secrets and noted them, watched fairies and pixies and other Nature spirits at their work and play, and was ally to them.

He tugged now at his forelock in an old-time respectful fashion, unbent a kink or two in a frame creased to fit his needs and waited for the master to speak. Then, as Dodge surveyed him thoughtfully and with some regret, for he had never known McGinty's like in the matter of professional skill, Marsh saw the gardener's eyes go to the dead starlings on the table. The gleam of recognition as to their significance was unmistakable, for McGinty's guile was not of the blank immobile Oriental sort. It would be rather in quick-witted and ready explanations, voluble instead of mute, and with an appeal to the drollery of his accuser. But Marsh knew that McGinty was entirely aware of the reason for his summons. So also did Dodge, intently watching the man's face.

He now said briefly, "I see you've guessed why I sent for you, McGinty."

McGinty shook his head.

"Thin I do not, sor, 'less 'tis about thim burruds."

"Right. You ought to have learned by this time that when I give a positive order to one of my employes I mean to have it obeyed."

McGinty's face puckered.

"Sure, 'twas not my fault, sor. And have I not always carried out the masther's orders to the letther?"

"Yes, I believe so, otherwise you wouldn't still be here. In this case there was no room at all for error. You remember that I distinctly forbade you to use any poison whatever in the vegetable or flower beds that could be destructive to birds." He turned to his desk. "Since you have seen fit to disobey my orders the best I can do is to pay you up to the first and give you a better letter of recommendation than I feel that you deserve."

Marsh, watching McGinty's face, was now puzzled to observe that its first expression was one of genuine surprise, as if the man had expected quite a different charge, and one that he had felt equal to answering. But this look vanished at the master's curt final words, gave place to one of startled dismay. The face presented was now that of a scared old ape.

(Continued on Page 157)

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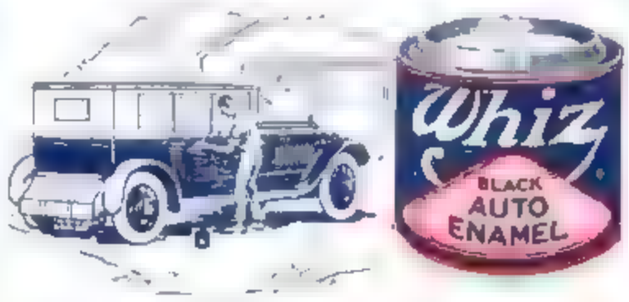

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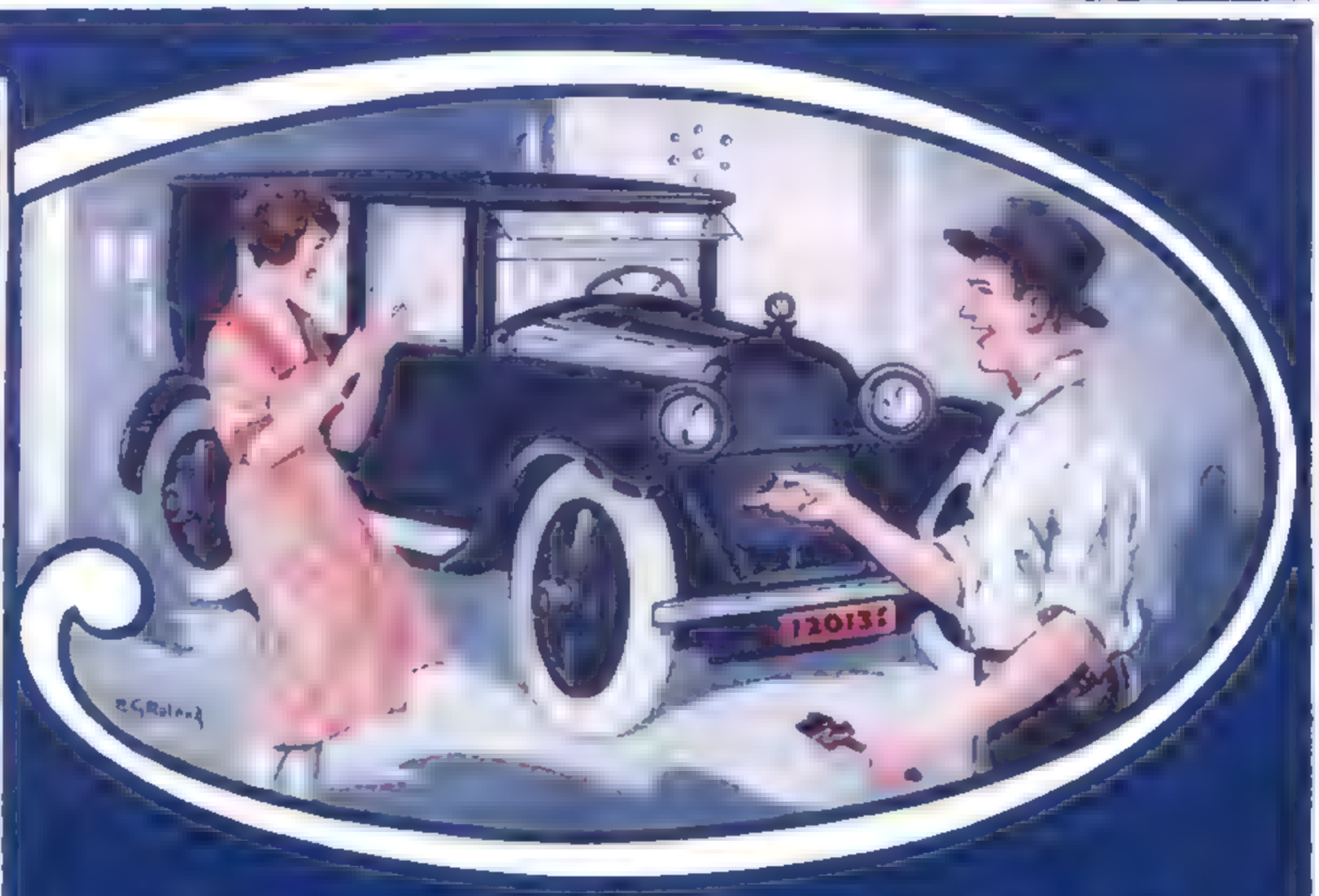

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(Continued from Page 152.

"Holy saints, savin' your prisince, sor, but sure 'tis not mesilf has been afther puttin' down a dhrop of any sort of pizen! Not a grain, sor, as I hope to die in grace!"

Dodge wheeled, frowning.

"That will do, McGinty. Here's the proof. These birds were in a flock under my window half an hour ago. When I scared them away, these four stayed there, dead. My neighbors do not use the stuff for this very reason."

"Sure now, Misther Dodge"—McGinty raised a trembling hand—"not wan dhrop av pizen have I bought or have I put down, be all that's holy!"

"Sorry I can't believe you, McGinty, but you've lied to me before—about my grandson, in the garden. You knew perfectly well that he had peppered that melon. You couldn't have helped but see him."

"Oh, lave be, masther dear. 'Twas but a little bye's joke and no great harrum, and him such a rare shot. Could I tattle on the little felly, and ould McGinty his frind that tells him stories av the ould counthry and the little paypul? Sure he'd have held it harrud agin me. And the melon done no hurt."

"I considered that, McGinty. But this is different; a direct infraction of orders positively given you by word of mouth from me. I'm sorry, but I have made it a fixed point never to tolerate that."

"But I did not, sor!" McGinty's voice rose almost to a squeal on the "not." "Sure, if not belavin' me, and small wonder, sor, y'have only to look through the plants cut by the wurrums, bad cess til the bastes, and see can ye discover wan grain av pizen. Take some specimens of ear-ruth to the labaratory, sor. I am tellin' ye the truth, sor."

Dodge looked puzzled. Just as at first McGinty's eyes had seemed to convict him, so now did his earnest voice carry the ring of truth.

It was impossible for his master to disbelieve him. Marsh also was bewildered. He had been at first so sure of the gardener's guilt, and now believed him to be telling the truth.

"Then what the devil did kill those birds?" Dodge demanded.

McGinty's face puckered into fine lines. He shook his head. Dodge reached suddenly for the check on his table and shoved it into a pigeonhole.

"Very well, McGinty, then I'll take your word for it." He stared at the man with a perplexed frown. "What made you look so knowing, though, when you first caught sight of these birds?"

McGinty gave a little cough.

"Sure I was thinkin' y' had changed yer moind about thim trashy burruds, sor, and was be way of givin' me orrders to be killin' 'em off. They are no good, and dhirty the lawns and terrace, and do be dhrivin' off the song burruds. At laste, so it seems to me, sor."

Dodge nodded moodily. McGinty, Marsh thought, whether honestly or not, had established an alibi for that first incriminating glance.

"That's all, McGinty," Dodge said, and when the curious type had tugged again at his forelock and gone out, turned to Marsh with a baffled look. "Damn it, then what did kill those beastly birds?"

Marsh did not immediately answer. Standing by the window, he was staring down at Iona. She was standing on the lawn, where the starlings had been, stooping slightly as if to look for something in the close-cropped turf. He turned now to his host.

"Search me, sir."

"What's the matter? You look rather badly, sort of green around the gills. You looked like that yesterday after your swim." His voice was solicitous, kindly. "Aren't you feeling well?"

"I've been a little ragged for the last few weeks. Silly-acting heart. My doctor says it's merely functional. Nothing to bother about."

"And here I've been keeping you from your breakfast."

"No hurry about that, Mr. Dodge."

Marsh walked to the window and looked out. Cicely, over by the big bowlder, was pinching off pansies and laying them in her basket. Iona stooped down, reached for something on the ground, then straightened up again and called to Cicely, "Found a four-leaf clover."

"Good luck," Cicely called back.

Dodge, hearing their voices, stepped to the window.

"Better come in and give Marsh some breakfast, Cicely."

"Coming, daddy dear." She blew him a kiss.

"Don't wait for me, Marsh," Dodge said. "I think I'll forgo the golf match and run into town. What that old scamp said about having the earth analyzed has given me an idea."

"You're going to take a specimen to the laboratory?"

"No. After telling McGinty that I'd accept his word, it would hardly do for me to appear trying to prove him a liar. Besides, I believe he was telling the truth. But I should like to know if anybody else is spreading cutworm poison. I'm going to have the crops and gizzards of these birds analyzed for arsenic, just to satisfy my mind. Besides, there are some other errands I ought to do."

"Are you going in the car, sir?"

"Yes; and it occurs to me that I might ask Miss Smith-Curran to ride in with me. I'll take the limousine and that will give me a chance to talk to her about Barclay. I can't help but wonder if there's anything between them. She's not at all the sort I'd expect my boy to fall for, but you never can tell. And after all, she's got something besides the mere beauty props. I didn't quite get it at first, but she unquestionably has."

Marsh revisualized Iona at the wheel of the Trilby, then later in her swimming suit. He nodded.

"Yes, she's quite a lot in reserve," he muttered. "Then I'll go down."

VI

THE Dodge fashion of entertaining was like that of a British country house, the breakfast hour being elastic; and unless some special diversion offered itself guests were left to their own resources and those of the establishment during the forenoon.

Iona was pleased to accept the invitation of her host and the two left for town immediately after breakfast. The bishop was up and stirring, but neither Mrs. Aussy or the senator, nor Major Smith-Curran or Captain Peuplier had come down.

Cicely, Marsh perceived, had decided to discard her vexation of the day before. The reason for this became apparent when a little later, as they strolled out on the lawn, Marsh described humorously the summary court-martial of McGinty.

"It was dear of you to stick up for the old scalawag, Marsh, pointing out to father that the evidence was purely circumstantial, and that the birds might have got the poison somewhere else. Daddy always gives a square deal and the benefit of any doubt."

"It was a surprise to me," Marsh said. "His rigid discipline. I mean."

"Yes, not many people get that side of him. We know it in the family though. I'll say I inherit a slice of it myself. Yesterday I had you all tried and convicted of bad manners and worse taste when you came paddling alongside with Iona."

"Why the present clemency?" Marsh asked.

"Well, it struck me later that perhaps you really couldn't hold the pace I set. That big idea never occurred to me at the time. Even though you've never beaten me to anything in the water, I've always had a sneaking notion that you could forge past me like a launch past a rowboat if you liked. So this morning I asked Iona if you had seemed fagged when she caught you up. She said that for a moment or two you were all in. I'm sorry, Marsh."

"Oh, it's all right, Cicely. I'm glad you understand though. Ordinarily I might have made the grade. But I'm in poor training just now and my motor began to miss. It was my own fault for not singing out."

"No, mine for jumping at conclusions—like daddy with his starlings. Cocksureness is a family fault. Daddy with his executive ideas and Lili—Mrs. Williams—in believing that little imp of a Dodge may sprout wings any moment and fly off to heaven, and Barclay believing when he holds four kings and a pair of deuces there's no authentic record of their ever having been beaten. My own trouble is apt to be a chip on my shoulder, because I've never yet been handed a real wallop, I suppose."

"Let's hope you never will be," Marsh said, and paused to study the turf at his feet. He had guided their random steps to where the starlings had been.

"What are you looking for?" Cicely asked.

"A four-leafed clover."

Cicely glanced down.

"But there's no clover here. It doesn't grow in this Bermuda grass."

"Isn t this about where Iona found hers, just before your father called to you to take me in and feed me?"

"Well, it couldn't have been here, because there's no clover of any sort, as you can plainly see. There's a little patch, though, back where we came out of the house. She must have found it there. I'm beginning to like her better, Marsh. This morning she was really human. Yesterday she struck me as pure kitty-cat, the jungle sort. Hope she doesn't vamp dad though. It's a *bête noire* of mine that at any moment some woman may."

"Don't call up trouble, Cicely. It's the only thing on the line you're sure to get the right number for."

Cicely stared at him in dismay.

"Are you trying to make me cry out loud, Marsh? You don't think"

"I don't think your dear dad's in any danger."

"Who then—Barclay? We should worry, Marsh. Between you and me and that big rock, my big brother is just a bit of a snob. Besides, he's between the dangerous ages. Dad's sitting on the meridian of his."

"And where am I?" Marsh asked.

"I'm not so sure." She slanted her pretty head at him critically. "I'd say your dangerous age had been sidetracked to let the working train go through. Sort of arrested development of romance. I don't believe you've ever taken even a correspondence course in a sentimental education."

"That's true enough. On what do you base your theory?"

"On what you've accomplished mostly. That wouldn't leave time for philandering, sincere or insincere. But now that you're sitting pretty on the highroad to success, you'll have to watch out. Some bob-haired bandit is apt to hold you up."

Marsh shook his head.

"No, I insist on my full quota of girl—all the accessories, including hair."

He glanced at Cicely's heavy coils of new manila coiffed snugly about her head—an early Dutch inheritance, perhaps, and one that went strikingly with the Dodge gray eyes with their black lambrequins.

Cicely laughed.

"Well then, when you start in to sum up your specifications, don't do it on the deck of a yacht in earshot of three philosophizing phonographs and a six-tube radio tuned in. If you'd had that correspondence course you'd have known, to start with, you couldn't laugh off that big noise."

"Where did you take lessons?" Marsh asked.

"I've had a series of tutors—old, young and even married. In that last handicap class they offer to divorce their wives. What do you know about that?"

"Kind of them to go to all that trouble," Marsh said, "when they might just carry on, hoping that Nature would take its course. But I suppose they foresee possible interference with a clause they interpret and with all thy worldly goods I me endow."

Cicely laughed.

"We're living in a comic-supplement world, Marsh, when it isn't the crime-wave sort. A Jack-Horner-pie world. Put in your thumb and pull out a plum fool and say what a bad girl am I."

"For a girl in your position, Cicely, the comic part must be what these birds want to exchange for what they try to get."

"Yes, that's funny. But all the same, there's such a thing as taking stock of your assets in terms of dollars and stopping there. That has its silly side too."

"Well, a man sees so much of the other stuff that it makes him disgusted, and wary about getting tagged in the same class." And he added imprudently, "Especially after he's been handed a jolt."

"What sort of a jolt?"

Marsh quoted from Alice in Wonderland: "'"I'll be judge, I'll be jury," said cunning old Fury. "I'll try the whole case and condemn you to death."'"

"What are you driving at, Marsh?"

"The way you jumped at a wrong conclusion yesterday. You had me all wrong. I was sinking for the first and last time when Iona came along. She held me up until the old circulating pump got going again. I hadn't meant to wait for her."

"Who said you had?"

"You don't always have to spell it out. I'd have told you then and there if Iona hadn't made me promise not to. Then she let me off that, but advised me not to."

"But why?" Cicely demanded.

(Continued on Page 159)

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(Continued from Page 157)

"She gave several reasons—that it wasn't worth making a fuss about and that she would prefer not to be bothered with kind words from anybody, myself included, when she had run no more risk in my rescue than if she'd been standing on the bank and fished me out with a pole. All the same, I can't ignore the fact that if it had not been for her, I'd be a water baby now."

"What seemed to be the trouble?" Cicely's tone was indifferent, but there was an evenness to it that should have warned Marsh. "We've often hit up the pace for three times that distance in Florida, and you swam in from the yacht at a good clip."

Marsh, having been let off his promise to Iona, now went ahead regardless of Iona's warning, blind to the storm signals flying in Cicely's face.

"It was a heart spasm. Been having them for the past few weeks. The doctor says it's only functional and will pass if I cut down coffee and smokes and take regular exercise. But yesterday it got me in a soft spot; everything went black."

"Why didn't you call out to me?"

"I didn't want to risk dragging you down. A man might grab as he loses consciousness, just as he would struggle when going under anæsthesia."

"How interesting!" Cicely's voice suddenly reminded Marsh of her father's when Dodge had first discovered the dead starlings. "Couldn't you give me credit for being as strong a swimmer as Iona?"

"I didn't call to her. She saw my fix and swung onto me. Somehow I didn't seem to care whether she went down with me or not."

"Oh, really? Then I take it that when it comes to the rough stuff, the great adventure, I don't make the grade. I'm all right to swim along in this world with, but you would prefer to step off it with Iona."

"Oh, be yourself, Cicely. How would I look to all the sports across the Styx if I'd swum out and drowned the daughter of a friend and host I owe as much to as I do to your father? It isn't done."

"Really? How noble! So it was manly pride and duty to your host. Screen imprint: 'Rather than draw to destruction the daughter of the man who has so befriended him, Marsh sinks without a cry for help.' Loud applause from the mezzanine."

Marsh's temper slipped a cog.

"Iona was right."

"How, right?"

"She warned me to keep my mouth shut. She said you would be more peeved at knowing that she had saved my life than at thinking I had waited for her."

"Oh, did she? Well, guest or no guest, Iona is a cat, the original sea puss; and you seem to have got caught in the undertow all right. That girl was just waiting for a chance to start something, and she grabbed it off."

"Why should she have wanted to do that?"

"How do I know? What is she here for anyhow? All she does is to sulk. Perhaps she needs a backer for her little game, and now she's gone and got a lien on you."

"I'll say she has," Marsh declared imprudently. "Any court of admiralty would admit her salvage claim. Vessel broken down and foundering and nobody aboard."

"You've only said the half of it." Cicely's anger mounted as Marsh fed its flames. "'No assistance asked from a vessel of the same line.' That's the part that gets my goat. You knew that I swim like a seal, and you didn't know what Iona might have in her box of tricks. You make me tired, Marsh."

Marsh felt tired too. Here was what came of not keeping his mouth shut, of not leaving well enough alone; Cicely choosing to put her own wrong interpretation on the affair, just as her father had done with McGinty; the same self-willed autocratic finding of a case that chose to ignore the defense. But Marsh was no barrel-chested, bandy-legged old grubber of the soil, afraid of losing a life job that was entirely to his taste. If this was a sample of the sort of thing he might expect throughout the course of a life partnership with Cicely, then he could do without.

He now regretted having lost his temper, less because it had made things worse than because his going into details had been such a foolish and unnecessary bid for trouble, not only for himself but for Iona. Why couldn't he have been content to let the case rest with what Cicely had told him about Iona's remark to her that he had been all in when she had overtaken him on her way to the yacht? Cicely had said that she was sorry. And like a fool he had stirred up this mare's-nest, antagonized Cicely against this girl who, when all was said and done, had saved his life and asked no credit for it.

Well, at least there was no good in going on with it, Marsh decided. Cicely, he thought, was after all fair-minded when not exasperated and after a little cool reflection would probably get the right slant on the business.

So, after a moment's silence, Marsh said quietly, "Let's drop this stuff for something more important, Cicely. Before breakfast your father paid me the compliment to tell me quite a lot that I never knew about Barclay. He's worried about him."

Cicely hesitated for a moment, evidently not pleased at this shifting of the wind, then asked irritably, "Well, what's worrying him now?"

"The same old thing, I imagine. He's afraid that Barclay has been gambling again."

"What's put that in his head?"

"Your brother's urgent letter that you show hospitality to the Smith-Currans. Your father seems to think they're not the sort of people Barclay would be apt to sponsor unless they had some sort of claim on him."

"Well, I'd thought of that myself. It's rotten bad form to knock guests, I suppose, but they certainly don't strike me as being our sort—or Barclay's sort. So that's why dad asked Iona to ride into town with him?"

"Partly. To give her a chance to get anything off her mind that might be weighing on it."

"I see. At least it's a relief to know he didn't ask her for the sake of having a tête-à-tête. I've been wondering myself if they mightn't have some sort of edge on Barclay."

"What your father seemed to think was that Iona might want to play mediator in some way. He had reason to think she was looking for a chance for a private talk with him."

"What sort of reason?"

"I didn't ask him," Marsh answered truthfully. Even without their previous stormy passage, he would not have told anybody about Iona's suspected entrance to Dodge's room. "But he reasoned that if this was so, then whatever Iona might want to say was probably about Barclay. So he made her this opportunity."

"Dad always has Barclay on his mind," Cicely said. "Lately it's been worse. Vague rumors, I should say. That's what's been giving him insomnia. The trouble is that dad's official purse holder of Barclay's own inherited fortune, and it's likely that Barclay has a chronic sore spot at having his big heap held out on him, as if he were a rum or dope or girl hound, which he is anything but. Dad claims that from the money angle gambling is worse, and I shouldn't wonder but what he's right. Barclay has proved himself such a rotten poor gambler."

There came just now as a diversion in the sort of armistice that was patching itself up, a little boy, walking toward them across the lawn from the direction of the garden. This was the only Dodge grandchild, the *sauveur de race*, as the French aptly express it, Dodge Van Varick Williams, a formidable triad of family surnames with which to saddle an urchin. Perhaps the virtues therein represented did not mix, were as oil and water, or perhaps sulphuric acid and water, as no person but his mother had so far been able to discover any distinguished virtue in their small bearer.

The child had been presented to Marsh with the other guests the afternoon of his arrival, but the occasion had left Marsh unimpressed. Dodge Van Varick Williams, in the throes of a briefly transient spotlessness it had taken time and the infinite patience of a mother to achieve, made the audience snappy. He passed from hand to hand like a bean bag, just as limp. Sulks at the ordeal rather than modesty kept his face down, so that Marsh had not observed its real boyish charm.

He got it now, however, as Dodge Van V. Williams came up blithely and of free accord, holding his inseparable air gun, which was of a type and model new to Marsh, more of a real repeating rifle than a toy one. The boy's greeting was eager and to the point. "Hello, Aunt Cis. Has grandfather gone to town?"

"Yes, Doddy."

"Gee, then that's all right!"

"What's all right?"

"McGinty tipped me off to steer clear of him when I had my gun."

Marsh thought of the melon episode. He asked to see the gun. Dodge, or Doddy, as the family called him, gave the young man a keen look, then decided to take a chance. Guests were creatures not endowed with authority. Marsh, glancing down at the boy's face, thought that he had never seen a child so charged with elfin mischief. He discovered also a quality of manliness that may so far have escaped his tried aunt and grandfather.

"You a good shot?" Doddy asked.

"Fair."

"Bet I can beat you. For a nickel. That's all I got."

"You're on, Doddy." He glanced at Cicely. "Barclay's not the only one."

"Uncle Barclay's rotten," Doddy said. "Wish he was here, though. I'd have more money."

Even Cicely had to smile.

"What shall we shoot at?" Marsh asked.

"Apples—over here on this tree." He glanced at Cicely. "Only the wormy nubbins, Aunt Cis. McGinty says they ought to be stripped off."

They walked over to a big old apple tree that was sparsely hung with green fruit. Doddy loaded the gun and handed it to Marsh

"Let's have five shots each. Cent a shot. It costs you a cent to miss, I mean."

"Right! Does she shoot true?"

"The gun does. It's up to you."

Like most men whose profession entails the precise use of hand implements—draftsmen, surgeons, engravers, woodcarvers and the like—Marsh was trained to coördination of hand and eye, good at target shooting, billiards, golf. It was as easy for him to score a bull's-eye as for the expert navigator to catch the sun on his horizon glass where the novice tries in vain. Sighting quickly at an apple the size of a terrapin egg near the end of a topmost bough, he pressed the trigger. Unlike most air rifles, there was a distinct if muffled report, caused perhaps by a much higher pressure than the usual one. It sounded like a target rifle equipped with a silencer. The apple was split.

Doddy's keen eyes noted Marsh's expression of surprise and misinterpreted it.

"Lucky bum," he murmured politely.

"Maybe so. We shall see. I never thought these toys shot true."

"This one does." Doddy snapped the lever and raised his rifle. "The next nubbin," he said.

There came another report, like the sharp blow-out of a bicycle tire tube, and half the apple flicked into the air. This time Marsh was even more surprised.

"You're a lucky bum too."

"Maybe so. We will see." Doddy gave him an impish grin. "Your turn."

"The one on the limb beneath." Another apple destined never to ripen. Doddy looked thoughtful. "Say, maybe you can shoot, after all."

"Maybe. Your turn."

Ten small nubbins were garnered without a miss. Marsh was astonished. He would not have believed that so young a boy could shoot like that or be so steady under the strain of competition. Even Cicely seemed impressed. Doddy's manner underwent a change.

"I guess you were a sharpshooter in the war, Mr. ——"

"Mr. McQuentin," Cicely prompted, and to her gratification Doddy repeated, "Mr. McQuentin," giving this expert his due.

"No, I helped build ships."

"Well, anyhow, you can sure shoot. Any time you want to use my gun ——"

"Thanks, Doddy. But take a tip from me, old scout, and lay off melons. Otherwise you might get yourself caught up in the disarmament stuff."

"Sure. I know. We'd shoot some more, only my ammernition's gettin' low. I want to go down to the shore and see if I can get a shot at a teeter snipe. So long, Mr. Quentin."

Ignoring Aunt Cis, he trotted off. Marsh looked after him thoughtfully.

"That boy's got personality."

"Yes, at the cost of manners. I've stopped suggesting that he be taught those. Lili goes up in the air. She thinks him perfect. Now I wonder if he's going to be another Barclay."

"No fear. That boy won't always lose. He has sure made a hit with me."

"Then it's mutual, I'll say. You seem to understand boys." She glanced at him

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more gently. "You've made a hit with him. He was more surprised than he showed, but I really think he was glad you didn't miss."

"A good little sport," Marsh said. "He gets under my ribs. A lonely little rich boy."

"Yes, I think he is. But incorrigible, disobedient. . . . I shouldn't care to fight a duel with you, Marsh."

"Then don't try to start anything, Cicely."

She opened her eyes wider at this.

"Who's starting it now? Look here, Mr. Man, let's do as you did with Doddy and call it a draw. And if we can't laugh it off, then let's try to ride it off. Can you ride as well as shoot?"

"I manage to stick on."

"Then I'll order the horses. Brought riding things?"

"Yes; everything but skates."

"Well, I'll tell them to saddle the skates. Let's go!"

VII

MARSH returned from his ride with Cicely in a fuming state of mind. All might have gone well if Cicely had been able to keep off the Smith-Currans, the object of their visit and what might be Iona's object in desiring a private interview with Dodge. Then a quarrel was nearly precipitated by Cicely's expressed opinion that unless Iona had some hold on Barclay she would scarcely bother to interest herself in his affairs.

Marsh lost patience, as is apt to happen on returning to a disagreeable topic, once it has been set aside by mutual consent.

"See here, Cicely, you said a while ago that your father was always ready to give a person the benefit of the doubt. Can't you do the same?"

She stiffened in her saddle.

"Yes, I think so, when there seems to be a reasonable doubt."

"Well, can't you imagine a person's performing a service gratuitously, from a disinterested motive of friendship?"

"I'm afraid I'm not very imaginative. But just what do you mean? Why should she want to holler before anybody's hurt?"

"It might be something that was hushed up so far, but bound sooner or later to reach your father's ears. Iona, out of friendship for Barclay, might want to discount what is coming later by giving him Barclay's side of it, or something in the way of extenuating circumstances."

"Well, I'll say that if Barclay's got a champion in her, then she's certainly got one in you. But then, of course, she saved your young life."

Marsh swallowed his rising wrath.

"She certainly did. But that's not why I'm sticking up for her. It's mere common decency. Call it *esprit de corps* between fellow guests."

"Why not *esprit de cœur*—for a pretty feminine guest?"

This, Marsh thought, was going too far.

"Meaning that I've lost my heart to her? You ought to be ashamed. Now let's drop it and leave it dropped. Please talk about something else."

Cicely complied with half this by dropping it and talking not at all. They rode fast, returning with their horses in a lather, even on that cool clear day. Marsh went up feeling half inclined to change into town clothes, pack his luggage and take his leave, offering his apologies to Mrs. Williams on the perfectly frank statement that Cicely and he had fallen out, and that for him to remain longer would, he feared, be unpleasant for them both. Such a measure, he opined, though a little raw, would yet find some sympathy with Mrs. Williams, as he had gathered that clashes between the sisters were not entirely unknown.

But his consideration for Dodge prevented Marsh from taking this radical course. His kindly host would be distressed, blame Cicely, who no doubt would be furious. Marsh could never have suspected the girl of so much temperament. In some perverse way it whetted an interest in her that had previously been mostly for her general attractiveness.

Dodge had telephoned from town to say that they would return for luncheon at half past one, which he suggested be served aboard the yacht, so that if the others so desired they might cross the Sound to take in a part of the golf match at Syosset. This accordingly was done.

Marsh observed that his host looked harassed but asked no questions.

"Tell you all about it later," Dodge said to him as he came aboard and went below, the others having already gone ahead. Iona, Marsh decided, looked her habitual cool indifferent self, unflustered by whatever had passed, uninspired as to any effort that may have been incumbent on her to contribute to the party's cheer.

At luncheon Dodge gave Marsh the impression of a man who is an awkward actor trying courageously to play the rôle of cheerful entertaining host when his nerves are strained to the point of snapping through some consuming anxiety. Temperamentally Dodge was unfitted for the part, and the result was a sort of spasmodic gayety that alternated with relapses into moments of brief but somber preoccupation. Marsh was aware also that the bishop was conscious of something very wrong in the mind of his old friend, and that the kindly prelate was employing all his tact and *savoir-faire* to cover any lapses that might have been perceptible, and with success.

The Trilby had been started under power as her owner came over the side, so that they would arrive at their destination on Long Island, Cold Spring, about the time luncheon was over. Dodge had sent his car down there to meet them, he and Iona returning on the one o'clock express. Then, as the yacht came to anchor, he asked to be excused on the pleas of fatigue and a headache that might be augmented by any jarring motion. He would do better to remain aboard, he said, and try to take a nap.

As Marsh had expected, the bishop then said that he also would prefer to stop aboard the yacht and take advantage of an opportunity to get off some letters that were in arrears. Mrs. Williams and her little boy had not accompanied the party, so that there were left to go ashore Senator and Mrs. Aussy, Cicely, acting hostess, Captain Peuplier, Iona and her father and Marsh. The seven with the chauffeur would fill the car.

The afternoon was passed as might have been expected and the party returned to find their host apparently restored to his even-tenored self. Evidently the bishop's counsel had done him good, Marsh thought. But the churchman had drawn on his own nervous energy in aid of his friend, so that he in his turn now looked a little fagged. Marsh decided that the affair was more serious even than Dodge had feared.

They dined on their way back, and on arriving made by mutual desire a short evening of it, everybody expressing a readiness for bed after that form of exercise far more fatiguing than active participation in the sport, which is walking and standing at considerable intervals as spectator of it. Marsh lingered, anticipating that his host would have something to tell him about the result of his errand to town after having previously confided in him.

This proved to be the fact, as after all but Dodge, the bishop and Marsh had retired Dodge said briefly, "Let's go into my lair. I've got the habit of taking my problems there."

The lair, Dodge's private study, or house office, was a medium-size room at the extremity of a wing built out to flank the rear of the big house, if such a building can be said to have a rear. It was on the ground floor, with long French-window doors that opened directly onto a low terrace paved in large square green tiles. Dodge had said that when concentrating he preferred that his thoughts be not abstracted by such escape as was offered in a view of the water and a yacht on which he might be tempted at any moment to flee dull care.

Access to the lair was had through the dining and billiard rooms, or directly from the terrace. It was handsomely if heavily furnished in Empire pieces, with two or three big leather-upholstered chairs of the club sort. A strong modern safe was built into the wall, hidden by a sliding panel in the oak wainscoting. Some fine prints of celebrated yacht races were on the walls.

As the three now seated themselves Dodge lighted a cigar, then said briefly, "I've told Bishop Starr the whole story, Marsh; all that we discussed this morning and what has happened since. It's even more serious than I had feared."

The bishop gave Marsh a look that puzzled him a little. It seemed to say, "Though I fail to see just where you come in on this, still, now that you have we might as well get your views." It was not a look of confidence, and Marsh subconsciously resented it. He felt that the prelate was by way of being jealous of him.

Dodge continued: "I was right about Miss Smith-Curran. She had been in my room, but not alone. She went in to persuade her father, who was waiting there to speak to me when I came up, that his choice of time and place for an interview was badly chosen."

"The man's a fool, or worse," said the bishop harshly. "I use 'fool' in the early Anglican sense of the word, which implies roguery. That is also the Biblical interpretation."

"What he wanted to tell me, under the guise of a friendship for Barclay that may or may not be sincere, is that my boy has got himself into the worst gambling scrape in his unfortunate record," Dodge continued, with a tinge of impatience that might have been partly at the interruption. "A week before the Smith-Currans sailed Barclay lost twelve thousand pounds at baccarat in one of the swagger London night clubs to a well-known British ex-army man, whose name Smith-Curran prefers for the moment not to furnish me with."

"Why not, sir?" Marsh asked.

"Because the incident is closed. Barclay has paid the debt. But the affair has been noised about so that, as Iona Smith-Curran told me this morning, it can only be a question of time before it reaches my ears. Her alleged reason for telling me herself is that when Barclay came to wish her bon voyage he was in a state of nervous depression that seemed to border on collapse, and she and her father feared that unless I took some immediate action he may do something desperate."

"Rot!" croaked the bishop.

"Please don't interrupt, John. Iona insisted that Barclay's mental distress was due to his dread of my anger and the action I might take when I learned of this affair, which might be at any hour. She says that his whole ambition is for a brilliant diplomatic career, and that he told her that he would not want to live any longer if this were now to be blighted by me as the result of his own damned foolishness. His words, John, not mine."

"Words that are less profane than exact, Sherrill."

"Iona, who by the way now impresses me as truthful and a sincere friend of Barclay's, whatever her father may be, began by exacting my promise that I should take no action of a corrective sort in what she was about to tell me until I had seen and talked to Barclay himself."

"Clever young woman," said the bishop ambiguously.

"Yes, and I believe an honest one," Dodge retorted. "I could see that she was profoundly and sincerely worried about him. So also, she assured me, was her father; but of Smith-Curran I am not so sure. She feared that Barclay, who never drinks, had been taking some hypnotic, whether harmless or dangerous. Bromides or an opiate. She said he was in a pitiful and alarming state, down to the bottom of things. She begged me to do something immediately, and I did. I cabled him one hundred thousand dollars and a message that read:

"'Have learned of your obligation. Am cabling you amount to cover it. Desire you to settle account, then request immediate leave and come over by first ship possible. This need not interfere with your future plans and ambitions on your personal assurance to me that there be no future possibility of same in any degree. Good cheer.

"'FATHER.'"

Marsh sprang up in his chair.

"Bully for you, sir," he exploded.

Dodge looked at him somberly.

"Well, after all, he's my only son. And I am trustee of his fortune. But what's bothering me is this: How did Barclay manage to pay that debt? A letter written by him only two days before it was incurred told me that he was nearly flat, and begged for an advance. Where did he raise twelve thousand pounds in a few hours? Who would indorse the note of a young man dependent on what his father sees fit to allow him, even if said young man were known to be due some day to inherit millions? He might die before that day arrived. The most rapacious usurer wouldn't look at such a loan, nor would any close friend, bound to be aware of Barclay's failing, consider it; especially as any such would know also that his father would square it when it came to a pinch." Dodge's voice broke. "John—Marsh, if I thought ——"

"Mr. Dodge," Marsh interrupted, "may I speak?"

"Well?"

"Stop right there, sir. Hold yourself in hand. I think Bishop Starr and I know what's in your mind, but don't say it. Wait until you see Barclay. Meantime, hope for the best."

Dodge leaned forward toward his desk, dropped his elbows on its polished surface and buried his face in his hands. Marsh knew what was in his mind—embassy funds. He looked at the bishop, whose luminous eyes, habitually benignant, glared back at him. Sheer jealousy, Marsh decided.

Regardless of the bishop's intolerant glare, possibly goaded by it, Marsh clinched the nail he had driven through the batten he had clapped over Dodge's mouth.

"Let this unfortunate affair rest where it is, sir, for the moment. What about those dead starlings? Did the analysis show arsenic?"

The effect of this diversion was astonishing to Marsh; especially the effect of it on the bishop. The harsh lines of censure were instantly transformed into others, equally hard, but of different character; a sort of stern approval. There seemed even to be a sudden gleam of admiration in the fine eyes of the churchman. But the next second a cloud of doubt shrouded the eagerness of his expression. He leaned toward Marsh.

"Why do you ask that, young man?"

"Let Mr. Dodge answer my question, sir. At least its object is not merely to change the topic."

"My word, McQuentin, but you keep your eye on the ball!"

Marsh ignored the remark. Patronage, at this moment, was as distasteful to him as any effort at suppression.

"How about the starlings, Mr. Dodge?" he repeated.

Dodge raised his haggard face.

"The result of the examination was negative. Neither arsenic nor strychnine was discovered." He gave Marsh a dull but puzzled look. "Now why do you and John both want to know about those confounded birds—bother me about a matter of no importance when I'm in such a beastly state of mind about my son? If it's merely to distract it, then all I can say is that it's no earthly use. What do I care what killed the birds, or when or why?"

"Quite so." The bishop's voice was dry. "It might have been a Hertzian wave, like the theory of that incident reported in the papers some time ago, where several of a flock of blackbirds were seen to fall to the ground dead while in full flight. Why do you ask about the starlings, McQuentin? Why bother Mr. Dodge about them now?"

Marsh did not answer. Dodge roused himself.

"Oh, well, I suppose where one is not intimately concerned a mystery is more interesting than a lamentable fact, even if it threatens to be a tragic fact. I haven't yet heard from Barclay. But since you want to know about the starlings, Marsh, that's all—nothing."

"Did they analyze for anything besides arsenic and strychnia?"

"Not that I know of."

"Where are the birds now?"

"What a ——" Dodge checked a burst of impatience. "How do I know? Destroyed, I suppose. Do you think I want to have them mounted?" He stared in angry perplexity from Marsh to the bishop. "Now why should you two have switched right off what's horribly important to ask the same fool questions? You this afternoon, John, and now Marsh. What have you got on your minds?"

The bishop looked grimly at Marsh.

"The same thing, I should say. And it's all of a piece with this business about Barclay, eh, Marsh?"—the first time the bishop had called him by his Christian name.

Marsh, a little pale, muttered, "'Fraid so, sir. But it's mighty wild ——"

"Nothing of the sort," snapped the bishop. "Bizarre, perhaps. Grotesque, incredibly sinister and all that sort of thing, but directly in the line of logical deduction. You have astonished me a good deal, Marsh, on two counts. Even if I had given you credit for the astuteness necessary to follow this singular chain of evidence, I would have been in some fear that you might see fit to suppress your suspicions, through—eh—a personal motive."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Did not Miss Smith-Curran render you a very tremendous service yesterday—save you from drowning, to be exact?"

"So Cicely told you," Marsh said angrily.

"Cicely did nothing of the sort. I was eyewitness to the incident."

(Continued on Page 165)

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What a difference from a simple change of oil! A difference you can feel. There is nothing hazy about power. You know when you have it; you know when it's gone.

Change oil today. The price of power is a crank-case filling of Havoline.

Poor oil is what's wrong with most cars. Ask any one of the thousands of owners whose cars have been tested on the Wasson Motor Check.

These public proofs of the power that lies in a good oil have done more to popularize the clean crank case than all the "reasons why" of the technical experts. And these tests are continuing.

People are learning that power cannot be bought by the quart. They are learning that one quart of fresh oil added to three quarts of dirty oil makes simply four quarts of dirty oil. A power-less combination.

Power comes with the crank-case filling. Prove it in your own car. Ask your dealer to drain and refill your crank case with Havoline—the power oil. Look for the red spot sign, and for the Price of Power list shown here.

This picture, taken at Washington, D. C., shows a typical demonstration of oil-power on the Wasson Motor Check. The car is being tested for horse-power and gas slippage. There were two tests for every car, the first with fresh oil and the second after several hundred miles of driving. A booklet describing these tests, and containing a guide to power for your car, will be mailed free upon request.

Indian Refining Company, Inc.
Lawrenceville, Ill.

Enclosed find (check) (money order) $ for which ship correct grade Havoline as follows:

☐ Five-gallon can with Easy-Tip Rack

☐ One-gallon can (state number of cans wanted)

Make of car . . . . Year .

Name . . .

Address

City . State . . . . . .

My dealer's name .

We ask for this information that we can make arrangements to supply you hereafter through your regular dealer.

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SINCE 1867

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Paint *now* Pay *later*

Any Pee Gee dealer will tell you about our deferred payment plan. Makes it easy for you—ask about it.

Pee Gee Mastic Paint: For nearly three score years Pee Gee Mastic Paint has been saving the surface of countless homes and buildings of all kinds. The economy of its great covering capacity, durability and protection to property values—lessening cost of upkeep and minimizing repairs—has made it an important factor in community life. It brightens while it preserves, retains its luster when inferior paints "go flat." Fifty-seven years of unchallenged leadership.

Pee Gee Flatkoatt: It is wonderful how Pee Gee Flatkoatt brightens and beautifies the walls and ceilings of the home. It comes in a rich range of shades to match any decorative scheme. Durable and sanitary, this oil paint dries with a flat, smooth, velvety finish. If soiled, soap and water restore its original freshness and soft color tones.

Peaslee-

Pee Gee Floor Varnish: With your eyes and those of visitors on the floors of your home, you flush with pride at the smooth, flawless and mirror-like finish Pee Gee Floor Varnish has given them. And to this is added the satisfying thought that floors are kept so with very little effort. Nor will water discolor, or heels mar this hard, yet elastic surface.

Pee Gee Re-Nu-Lac: By staining, varnishing and water proofing in one operation Pee Gee Re-Nu-Lac serves in a threefold capacity. It restores to original freshness and beauty furniture, marred woodwork, scuffed floors, faded bric-a-brac—whatever time has dimmed or usage impaired. Made in a variety of colors, assuring harmony in any decorative scheme. It dries overnight with a lasting luster.

PeeGeeChinaEnamel: With charming effect Pee Gee China Enamel Gloss White is used on doors, stairways, pillars, wainscoting, and all interior or exterior woodwork. It gives a smooth, hard, brilliant and white enamel finish that does not yellow with age. It is also made in various tints and eggshell finish. Harmonizes with any interior furnishing, and contributes a note of cheer and elegance to any environment.

All paints look alike in the can, but—

there may be a vast difference in their quality. Paint is too important to buy a can without knowing what is in the can. It may look all right and be all wrong. It is an investment in property protection. Be sure it is *sound.*

Pee Gee Paint and Varnish Products have shown themselves good over a long period of years. Whether for exterior or interior work they have given lasting satisfaction. The Pee Gee trademark is your unfailing assurance that you are getting the best ingredients mixed in such a way as to insure beauty, durability and real economy. Every can is up to the Pee Gee standard. You take no chances—you know the paint is good when you buy it—that it will do its work well. Nearly sixty years of paint making experience goes into every can bearing the Pee Gee label. We're proud of our product and we don't hesitate to tell you that the Pee Gee trademark is a dependable buying guide.

The Pee Gee line is complete. A paint, varnish, stain, or enamel for every purpose. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can make it easy for him to get what you want. We will see that you are supplied. Send for Pee Gee Color Charts.

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If Pee Gee is not represented in your community, correspondence is invited. A Pee Gee exclusive sales franchise involves a very small investment. To inquire about our unusual plan of sales promotion does not obligate you. Write today.

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INCORPORATED

TIME TO RE-TIRE
Get a FISK

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(Continued from Page 160)

"The deuce ——" Marsh bit his lip in time to check the unbecoming "you were."

The bishop frowned. He insisted always on the veneration due his cloth. Marsh's slip annoyed him. Then, perceiving that Marsh at this moment did not seem to care a tinker's or other dam whether he were annoyed or not, the bishop let it pass. Dodge, for his part, was looking from one to the other in a sort of daze.

"Yesterday, on coming ashore after our sail, I went to my room and lay down on my window seat to rest a little," said the bishop. "I saw you bathers go down, and when you and Cicely started to swim off to the yacht I became anxious. The water was rough and it seemed imprudent, too far. Swimming fatalities occur to the strongest, and from reasons other than cramp—fatigue of the heart due to effort or circulatory disturbance. I watched you through a pair of binoculars and saw presently that you were in obvious distress. I was on the point of rushing down to give the alarm when I saw Miss Smith-Curran going to your rescue. Am I not right?"

"Absolutely, sir."

"Then if our present logical deduction is soundly based, you might possibly feel under a certain obligation to suppress the advancement of it." He leaned forward, eying Marsh intently. "Do you?"

Marsh met his gaze squarely, though with some slight effort.

"I do not value my life to such a degree, sir. The saving of it is certainly not worth my silence in regard to any sinister attack on that of Mr. Dodge."

The bishop leaned forward and clapped him on the shoulder.

"Right, my boy; infinitely, splendidly right. I am tremendously relieved."

Dodge, who had been listening perplexed, now roused himself.

"Will you tell me what the dickens all this is about," he demanded, "and what bearing it has on Barclay?"

"Then listen, Sherrill. Prepare yourself for a shock. Here are the links in this singular chain of evidence. Last night you went to your room after everybody had retired. You detect the odor of a perfume which you recognize unmistakably as that used by Miss Smith-Curran. Reason tells you that she must have been there some few minutes to have left a perceptible scent.

"Now you have been already puzzled as to why Barclay, very select in his choice of intimates, should have requested so warmly that you offer the hospitality of your home, which means your social sponsorship, to people of whom you have never heard and who obviously are not quite of your own superior social class. The place and hour chosen by this young woman for her indiscreet visit convince you that she must have something pressing to communicate, and that it probably has to do with Barclay.

"Leaving the mystery to be solved later, you prepare for bed. But as you have taken some refreshment with the rest of us downstairs, you do not as usual drink the buttermilk and eat the peach-jam sandwich left on your night table, as usual.

"The next morning you decide to consult with Marsh, in whose clearness of head you have a great deal of confidence, and warrantably. While telling him about your misgivings you glance through the window and see this flock of starlings on the lawn just beneath, and absently you pick up the jam sandwich, the peach-jam sandwich, break it into morsels and toss it out to the birds. As it contains jam, you step into your bathroom and wash your hands, then continue your conversation."

Dodge leaned back, his jaw sagging in astonishment.

"Good heavens!" he murmured. "You mean ——"

"Wait, please. A few minutes later you look out of the window again, and in mild vexation with these birds, which are in the nature of a pest, you shoo them away. You and Marsh then perceive to your surprise that four of them have not flown off with the others, and on closer inspection you discover them to be dead. This curious bird tragedy you are quick to ascribe to the disobedience of your gardener in putting down cutworm poison against your distinct personal orders.

"Marsh goes down to retrieve these feathered victims of disobedience, and you partly overhear him describing the incident to Cicely and Iona. You send for McGinty. Marsh returns with the dead birds. McGinty arrives and in great measure convinces you that he is not guilty. You take his word. About this time you hear Iona, just under the window where the starlings were, call to Cicely that she has found a four-leaf clover. Without thinking much about it, you are a little surprised that there should be any clover in that Bermuda-grass turf. But if Iona had said 'I've found a piece of bread and jam,' which might have been more exact ——"

"Holy Moses, John ——"

"Keep still. That's what she was really looking for, eh, Marsh? And she came within one jump of getting the starlings, too, this morning. I say one jump not in the slang but literal sense. Sherrill did not tell you that just now. I got it only on cross-questioning, being sure that she would have a try for them. When they drove off the car this morning she began to ask him about the birds, when he told her that he had them in his brief case and was going to leave them at the laboratory for examination. He got out first at a cable station, leaving her to do some shopping and meet him later with the car. Then, happening to notice as he crossed the sidewalk that the brief case had come unfastened, he glanced inside it and found no dead birds. Sherrill made the one jump I mentioned and yelled at his chauffeur just as a traffic policeman blew his whistle to let that string through."

"She hadn't seemed to have noticed them, John. They were on the floor under her feet. But I'll admit it's a little hard to see just how they happened to work out of the brief case."

"Might have been a sudden jolt, Sherrill, only it was not. Iona was taking no chances on a more exhaustive examination for—well, let us say prussic acid, or any quickly fatal toxic principle with a peach-jam flavor. She must have been considerably relieved when later in the morning you told her that the analysis of the digestive-tract contents showed nothing, was entirely negative."

"John," Dodge protested, "this is abominable, outrageous."

"Of course it is, Sherrill. But we have been destined to live through an abominable and outrageous post-bellum epoch, which God grant may presently improve. After all, what is the mere poisoning of a millionaire to get the use of his own fortune and one held in trust by him, compared with many of the infinitely more sordid and silly, stupid, horrid crimes with which the daily paper serves one's breakfast?"

"But I say, hold on a minute!" Dodge partly rose. "What's that you say about getting the use of my own fortune and the one I hold in trust?"

"I'm coming to that, Sherrill, when we get to the real *clou* of the filthy business, the motive. Here are these Smith-Currans, intimate friends of Barclay, who may or may not be in love with this young woman. Personally, I think he is, or in some state of glamour. She's more than the ordinary type of siren. She has magnetism, beauty, power. I think that besides, or also, Barclay is in their debt. Now with all his true-born American sense that he is of finer clay than the base British sort—and I'm aware of that because I have made some study of him—Barclay contains also the true-born American sense of obligation to the simple savage, like this Smith-Curran type. He hates an unrequited favor even worse than he may hate unrequited love. Both strike hard at his heritage of power. He would pitch restlessly in bed at thought of the other fellow not getting his share. In spite of his convictions of superiority, or, better, because of them, the passion for paying his debts equals that for incurring them."

Pussy Willows and Moonlight

The bishop paused, not breathless, as he was in better training than was Marsh, but to let his winged words sink in, to get the rhetorical effect of them. He got it now in full measure from both his hearers. The good man had always been rather more of a spellbinder than pulpit orator. His delivery was that of a district attorney. Once warmed to his work, he was admirable and convincing. Dodge stared at him in a fascinated way that years of listening had failed to dull, while Marsh, as the bishop proceeded, felt like a cow watching an express train roar by. For the first time admiration of the man stirred him.

With a trick of forensic oratory, the bishop now shifted to a milder note of persuasive conversation:

"The brave major and beautiful Iona are quite clever enough to appreciate Barclay's qualities. They know that were he empowered to write a large check to their orders it would not be hard to get his autograph on it. But for one thing, this might not be so easy the second time; and besides, the chances are that they are out for bigger game—a speculative game that would appeal to a young man of Barclay's inherited gambling instincts.

"The first night Smith-Curran was here he and I pumped each other a little, both being sincere seekers after knowledge of a different sort. I wanted to find out what I politely could about himself, and he wanted some accurate information about his host—specified information."

Again the bishop paused. This time he beamed at Marsh, as who should say, "Young man, observe my technic and profit by it." Marsh sat up. There was rather more to this high churchman, in both senses, he opined, than had previously been clear to him.

"Major Smith-Curran told me that his chief object in coming to America this time was to prospect here on the forming of a big international shipping syndicate."

"That's recently been reported," Dodge interrupted.

The bishop made a quieting gesture of his shapely pontifical hand.

"Not being entirely obtuse, I began to see the writing on the wall. As I anticipated, he wound up by asking me with soldierly directness if I thought Mr. Dodge could be interested in such a proposition. I hope that you may not think me presumptuous, Sherrill, when I answered that in my opinion, most emphatically expressed, you wouldn't touch any such scheme if you were standing on an insulator and wearing rubber gloves. I told the man that you were a financial conservative compared to whom the buyer of United States Government nontaxable bonds was a giddy gambler, or some simile to that effect. My motive was to discourage any attempt to bother you. The day before you had mentioned to me that you were invested to the ears, and hoped that this friend of Barclay's did not intend to talk promotion schemes before he got through with you."

"Thanks, John. I rather expected something of the sort."

"Well, I imagine that I spiked his guns; wet his priming. He looked a little glum, but fairly well convinced. Then he changed the topic. I now believe"—the bishop's voice sank to the impressive organ note—"that the fellow wanted to give you this chance for your life."

Marsh drew in his breath deeply.

"Barclay had probably told him the same thing."

"Not a doubt of it." The bishop's voice briskened. "Barclay is fully aware of his father's conservatism. But this Smith-Curran thought he might at least have a try. He reasons then, as he may have reasoned all along, that with Sherrill Dodge dead and buried, his last will and testament probated and trust funds made over, Barclay is due to inherit all told something in the neighborhood of twenty million dollars. And he has reason to believe that he and Iona between them can do about what they please with Barclay."

The bishop leaned back in his chair, then looked thoughtfully at the tense face of his old friend.

"There, Sherrill, it's taken some time and a lot of talk. But does it seem to explain the relation between Barclay's affairs and these insignificant dead starlings?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Hospitality

In the days of chivalry, to be known as a perfect hostess was as proud an honor, among women, as any that a Knight could hope to win on the field of battle.

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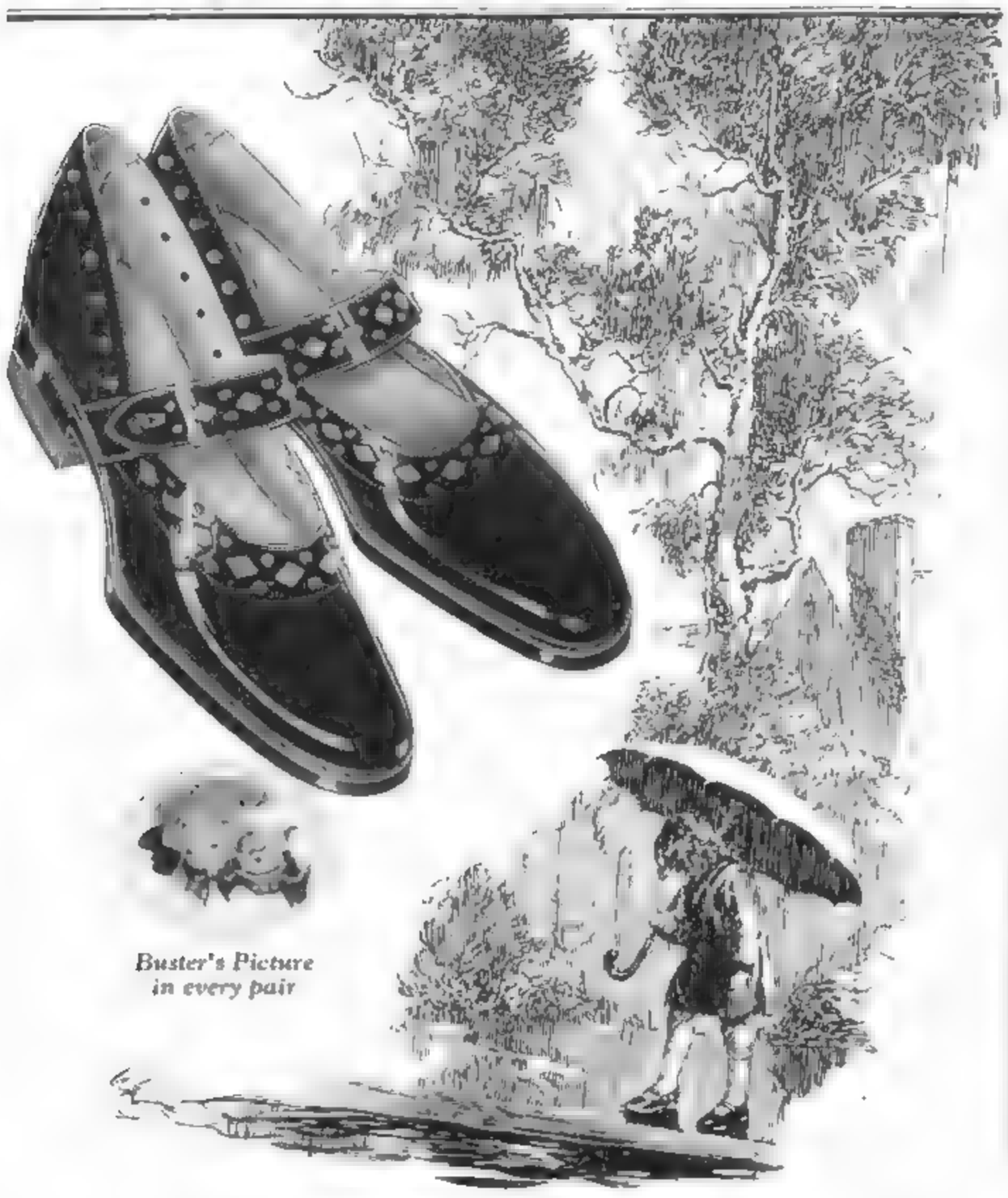

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Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis, U.S.A.

Manufacturers

THE PRISONERS OF HALF-ACRE

(Continued from Page 23)

contained young. The fox, an old hand at digging out these burrows, subsisted largely on their inhabitants until she had depleted the supply. Occasionally she captured an adult rat by lying perfectly still, as though asleep, and crushing the animal with a sudden blow of her paw; and once in this same manner she had the good luck to kill a mink which was so much absorbed in following a trail that it failed to see her.

Insects grubbed out of the mold and little fiddler crabs captured along the muddy edges of the hummock helped to allay the cravings of her stomach. Some slight nourishment, too, was provided by long, slender green snakes and rather thick-bodied glass snakes, which had a queer habit of breaking themselves in two when her forepaw descended upon them. The supply of these was soon exhausted, however, and but for the coming of a series of abnormally high tides she must have starved before the arrival of the eagle and the heron which now shared her captivity on Half-Acre.

The marshes at that season abounded with clapper rails. When the rising waters flooded the low-lying grass plains and bathed the margins of the hummock itself they not only brought many big blue crabs, which the fox soon learned to capture and eat with relish, but they also drove scores of rails from the submerged marshes to the hummock's shore. These noisy, rather stupid birds had little knowledge of any four-footed enemy except the mink. They moved about freely and boldly, although they were at a disadvantage in the darkness; and night after night the crippled fox, crouching motionless in the tall weeds close to the island's margin, dined on rail which had almost walked into her jaws.

But with the waning of the moon the tides went back to normal, filling the marsh creeks and rivulets, but no longer spreading across the grassy flats. Only rarely was the fox able to capture an unwary rail; the big crabs came no more; the marsh-rat burrows had nearly all been emptied of young; the scanty reptilian population of the hummock had ceased to exist. The blackbirds, grackles and fish crows, which often visited the place, were too wary to be captured. The fox was hungrier than she had ever been before when chance and her own desperation put her in possession of the bluebill duck which the wounded eagle had brought to the hummock in his claws.

This was the best meal that she had enjoyed since becoming a prisoner on Half-Acre, and it gave her new energy and strength. Her torn muscles were healing, though her hind legs were as yet incapable of bearing her weight; and that night she contrived to capture another rail. The following day, too, brought a stroke of good fortune in the shape of a full-grown rat so badly wounded by another of its combative race that it could hardly move; and some hours later she managed to ambush a wandering marsh rabbit. For a while the gray fox, except that her hind legs were still pitifully weak and stiff, was almost herself again, still hungry, but no longer mad with hunger—a cool, keen, careful schemer, sharper of wit than any other wild thing of the woods.

It was then that her wits, endowed once more with all their native cunning, began to plan the destruction of the other captives of Half-Acre, the wounded eagle and the wing-broken heron, which were her fellow prisoners on the hummock and which would help to keep her alive if she could contrive to kill them.

The heron's plight she understood the moment she saw the bird. His left wing, matted with mud, dangled at his side; and she knew that he could not fly, though he could walk on his long legs much faster than she could drag her maimed body. But for a time the eagle puzzled her. At first she paid no attention to him; but suddenly it dawned on her that he never stirred from his perch in the dead cedar sapling, that he had remained there all of one day and part of the next without spreading his wings.

She kept close watch on him during the rest of the second day and never once saw him move; and it may be that she knew then—for a fox's cunning is much more than instinct—that he, too, had lost the use of his wings and was a prisoner on Half-Acre. She realized, at any rate, that all was not well with the big white-headed bird standing stern and immovable in the dead cedar, watching the marshes and the sky with piercing yellow eyes which seemed always to be fixed on something infinitely far away.

With long, grim, confident patience the gray fox bided her time. Somehow she seemed to understand that a moment would come when the great bird in the dead cedar must topple from his perch.

If the eagle also had foreknowledge of that moment it was with a sort of regal resignation, a kingly fatalism that he awaited its coming. He was at once the most fortunate and the least fortunate of the prisoners of Half-Acre. His injury was slight and would heal completely if he could keep himself alive in the meantime. But his broad pinions, which had never failed him before, were utterly useless now; and those pinions were essential to his life, an indispensable part of his hunting equipment. Without their aid he could not catch food; and although, like most birds of prey, he could endure sustained fasting, he must find sustenance sooner or later, or perish.

The heron, whose wings were not necessary for his fishing, was in no danger of starvation. The unfailing bounty of the marsh creeks would support him indefinitely. The fox's lot was harder. Yet she, too, could struggle against the fate that threatened her; she could fight with what weapons she still possessed to keep life in her body until she could use her legs again. But the eagle, so long as his wings were paralyzed, was utterly impotent; and from the first he seemed to comprehend the fact and to accept it grimly as one against which it was useless to contend.

Those piercing eyes looked always into the hazy distances and seemed to take no account of things near at hand. Their gaze rested on the white clouds which had been the eagle's companions on calm, windless mornings when he swung round and round on motionless wings in the high air, taking his ease in the upper solitudes where he had reigned. They swept the wide expanses of the marshlands, golden brown now that autumn had come—vast plains of tall salt grasses watered by numberless winding creeks and tideways and filling all the broad spaces between the narrow barrier islands along the sea's edge and the mainland behind

Hour after hour he followed with his eyes the comings and goings of the feathered peoples of the marshes—the big blue herons moving with stately deliberate wing beats; the long-tailed marsh harriers quartering the grassy plains; the ospreys circling and poising above the creeks, then plunging like feathered spearheads upon the fish which they had spied from above; the white crimson-billed terns winnowing the air, swooping and swerving with the grace of swallows, darting down at intervals with lightninglike swiftness upon their prey.

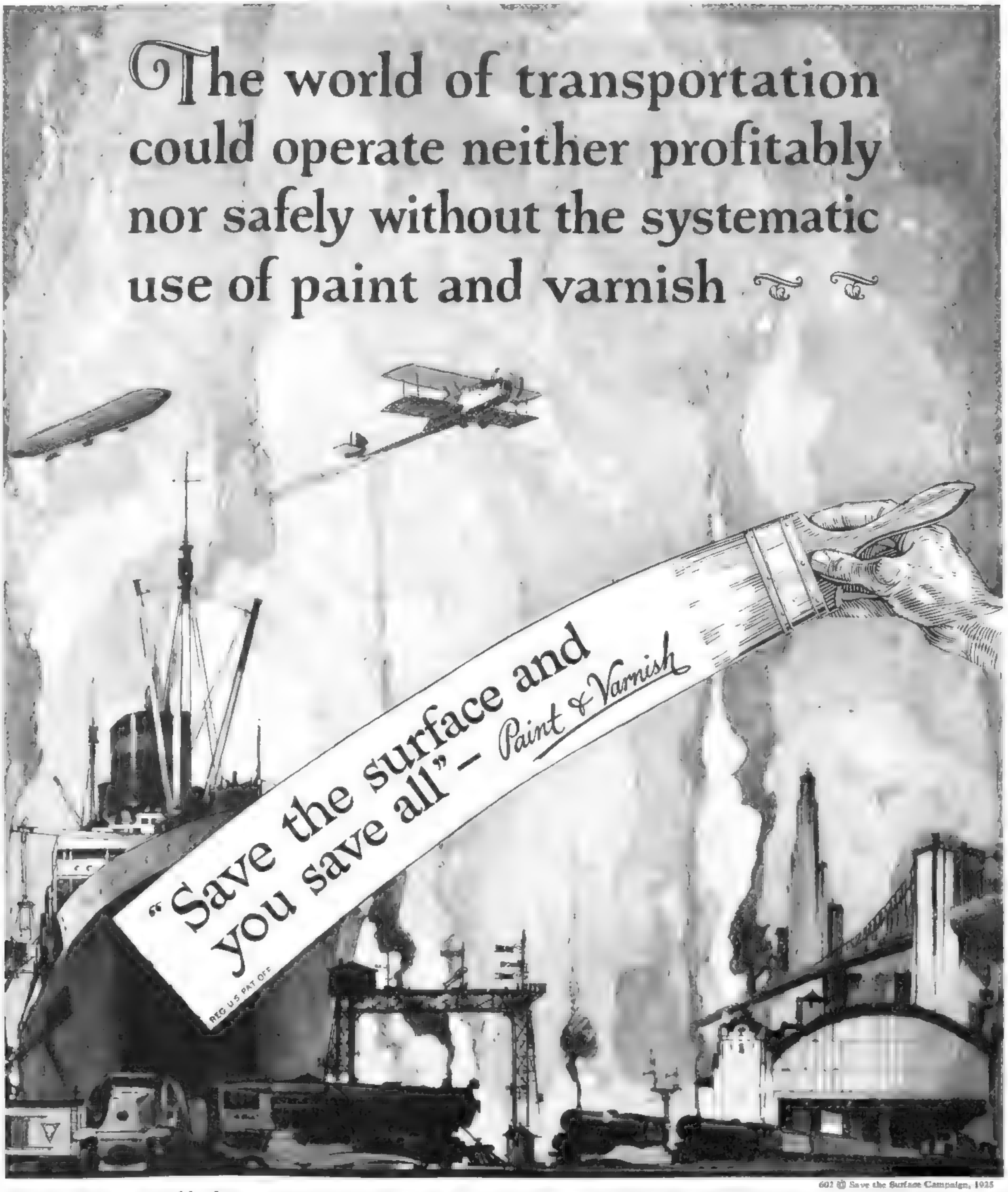
With a strange absorption, which must have had some deeper source than the cravings of appetite, the wounded eagle watched the wild duck hosts come in from the sea. Although in fall and winter, bluebill and mallard, teal and widgeon had formed part of his diet, fish had been his staple food. Yet always in the late afternoons he awaited with undiminished eagerness the coming of the fast-flying feathered regiments.

He saw them first, far away over the ocean beyond the barrier islands, as long faint streaks like wisps of smoke above the horizon, or else as dim gray clouds which moved and shifted and changed, darkening as they drew nearer and presently thinning out into black lines or irregular wedges shooting across the sky. Some of the smaller flocks passed near at hand, coming in above Little Inlet and flying comparatively low. But the larger flocks, many of them containing hundreds of ducks, passed for the most part farther to the southwest, where a river came down from the rice lands to the ocean. These were not bluebills, but mallards heading for the old rice fields and fresh-water marshes a few miles back from the coast; and as the days passed their numbers increased, so that sometimes toward sunset the eagle, gazing into the dim distance, could see thousands of them at the same moment as the long armies winged inland high in the air like trailers of cloud against the glowing sky.

His eyes fixed on these far-off things, his thoughts ranging the air and the marshes miles distant from the hummock which was

(Continued on Page 169)

The world of transportation could operate neither profitably nor safely without the systematic use of paint and varnish



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3

(Continued from Page 166)

his prison, the eagle may have remained for a long while unaware of the watcher waiting for him to die. Yet a time came when he saw the fox, and it may be that he understood somehow the significance of her vigil. At any rate, after some days had passed, the fox noted for the first time that the big bird was watching her from his perch, calmly, coolly, yet with a certain fierceness gleaming in his yellow eyes.

Probably she did not understand clearly the meaning of that intent, steady gaze. She had had no experience with eagles and it did not occur to her to regard this one as a possible menace; yet the chances are that the eagle was now watching her for the same grim reason which had caused her to watch him—that the hunger which had begun to torture him was focusing his thoughts upon her as a possible source of food.

She was the one living thing that ever came within his reach, spending a part of each day lying half hidden in the grass not more than thirty feet from his perch. The habit of a lifetime was strong in him. Every morning before dawn he preened his feathers and went through his regular stretching exercises; and whereas at first he could not move his wings without acute pain, the injured muscle had now so far healed that he could open his pinions to more than half their accustomed spread. He knew that he was not yet able to fly, that he could not flap his wings strongly or ascend into the air. But he could easily glide down to where the fox lay and land squarely upon her; and more and more intently, as his hunger sharpened, he watched her lying there; more and more definite became the prompting to launch himself forward and downward.

The fox, though she watched the eagle closely, seldom remained long in her grassy bed near his perch. Except when sleeping, she was generally moving about in her search for food, and she was able to carry on this search somewhat more actively because her hind legs, though very far from normal, were no longer totally useless to her. Her increased mobility offset to a certain extent the inroads which she had made upon the food resources of the hummock. Food was scarcer, but she could seek it more effectively; and though seldom free from the pinch of hunger, she found enough sustenance to keep going. She never forgot the eagle, but her war against him was a waiting game in which she could do nothing but wait. Against the other prisoner of Half-Acre she could proceed more vigorously.

Again and again she tried to capture the wing-broken blue heron. She knew the tall bird's habits well; knew that each morning well after daylight he came down from his safe perch in the cassena, strode across the hummock and disappeared in the marshes, and that each afternoon well before dark he returned. Three times she tried to ambush him, lying concealed in the grass or weeds near the hummock's edge; but each time the heron chose another route. One afternoon she hid herself near the foot of his cassena, but the heron saw her in time and spent the night in another bush. Mere chance gave her the opportunity which she had so often sought vainly.

She was lying half asleep, about an hour before sunset, in her bed near the eagle's cedar. Suddenly the heron, returning to his perch earlier than usual and striding through the high grass with less than his accustomed caution, stepped almost upon her. In an instant her jaws clamped upon his long leg just above the toes.

With a hoarse cry the heron sprang upward, his uninjured wing beating the air and buffeting the fox's head. But those long, strong jaws held fast, crunched tighter and tighter on the black slender leg, then with a sudden effort crushed the bone. The eagle, watching from his perch, his yellow eyes glowing more fiercely than ever now, saw the fox lurch awkwardly forward, striking with her forepaw to beat the big blue-gray bird to the ground. He saw the heron, forced backward so that he was half standing, half sitting, stab fiercely again and again at the fox's face with his bill, his long neck thrusting like a striking snake, his straight, javelinlike beak darting in and out, in and out with trip-hammer swiftness.

The eagle's head dropped lower; his wide dark wings unfolded. A moment he poised on his perch. Then, with a scream, he planed swiftly down through the air, his talons spread, his hooked bill partly open. Already he seemed to taste the life-giving meat that he craved. Coming from above and behind, he would strike the fox just forward of the shoulders and sink his long claws into her nape.

By a tenth of a second he was too late to strike the spot at which he aimed. The fox, her hindquarters too stiff and weak to permit of swift maneuvering, had been compelled to take her punishment. She lay on her chest, her jaws clamped on the heron's leg, one furry forepaw raised as a shield against the tall bird's blows. But that slim foreleg was an ineffectual buckler. She could not parry the darting snakelike thrusts that followed one another with frenzied rapidity. Before the fight had lasted twenty seconds the heron's long sharp-pointed bill had stabbed her in half a dozen places. Yet these wounds, though most of them were in the face, were comparatively slight; and in spite of the blinding blood and stinging pain she kept her grip on the heron's leg, striving meantime to force her body forward upon her captive.

Then, a fraction of a moment before the eagle struck his quarry, the heron's javelin found the mark it had been seeking. Driven with all the force of that sinewy neck, the needle point of the heavy tapering bill, fully seven inches in length, pierced the fox's right eye, penetrated deep into the cavity behind it and remained there, too tightly wedged to be withdrawn.

The fox shivered, writhed, twisted over on her flank; and the eagle, falling upon her at that instant, struck her, not upon the nape but upon the side of her neck, so that the curved claws of one of his powerful feet were buried in her throat. The big bird's weight held her down. She struggled desperately, but crippled as she was she could not rise; and meanwhile, with the fury of famine, the eagle plied beak and talons.

Toward the last, when the fox had ceased struggling, the eagle, as though suddenly reminded of the presence of another victim whose body would provide food, reached out with one great clawed foot and, grasping the heron's neck just behind the head, at one wrench tore out the tall bird's life.

There was meat enough then for one of the prisoners of Half-Acre, meat enough to keep him for many days; and before those days had passed the torn tendon of his wing would have healed and he would be free again.

Five nights later a brisk northeaster set in. Tide was at high flood shortly after sunrise; and Jen Murray, rising with the sun, looked out of the one window of his hut and observed with satisfaction that the water was well up in the marshes so that only the tips of the tall grasses showed above the surface. It was a perfect morning for rail shooting—the kind of morning when he could kill two or three dozen marsh hens, as he called them, before the tide dropped. The law forbade the selling of game birds, but Jen had never been a stickler for the law. In fall and early winter the marketing of clapper rails was one of his regular sources of income.

Poling his light bateau across the flooded flats, within an hour he had bagged twenty birds. Some he shot in the water as they swam from one raft of floating sedge to another; others he knocked over in the air as they rose in slow, fluttering flight before his boat. Then, though the water was still high, there came a lull in the shooting. Jen, finding no more birds in the open, turned his punt toward Half-Acre Island. Always when the big tides came many rail took refuge on that little hummock in the midst of the marshes. A walk around its edge should net Jen a dozen or more.

The marshman poled to the hummock and stepped ashore, holding his gun ready. Slowly he worked his way around the island's margin, knee-deep in the tall grasses and weeds. A rail flushed well ahead of him, but Jen, his finger on the trigger, judged the distance to be too great. Suddenly, as he rounded a low clump of myrtles close to the island's edge, he jerked the gun to his shoulder. A great dark-bodied, white-headed bird had launched itself out of a small dead cedar, a magnificent bald eagle.

Even as he aimed the marshman noted a strange clumsiness in the eagle's flight, a slowness of wing beats, a certain heaviness, an appearance of labored effort, as though the big bird's pinions were scarcely equal to their task. The range was short; Jen, remembering that his shot were small, aimed for the head. The eagle dropped like a stone.

Jen turned away from the marshy rim of the hummock and strode through the grass and dead weeds toward the spot where the bird had fallen. Something in the grass a little to his right attracted his attention. For several minutes he studied the objects that he found there—the mangled carcass of a female gray fox and, close by it, the carcass of a great blue heron.

In the cold weather the bodies had suffered comparatively little change. Plainly the eagle had been feeding on them and had kept the vultures off; but Jen found two questions which puzzled him: How came this fox and this heron to be lying side by side in the grass? And what was a gray fox doing on that little hummock in the marsh?

He turned away presently and dismissed these problems as of no practical importance. Before resuming his hunt for more marsh hens, he found the eagle's carcass and cut off the great dark-brown wings. There was a girl on a neighboring plantation who wanted a hawk-wing fan, and it occurred to him that these eagle pinions would please her. Later, however, he threw them into the mud, deciding that they were too troublesome to carry.

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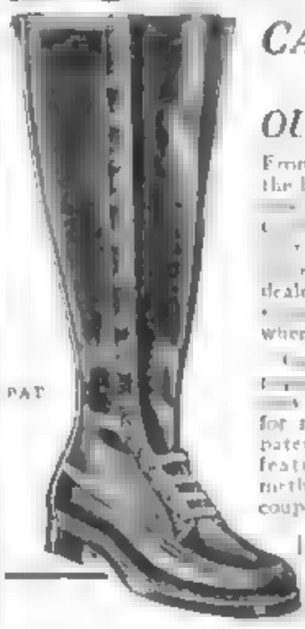

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THE CELEBRITY

(Continued from Page 25

Mrs. Windlesham, who flushed and looked more vacant than before. There seemed to be a trembling in the air

"I—we—we hardly know," stammered Mrs. Windlesham.

"D'you mean me?" asked Dot impudently

The little fierce man stared at her.

"Certainly not!" he exclaimed brusquely. His face flushed darkly until it seemed to be purple. "The Miss Windlesham." He bristled more ferociously than ever. "Surely you know if she's here or not."

And then, to the amazement of his family and all their visitors, Mr. Windlesham appeared in the front doorway

"No, sir," said Mr. Windlesham aggressively, "she is not here"

"But I've followed her here!" cried the little man.

"You're mistaken!" said Mr. Windlesham with equal fierceness. "Please go away."

And with that, ignoring his wife and children, he went back again into the house, slamming the front door in an extremely peremptory manner.

■

BUT the little fierce man was not so easily to be dismissed. He stood his ground. And although the ladies were all very inquisitive they were at the same time very much afraid of being involved in a painful scene; so they bade farewell hastily and almost ran away down the road, leaving Mrs. Windlesham and her children confronting the stranger.

"Was that your husband, madam?" asked the little fierce man.

Mrs. Windlesham agreed.

"And my father," added Wilfred significantly. He was twice the little man's size.

"Quite," said the little man, looking up at Wilfred. And before the calm gaze of those two greenish-gray eyes, sunburnt and fearless, Wilfred felt his heart beat more quickly and the strength of his legs evaporate. He looked down at the little man with an altered regard. Instinctively he knew that he had met a master. Not his master, alone, but a master of men.

"I'm sorry," murmured Mrs. Windlesham, who had not been so far away from this momentary scene—and its implications—as might have been supposed.

"Not at all, madam. There is only a misunderstanding. I should like to speak to you alone, if I may."

"My husband has shut us out," said Mrs. Windlesham, laughing.

"No doubt very excusably," said the little man, also smiling.

"Come along, Dot." Wilfred took his sister's arm. "Back to lunch, mother. Good morning, sir."

"Good morning, my boy," replied the little man; and actually raised his hard felt hat to Dot as she was led away in a state of bewilderment. "And now, madam?" said the stranger, with a look of interrogation at Mrs. Windlesham.

"We certainly can't stay here," said Mrs. Windlesham. "It's so public And I expect everybody's looking out of their front windows." She hesitated a moment. Then: "We'd better go down this side path into the back garden," she said. "And we can sit in the summerhouse."

"That will do excellently," said the little man, following her. "It's just what I should have wished. Thank you."

VI

IT IS time to return to Mr. Windlesham and his sister. It will be remembered that Dot, marking the lady's entry, had ascertained her height, circumference and weight in one single piercing glance. Dot, quite unconsciously, had exaggerated all three. Miss Windlesham was wearing a heavy ulster, quite unsuited to the summery weather which Frampton-on-Sea was enjoying at the end of May; and this considerably augmented her natural girth. With the ulster removed she was seen to be a reasonably tall, reasonably substantial spinster of forty-five. She looked very vigorous. Her hair was black, and she had sparkling black eyes and a double row of superb teeth. Every movement showed her to be muscular. Ten years younger, she would have been a very beautiful woman. Beside Mr. Windlesham she appeared to be an Amazon. Mr. Windlesham shrank a little, both inwardly and outwardly, in the presence of his visitor. He was a very tall lean man with a baldish head and some teeth which were not his own. His shoulders stooped a little, through long work at a desk and long concentration upon newspapers and books since his retirement. The clothes he wore were shabby. Before this splendid creature, in her plain gray costume, with her raven hair, her healthily colored cheeks, her clear eyes and her expansive smile, he felt very much as a crushed male clerk may feel toward an opulent woman employer. He glanced into her face, let his eyes fall, and allowed Miss Windlesham to grasp a limp hand.

"Bless the man! Aren't you going to give me a kiss?"

She hugged him.

"Well, Lucy," panted Mr. Windlesham. "You're—er—looking fine and well. We've just been reading ——"

"Oh, that!" cried Miss Windlesham breezily. "Makes me sick. Of course you know why it is. You know who's done that." She shrugged her shoulders. "It's like him. It's like him. The time I've had. The time—my goodness, it's been a purgatory!"

"I I don't understand," murmured Mr. Windlesham.

"No," said his sister, rather brutally. "You never could."

"Have you come to Frampton to say that?" asked Mr. Windlesham with dignity. "After twenty-five years?"

"Pathetic. You're pathetic, Snodge. I'll tell you. Now where shall I begin?" She gave a deep sigh. "I knew you were here, because I saw your name in a paper. You're a well-known resident, it seems. Not too well known, I hope. You're no good to me if you're too well known. Well, you must know that I met him two years ago, in Egypt. He was—he saved my life, I'm afraid. That's the devil of it. Gave him a kind of claim, d'you see? He's not the man to neglect a claim. Indeed, no. He's a very different sort of man." She laughed in a tone of bravado.

"He?" questioned Mr. Windlesham.

"Pongo."

"Pongo?" Mr. Windlesham thought that was a monkey's name, or an elephant's. He looked uneasily over his shoulder.

"Pongo. Sir Robert William Brentwood-Powys."

"Him!" cried Mr. Windlesham, distraught.

"Why not?"

"But he's a great man. He's a great general. A great ——"

"I know. That's the trouble. He's shot too much big game. It makes him bloodthirsty"

Mr. Windlesham had never seen Sir Robert; but he knew that he was famous as a big-game hunter, that half South Kensington Museum was filled with specimens brought home by Sir Robert, that half the Zoological Gardens—

"Whew!" he whistled. "Pongo!"

"Yes, Pongo. This man ——"

"This man!"

"Listen. He—I admit he helped me out of a nasty hole. I admit it. He couldn't have done less."

"Intrepid."

"Oh, yes. All that. As plucky as you like. Well, I wanted some stuff about India—some material for a novel. I'd traveled a bit in India, but not enough. I asked him to help me. He jumped at it We got very pally. But he was inquisitive. It's my belief that all men are more or less inquisitive; but he's most. He somehow wormed out of me about my writing."

"Then it is true?" eagerly demanded Mr. Windlesham.

"What?"

"Amos Judd. What the paper says."

"Yes!" Miss Windlesham almost bellowed at her brother. "And that's the point. Where did they get that stuff from? Why, from him!"

"We're most proud. We have all your books," said Mr. Windlesham. "Or nearly all."

"He's gone to the papers. He's blown the gaff—let the cat out of the bag. And why? So that I shall have my life made a misery to me. So that wherever I go he'll be able to find me. D'you see? You're my only refuge!"

"Dear me!" cried Mr. Windlesham, greatly concerned. "Is it blackmail?"

(Continued on Page 173)

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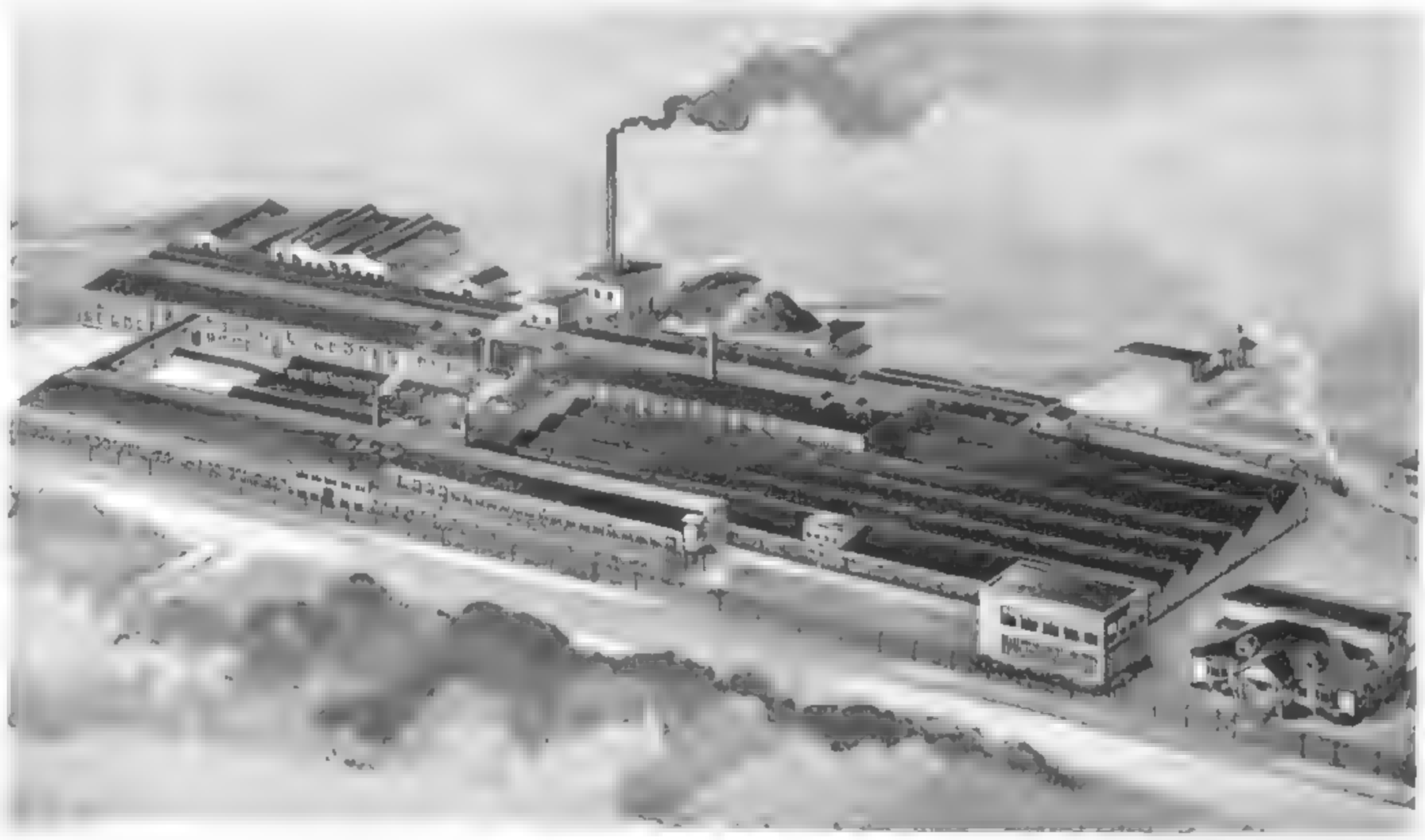

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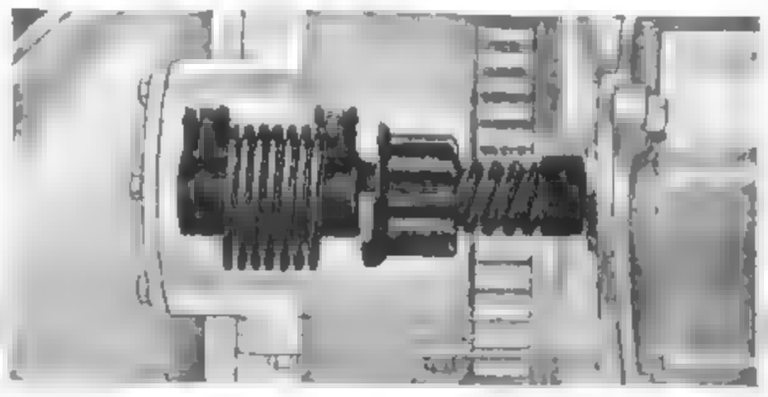

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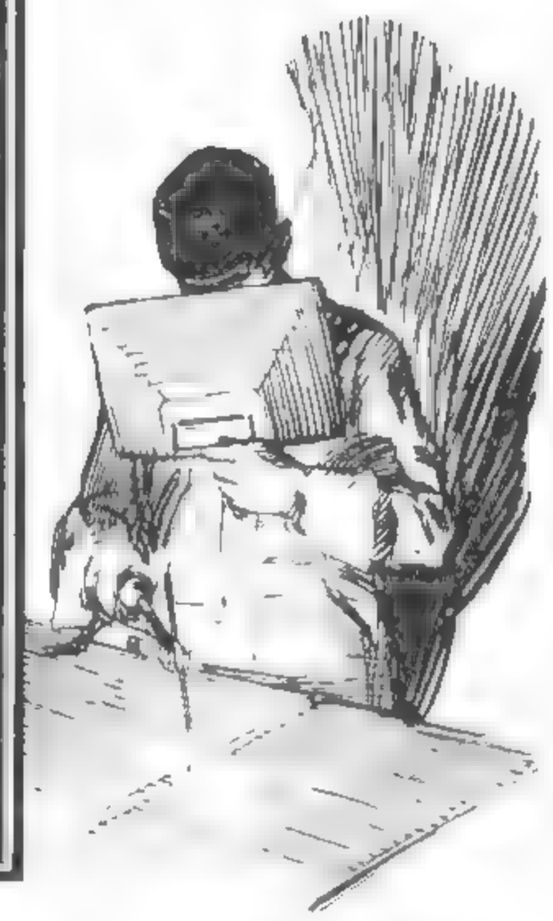

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LINCOLN "Stable-Arc"

(Continued from Page 170)

"Blackmail? It's worse than blackmail. It's persecution!"

"Tut, tut, tut!" Mr. Windlesham's tongue clucked against the roof of his mouth. He was greatly distressed.

"I say, what's that?" suddenly cried the angry visitor. "What's that row?"

Mr. Windlesham listened. He heard a soft swishing sound, such as might be made by a small flock of sheep in the hall outside. For a moment he was perplexed. Then he understood, gave a short laugh, and turned again to his agitated sister.

"To tell the truth," he said; and laughed again, as if he had a slight asthmatic cough.

"Come on!" urged Miss Windlesham impatiently.

"As you know, the news about you was in the Daily Mercury this morning. The Daily Mercury is much read in Frampton. Our friends have come to felicitate us."

"Even here!" groaned the visitor. "Oh, Lord! I must go. It's not safe if it's all over the place."

She raised her hands to her head and strode to the dining-room window, which in the Windlesham house looked out upon the front garden, the diamond-shaped flower bed, the hedge, and, incidentally, the path by which the callers must all leave. So Miss Windlesham saw all that crowd of ladies which was being shepherded out of the house by her sister-in-law. "What sheep! Lord, what sheep! My readers, I suppose!" She gave a mirthless laugh. "The one without the hat is your wife, I take it. I like her. She's no fool. Oh, no. She's no fool. I'd like to talk to her."

"You shall," agreed Mr. Windlesham almost gallantly.

"Yes. But why you?" The tone was abrupt.

"Her choice was circumscribed," explained Mr. Windlesham blandly.

His sister looked sharply at him.

"Oh, yes. And you're not such a jolly old fool as you pretend to be," she vouchsafed. She looked at him again. "Except that you shamble. A little discipline—exercise—a little of Pongo's ——"

She broke off. A scream escaped her. She turned wildly to Mr. Windlesham.

"What? For goodness' sake!" he cried.

His sister was quite white. She trembled.

"Send him away!" she shouted in a hoarse voice, as a sleeper in fear who cannot cry out might have done. "Send him away! I won't see him. I can't see him now. Tell him ——"

Mr. Windlesham followed her hysterical gaze out of the window, and saw coming up the pathway from the gate a little fierce man with a white bristling mustache, a bronzed face and a hard felt hat.

"Him?" he asked breathlessly.

"Quick! Away!"

And with that, Mr. Windlesham ran hastily out and addressed himself to the stranger in the manner we have seen.

VII

"AND now," said the little fierce man to Mrs. Windlesham as they sat in the summerhouse, "I must first of all say how much obliged I am—how deeply grateful—for your kindness."

"Well, I'm puzzled," said Mrs. Windlesham. "And when I'm puzzled I'm always polite. I don't know who you are, or who she is, or anything about anything. But I should like to know," she hastened to add.

"About me?" asked the little fierce man.

"Yes. About everything. Why are you so fierce?"

"I? Fierce? Why, I wouldn't hurt a mouse."

"I know—unless you wanted him for dinner," said Mrs. Windlesham innocently.

"My name is Powys, madam—Brentwood-Powys."

"I think I've heard that name," mused Mrs. Windlesham.

"It is possible. Now two years ago I had the pleasure of meeting Miss Windlesham—not your charming daughter, but, I presume, your sister-in-law."

Mrs. Windlesham sighed.

"Whom we've not seen for twenty-five years," she murmured.

"Indeed! We became very friendly. I helped her to some slight extent; but I wanted to help her more. She is a very able woman, Mrs. Windlesham, but, like so many able unmarried women, she is a perfect fool. The way that woman goes on is absurd. She takes no care of herself."

"Mr.—are you 'Mr.'?" gently asked Mrs. Windlesham.

"Sir Robert," murmured the general.

"I was going to say—she's not a child."

"She is forty-five years old, and a perfect fool, madam. Damn it, I ought to know."

Mrs. Windlesham smiled. She had no need to do more than smile; for Sir Robert was immediately upon his feet.

"Of course, you're right!" he exclaimed. "I am fierce! Perhaps I frighten her!"

Mrs. Windlesham smiled again and shook her head.

"Not if she's a fool," she said. "Only if she's a wise woman."

There was a little glance between them. They understood each other completely. They had no need to say anything more.

"You'll help me?" asked the general.

Ah! It was one thing to understand—quite another to help. Mrs. Windlesham temporized.

"What to do?" she asked bluntly.

"To see her."

"Haven't you already seen her?"

"Not since yesterday. Not since she ran away."

"Ran? From you?" He nodded. "Oh dear, that was naughty of her. And I expect you're angry with her."

"I'm in deadly fear of her," said the general.

"You too?" exclaimed Mrs. Windlesham.

"You see, I love her."

"Oh, I know that," said Mrs. Windlesham.

"You did?" His fierceness was all gone. He was pleading now; was anxious. "D'you know anything else?"

"Only that she ran away from you," smiled his companion.

"Well?"

"I don't think you need despair. She wouldn't have run away if she hadn't been frightened of giving in. I wonder if she's still in the house."

Both rose.

"You're splendid!" cried the general, with a little bow. "You've given me new life."

"If I can I'll send her out to you," promised Mrs. Windlesham; and as she left him she whispered something in his ear.

VIII

MRS. WINDLESHAM found her husband and his sister still in the dining room. Miss Windlesham, looking now large and helpless and tired, was sitting down as her sister-in-law entered. She was evidently thinking hard.

"Has he gone?" she demanded. "What did he say?"

"Not far," replied Mrs. Windlesham. She ignored the second question.

Miss Windlesham looked almost relieved. She turned that matter over in her mind.

"I don't know what to say to him," she wailed, and the color came and went in her cheeks. "He's as obstinate as fifteen pigs. I'm terrified of him. Look here, Snodge, you haven't introduced me to your wife."

"How d'you do," said Mrs. Windlesham.

When the introduction had taken place Miss Windlesham took Mrs. Windlesham's hand and looked straight down into that pleasant face with the abstracted expression.

"Look here," she said. "I've never felt like this before in my life. I'm helpless. I'm frightened. And that blessed man he'd kill me as soon as look at me. He's merciless. He thinks I'm big game. He stalks me all the time." She looked appealingly at her sister-in-law. "The fool wants to marry me," she said in a whisper which her brother did not hear. "And I know he'll do it. The thing's absurd. I don't know what to do. It's ridiculous to marry at my age. The mere notion of it makes me feel like a goose. I want your help. I want your sympathy. Your advice too."

"My help and sympathy—certainly," said Mrs. Windlesham.

"Not your advice?"

They exchanged glances. They exchanged smiles. It seemed as though, for that day, there could be nothing but understanding here.

"My advice is to go and sit quietly in the summerhouse for half an hour, until luncheon," said Mrs. Windlesham. "You'll hear the bell."

IX

LUNCHEON was rather late that day. It was partaken of by six people. Among them was Miss Windlesham, the writer, celebrated under the pseudonym of Amos Judd. Another was General Sir Robert William Brentwood-Powys. The little fierce man and the eminent novelist sat opposite to each other. Both looked astonishingly cheerful. The whole party seemed cheerful.

"We've never had such distinguished company before," said Mrs. Windlesham.

"You'll often have it again," replied the general, with a fierce wink.

"Big game," remarked Miss Windlesham to herself, in a low voice, and groaned.

"Do you like writing, Aunt Lucy?" demanded Dot, not understanding the allusions.

"Heavens, no!" cried her aunt.

"There's a friend of mine who's dying to meet you." Dot fixed mournful eyes upon Miss Windlesham senior.

"There's hundreds in this town alone," added Wilfred.

"I've escaped it for years. I've gone everywhere as Miss Windlesham, and had even my proofs sent to my agent. Signed all my agreements, Amos Judd. And now ——" Aunt Lucy groaned. "It's awful!"

"There's no escape," her brother said, almost with a sort of pleasurable gloating. "No escape now. The Daily Mercury spread the news today. All the other papers, all over the world, will have it tomorrow. Everybody who has ever read one of your books, everybody who has ever heard of you, will know this week—and forever—that you are Lucy Windlesham."

"All the more reason for making haste," grumbled the general.

"Haste?" Mr. Windlesham had rather lost the thread of the conversation.

"For making haste to change her name," explained the general patiently. "While everybody's looking for Lucy Windlesham they're bound to miss Lady Brentwood-Powys. See?"

"O-oh!" ejaculated Mr. Windlesham. "So that's the idea!"

"Yes," chorused all the others. "That's the idea."

At which they all laughed; and Wilfred toasted the bride-elect in lemonade. Outside, unknown to the lunchers, a small crowd, headed by several men with cameras, was already gathering. Blissfully the newly engaged folk ate and chaffed. They did not know that next day a further installment of the great Amos Judd romance would be upon every breakfast table in the kingdom. They did not know. It was mercifully hidden from them. The cat once out of the bag, no power can scramble it in again. Once a celebrity, always a celebrity, until the news value of the celebrity's doings has evaporated.

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BETTER PLASTERING

METAL LATH TO REINFORCE AND PRESERVE

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A CONSUL

(Continued from Page 4)

ought to be a clause about what was to be done when no responsible person was provided. My first stop was at a telegraph office.

"Cantwell here," I wired. "Hope he will dine with me at the —— Hotel at seven."

A train, I had discovered, arrived from the north about that time.

Never was a visitor treated with more consideration. I introduced myself and Cantwell to half a dozen most courteous officials, emphasizing the fact that my companion was the acquaintance of a day and the introduction purely official. I never let him out of my sight. I lunched him. I would have dined him but that he insisted on being the host. I let the pretense go on, sure that in that pleasant affable hour after dinner he would lead up to a loan; but in the meantime his victim would have arrived. The telegram which I found beneath my door on my return told me that. Cantwell seemed very grateful. He said he had not before received such kind attentions. He was certainly going to print something about the new consul who took his semi-official duties so seriously. He had intended to return to London by an earlier train, but he liked me so much he would stay over dinner, he said. I remember as he bared his arms to wash his hands that I studied his firm biceps with interest.

"You're in fine condition," I said casually.

He flexed a silky muscle and nodded. I began to be sorry for the consul from the north. I sat at table with lively anticipation. I did not expect a fracas, for few men will start a row in a crowded dining room; but the scene was set. Let what would happen, happen.

We were eating the fish course when a stranger entered, frowning, casting angry glances about. He saw Cantwell, marched over and clapped a heavy hand on the villain's shoulder. The latter sprang up with a cry of pleasure and stretched out a hand. It was grudgingly grasped.

"Just in time," I said; "this Severn salmon is delicious"; and presently we were eating in apparent amity.

An Unexpected Development

Later, casually peeling an orange, the villain asked if his check had been received, and got in answer a curt negative. He reflected, leisurely searched his pockets and finally produced a crumpled letter addressed to the consul from which he extracted a check.

"So sorry," he apologized; "my carelessness."

His casual manner inflamed the peppery-tempered consul, who, I could see, still believed him an impostor.

"Is the cash convenient?" the consul asked offensively.

"Certainly, I'll get it."

He sprang up. So did the consul. One glared, the other stared.

"I'll go with you," the consul said.

The foiled villain glanced at his pursuer, then at me, and resumed his seat.

"Henry," he said to the head waiter, "get the envelope I left with the young lady in the office." He was of the kind that knows the head waiter's name within five minutes of entering the hotel. From the envelope brought to him he extracted many five-pound notes and paid his debt in strained silence. He turned to me. "You sent for him," he accused. "Why?"

"Let him tell it," I answered.

The consul, mad clear through, defiantly produced the circular.

"You bought it," he said.

The subject of the circular read the pungent description of himself unmoved.

"To every consul in the United Kingdom?" he demanded.

"Yes, twenty-six; and some to the Continent. It was your own fault."

"The British libel laws are severe," said the journalist, rising. "You will hear from my lawyers." He bowed with icy dignity and stalked out.

So ended the first day of my official career.

In due time I received another circular from this same consul about the same man, but worded, oh, so differently. Across the back was a scribbled memorandum:

"My lawyer says that British juries are merciless in libel cases. Cantwell wrote this and I had to sign it. I sure have eaten dirt, as the Persians say."

I deeply felt the humiliation of sitting in my outer office. Equally undignified was it to bounce from the private office every time I heard a footstep. From these troubles I was rescued by Arthur Napoleon French, a chocolate-colored South Carolinian, who applied for aid, told me he was very good-looking when properly dressed and when the glass eye which he had "hung up in Plymouth for a bed" was restored to its orbit. I got clothes for him and at the optician's found him more particular about shades of color than a lady matching ribbons. Finally a soft amber orb was found precisely to suit. Two-eyed Arthur's face leaped to an attractiveness so marked that once two servant girls in the park—there is no color prejudice among certain classes in England—came to hair-pulling and face-scratching over him. His training as a ship's steward and valet made him the perfect office boy and messenger. He was a fiery patriot and I once heard him say to a British tar, "You may think you got a big navy, but it ain't big enough to fish off the coast of South Carolina." This retort, meant to be withering, so greatly perplexed the sailor that he turned on his heel.

Rolling Balls of Fire

The vanity of Arthur Napoleon French was colossal, and it was torture to him to have to accompany shabby sailors to boarding house, train or restaurant. I sent him once with a very bad case, instructing him that the man was on the verge of delirium tremens, probably had no food in his stomach, and must be given some soup and nothing else. I afterward heard of Arthur as strolling in that hour with a girl and believe that he gave the man money instead of soup. The result was soon apparent.

The square is traversed by railed paths which converge on the equestrian statue in the middle and must look from the air like a huge pie cut in wedges. I saw a man shambling down one of these paths, saw him leap forward, pass the statue, stop suddenly, bolt backward, try a second path, retreat again. It was as though every exit from the little space about the statue was blocked to him by some advancing horror. His terror was so obvious that I could discern it a hundred yards away. He scrambled up the high verdigris-covered base of the statue, leaped to the toe of the rider, then to the horse's back and flung his arms round the waist of his bronze majesty. I vaulted railings and took a short cut across the grass.

"Look out, look out!" he was yelling to the little knot of people which had gathered. "There's a ball of fire rolling down every path. They're getting bigger and bigger. They'll meet here." He saw me. "Consul, consul," he shrieked, "save me!"

"Come down here on the grass," I said. "The balls of fire can't get here."

He slithered down, ducked under the rail and lay with an expression of infinite relief. The police came, minutely examined his majesty, found the toe of the sandaled royal foot chipped off and arrested the man for malicious mischief. The seclusion of prison restored him to health, but I noticed that when he came to see me again he walked round and not across the square.

There were pleasant incidents in those early days. Among these was the discovery of a vice consul, an honorary official, a local British merchant, who, I must suppose, had not been particularly friendly with my predecessor, as he knew less about the office than myself. Mr. Symes afterward established a record by being six times mayor, and ultimately became Sir Robert by the accolade of the queen. He was extremely cordial to me. On my first visit to his delightful house in the country near by I found a gathering of school children enjoying a huge picnic.

At the high tea, or thick tea, or knife-and-fork tea, as tea with meat in the afternoon is called in Gloucestershire, I heard myself announced as about to say a few words. I was without experience in public talking and floundered about with stories of Western humor, putting into prose Bret Harte's musical hexameters about the

(Continued on Page 177)

VITAL IN EVERY MEAL—SUCH TASTE, COLOR, FRAGRANCE

A New Standard of Value in Diet

HOW well you know that good food well cooked is not the whole secret of successful meals.

Flowers, fresh linen, shining silver and glass—you want them, too, at every meal you eat. You know how much they add to appetite.

Now say America's greatest food authorities:

Good appetite is more important even than we dreamed. Our nourishment itself depends upon it. For appetite controls the whole digestive system. Our bodies actually cannot absorb food properly until keen appetite has signalled "ready."

Of dietitians then we ask—what will awaken appetite so important for health yet so often stifled in our busy lives?

Color, they say, *fragrance and luscious flavor.* And to Welch's—colorful, fragrant, exquisitely delicious—they point as the supreme example of an aid to appetite.

GLOWING purple, with the tart fragrant sweetness of ripe grapes fresh from the vine—

At Breakfast tomorrow: see how appetite wakens to the tart deliciousness of this chilled purple juice

Welch's makes the hastiest breakfast, the simplest luncheon, a success.

No other flavor can quite compare with this—juice of the most perfect Concord grapes in all the world.

In only two small districts in the whole United States can such grapes ripen to perfection—two little spots near the Great Lakes where sun and soil together produce this matchless flavor.

From the choicest of the rich purple clusters Welch presses out the juice—a few hours after they are cut from the vine. That is why each glassful

Do you know

. . . the surprising part that taste, color, fragrance play in every meal we eat?

. . . why food experts assign a new importance to this juice of fresh, ripe grapes?

gives you all the healthful qualities of the fresh ripe fruit.

Mineral salts that regulate the body, that build up the bones and teeth, vitamines, nourishing fruit sugar, and laxative properties that modern diets need. Natural fruit elements, too, that turn to alkalies in the body. They help your body to overcome the acidity so common today.

Invaluable, say hospital dietitians of Welch's, to coax back the fastidious appetite of invalids. At that trying time when children refuse to eat, mothers, too, turn confidently to Welch's. Delightfully refreshing as everyone knows, on hot summer days and nights.

BUT it is the everyday value of Welch's Grape Juice that experts stress today—the supreme importance of its color, its fragrance, its exquisite flavor that awaken keen appetite for the simplest, the hastiest meal.

For Dinner

At home or at your hotel have Welch's this way:

Chill well 1 pint of Welch's and 2 12-ounce bottles of dry ginger ale. Partly fill thin tumblers with Welch's—then fill with ginger ale.

Or—Blend 1 pint of Welch's and 1 pint of cider well chilled. Just before serving add 1 pint of sparkling water, and serve very cold.

Tomorrow at Breakfast

Half-fill a small glass with cracked ice—then fill it to the brim with Welch's—glowing purple juice. See how its tart cold deliciousness adds a new zest to this important meal.

For After-Theater Supper

With your sandwiches or rabbit you will like either of these:

Take juice of 2 lemons, 1 cup sugar, juice of 1 orange, 2 pints of water (1 pint may be sparkling water), 1 pint of Welch's. Dissolve the sugar in the fruit juices. Then add the water, just before serving. Serve very cold.

Or—Half-fill tall glasses with Welch's, add a spoonful of cracked ice and fill with sparkling water.

Get Welch's today from your grocer, druggist or confectioner, in quarts, pints and four ounces. Hotels and restaurants serve Welch's. Soda fountains serve it too. Try Welch's at the fountain for luncheon or for a refreshing between-meals drink.

To learn more about the emphasis food authorities lay on appetite—let us send you our booklet, *The Vital Place of Appetite in Diet.* It gives you also carefully tested recipes for delicious drinks and dishes. Mail the coupon today. Welch Grape Juice Co., Westfield, N. Y.

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Established for Electric Drill Industry.

Heavy Duty Portable Electric Drill prices revised as shown:

	Old Price	New Price
Five-eighths Inch	$84	$72
Half-inch Heavy Duty	78	68
Nine-sixteenths Inch	84	72
Seven-eighths Inch	98	88

The new prices apply on the standard Black & Decker Heavy Duty Drills. No change in material or design.

This radical lowering of the Heavy Duty Electric Drill price level is made possible by Quantity Production, which enables us to manufacture more economically.

Five-Eighths Inch Portable Electric Drill, Now $72 (Was $84)

Operates on Direct or Alternating Current. Motor delivers considerably more than a half horsepower, air cooled, ball bearings, heat treated gears, and shafts, "*Pistol Grip and Trigger Switch*".

CAR OWNERS: This announcement is of vital interest to you because your garage man can now easily afford to own a Black & Decker Five-eighths Inch Drill, which means a considerable saving to you when you have the cylinders of your automobile motor reconditioned, because when the Five-eighths Inch Drill is used for driving cylinder hones and grinders the work is accomplished in less time.

You can secure BLACK & DECKER Portable Electric Drills, Electric Screw Drivers, Electric Socket Wrenches, Electric Tappers and Electric Grinders from the leading Mill Supply, Machinery, Plumbing, Automotive and Electrical Supply Houses.

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"With the Pistol Grip and Trigger Switch"

(Continued from Page 174)

stagecoach which successively lost three wheels on an awful mountain road and came triumphantly to its proper station on one wheel, the three others rolling along in due time and curling themselves up by their respective axles.

I must have failed to make it clear that this was humor, for a schoolmaster thanked me for my pleasant address, but added that he felt bound to take off 75 per cent from everything an American said. We sauntered in the kitchen garden, with its rich mold of centuries and its high brick south wall, which made a warm corner for peach trees. In these snug spots in these old gardens peaches are individually watched as they grow and there is pleasant boasting at lunch in the city clubs if a few come to rosy maturity.

"I got forty last summer," my host said proudly; "beauties."

Fresh from prolific California, I answered, "Tons, I suppose?"

An angry frown, a piercing glance of suspicion—was I poking fun at his sacred peach trees?—then a burst of laughter.

"The two countries speak in different units," said the proud pomologist of forty peaches.

I had been a month or so in office when Colston day came. I found that every male citizen of the population of 350,000 who possessed a dress coat, dined in public on the anniversary of the birth of this local philanthropist. Politics had been injected; Liberals and Conservatives dined separately and there were two important nonpartisan gatherings. Four societies, all charitable; and the president of each strove each year to exceed the collections of his predecessors. A thumping sum, announced at the proper moment, was received with great cheering and regarded as proof of the president's popularity. A total of about $50,000 was annually collected and distributed in various ways.

The city of Bristol is so rich and its habit of charity so highly developed that the industry of a considerable class is sapped. I had once to dismiss a cook for drunkenness, and years after she sent me this penciled note on Colston day:

"For God's sake, Mr. Consul, get me some money from some of the charities so prevalent at this time of year."

Memories of Campbell-Bannerman

Flaubert himself, after days of anxious search, could not have more happily hit on the right word—"prevalent." Black Sue, a forceful personality who did washing for sailors, came each year to me for a Grateful note. These were orders on the Grateful Society for a dole of, I think, a pound to expectant mothers. Sue always had a sister, a cousin or an aunt in an interesting condition and the remarkable regularity of her appeal led to inquiries. I found that Grateful notes—negotiable, as they were issued to bearer—had an established market value in the slums of five shillings each. The most striking example which I noted of the effects of a charity too profuse was the case of a sailor lamed for life. His leg, broken in Antwerp, was unattended except by the master, and he was brought in the vessel to Bristol, where the hospital was free.

On this one hundred and thirteenth anniversary I attended the dinner of the Anchor Society and was deeply troubled to discover that it was exclusively a Liberal gathering. I had, without knowing it, shown a political bias in defiance of Article So-and-So of the Consular Regulations. I feared grave results, but could never find that anybody knew I had been there, and this annoyed me. I sat next to a young Scotchman who I was told was a rising politician. When he spoke he fingered the edges of his coat from collar to waist and back again, and this trifling mannerism is all that I can now recall of the speech of him whom the yellowed toast list before me records as "H. Campbell-Bannerman, Esq., M. P." He lived to be the most greatly beloved of any Prime Minister of my time.

Of the twenty speakers that night, all, I think, are dead. The last to go seemed to me an old man then; but the Earl of Ducie lived for another forty years and died recently at a great age as father of the House of Lords. One-quarter of the toast list was supplied by members of two Bristol families which respectively send tobacco and chocolate all over the world.

There were three generations of Frys alive in those days; kindly Joseph Storrs Fry, a Quaker, who ofttimes thee and thou'd his friends; the second generation represented by Evangelical Church of England members; the third eagerly devoted to outdoor sports, fond of racing and inclined to dress in noticeable checkerboard patterns. The Wills were proud of an autograph letter from George Washington telling their ancestors of the dispatch of certain hogsheads of tobacco. The two families did much for Bristol, were and are greatly respected and were usually represented in Parliament by at least one member. In the 80's the Wills member was William Henry, afterward Lord Winterstoke. I stood once on the terrace of the House of Commons with him, when a penny steamer passed close.

"Hello, Bristol Bird's-eye, you're getting too fat," piped up a passenger.

The great magnate, in a clear and carrying voice, announced that the disgusting part in politics was the insolence of cads.

"Yah!" came from the departing boat.

Fees and Perquisites

This Colston anniversary I found inaugurated a winter of public dinners. Every society, every organization, held an annual dinner. A little cricket or football club with an income of $100 per annum held its yearly banquet of boiled mutton and apple tart at sixty cents a head, beer extra. The dinner swelled with the wealth and importance of the organization into elaborate banquets with choice wines. Toast lists were conventional and fixed, and the least important man who was important enough to speak at all generally responded late in the evening for the visitors.

I attended thirty-five public dinners this first winter, and when the spring came I had worked my way up from the visitor's response to proposing the House of Commons, or the House of Lords, or the Ministers of Religion, or prosperity to Bristol, or ships, colonies and commerce, and thought I was competent to speak without preparation on any subject at any place at any time. I was the only consul of career in Bristol, the important commerce of which had been historically and traditionally with the British colonies; hence other nations were represented by local British merchants engaged in business, who appeared in public in their private capacities; hence the absence of a consular corps.

I flocked alone, and was thus welcomed at many an interesting gathering to which I could not have expected an invitation if ten or fifteen other consuls must be asked. These peculiar conditions made my position specially pleasant. They cut formality, conventionality, small jealousies and vexations about precedence. I have found that consuls are as insistent on their municipal privileges as ambassadors on their international rights; and these consular privileges, being vague and undefined, are the more fiercely fought for. The treaty with England dated 1815, which contains a clause denying American ships entry at St. Helena because Napoleon lives there, is, I think, the only Anglo-American compact in which consuls are even mentioned.

"He who enters here leaves hope of wealth behind," is an inscription not needed over the portals of the State Department. Everybody now knows that, but it was not always the truth. When consulships were political prizes, every ingenuity was exerted to make the more important posts lucrative. The lesser positions could not, however, benefit greatly by the retention of notarial fees and were grossly underpaid; but even in my small post, there was a speculative element which added to the zest of life; there was joy when a tourist happened along with a bulging bag of documents to be acknowledged.

I once watched a consul in a great seaport opening his mail. He pounced on an official circular, made rapid mental calculations and exclaimed, "This will add $3000 a year to my income."

I read the circular without emotion, for it did not affect my consulate.

"How do you know that the new service is notarial?" I asked.

"Good heavens, man," he answered, "haven't you learned the first law of construction? Every fee is notarial until you're told it ain't."

This same consul was disallowed considerable sums by the comptroller.

"I couldn't bother with these narrow-visioned clerks in those Washington departments," he told me; "I sent the whole thing to the President."

What the President did I never heard, but I remember that President Grant is credited with saying, "We cannot change the law, but we can change the comptroller."

Such incidents appear almost ludicrous today on account of their absolute impossibility.

The salary of the consul general at London was listed in official publications at $6000. This was set out in bold type in the Blue Book and encouraged the West in the belief that democratic simplicity marked a consular service in which the chief officer was so modestly rewarded. An unimportant asterisk led to a slyly buried footnote which innocently read, "and fees."

What these exactly amounted to was known only to the holder of the office, and he was not announcing receipts through a trumpet. They were sufficient, however, to make the office the most lucrative in the gift of the Government. Had there been an income tax, the return of the consul general would have disclosed an income greater than the salary of the President of the United States. I once saw a letter in which the official stated his daily honorarium to be $200, and I think that $75,000 was the value of the office at its peak. Such rewards naturally attracted important and virile men, strong in party councils and interesting to meet.

My first London chief was Edwin A. Merritt, an upstate New York politician who had been collector of customs at New York. He had the most intense and exclusive passion for politics of any man I ever met. Visiting me once in the West of England, we drove to the top of the Cheddar Gorge and got out the better to see the lovely view over the green valley. On or near these Mendip Hills existed remains of Roman mines, sites of prehistoric lake villages, camps of ancient Britons, places credibly associated with King Alfred, places traditionally connected with King Arthur—Glastonbury, the Isle of Avalon; I asked Mr. Merritt which he would like to see. He seated himself beneath the shadows of Lion Rock. "Would you excuse me for an hour?" he said. "I've got a problem in New York politics to settle."

I went down the gorge and forgot time in exploring the stalactite caves, where the opal pinnacles refracted rainbows. Two hours later I found Mr. Merritt sitting as I had left him. I shall never forget that strong rugged face framed in gray hair and beard, the eyes gazing intently out toward the Severn Sea, the brain 3000 miles away, solving the problems of New York politics. He nodded, rose, and together we strolled in silence, his brow knitted, his concentration intense. Suddenly he turned.

"Young man," he burst out with fervor, "King Arthur had an easy job. If I had a dozen knights and an enchanted sword, I could sometimes get my way in New York."

Pomposity Punctured

To the consulate the next day came a resplendent caller—a beautifully dressed important man, with a silk hat so shiny that it reflected the distended eyeballs of Arthur Napoleon French, the colored office boy. His card proclaimed him a Western editor and his round sleek cheek and portly frame proved his paper successful. When he saw the consul general he seemed visibly to shrivel, as though one had pierced a rubber man. His erect back became jelly as he listened to the sternest, most incisive condemnation which I have ever heard given by an honest man to an impostor. His limp hand mechanically sought his pocket, he laid two golden sovereigns on the table, and he slunk away without a word. Never before nor since have I seen a crook hypnotized by personality and language into returning ill-got money. Mr. Merritt would have none of it.

"Help some lame dogs along," he said; and I bought meal tickets with it.

I recall that in hearing that indignant excoriation I thought of the simple vivid language of Bunyan. I thought too of the Midnight Letter. In that celebrated communication of the Garfield campaign, Merritt had been incidentally mentioned as "a good subordinate." I thought more highly of the Easy Boss. If this rock-hewn Merritt was subordinate, Mr. Tom Platt must be a giant.

From all which it may be seen that I was as deeply impressed as—but in a different way than—the victim. Merritt cared nothing for externals, but was liked for his direct simplicity. He told me once with obvious pleasure how greatly he had enjoyed an

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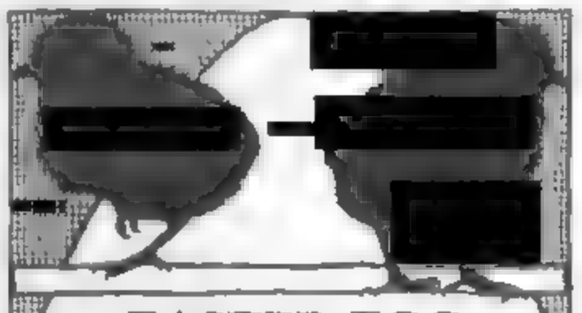

EASTER EGG DYES

COLORED eggs are to the Kiddies at Easter what Santa Claus is at Christmas, and turkey at Thanksgiving. Let them have a joyous Easter coloring eggs the CHICK-CHICK way. These improved dyes are SAFE, CLEANLY, SIMPLE to use. Insist on CHICK-CHICK—not the "just-as-good." 6 beautiful brilliant colors, handsome transfer pictures, Kiddy-Kut-Outs and a surprise for grown-ups. All Drug, Grocery, Stationery, 5 & 10c Stores. If your dealer hasn't CHICK-CHICK, send us his name and 10c. We will mail you a package.
FRED FEAR & CO.
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NIAGARA BLUE RIBBON

HAVE you plenty of sunshine in all your rooms? Niagara Wall-papers will bring sun-kissed [illegible] by good decorators at moderate prices.

Style Book
Send 10 cents for this new book—full of decorators' secrets and samples of the latest patterns, with their historical origin.
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WALL PAPER

PATENTS. Write for free Guide Books and "RECORD OF INVENTION BLANK" Send model or sketch of your invention for Inspection and Instructions FREE.
Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D.C.

The Wide Belt Vogue is Growing

WIDE BELTS are decidedly the vogue this year. And no wonder! There's style—swagger, mannish style to the distinctive tongue buckles and splendid leathers of Pioneer Wide Belts.

More—there is genuine Comfort—that appeals to older men as well as the most youthful. Men like the easy support around the waist—support that holds the trousers perfectly and does away with curling of the trousers waistband. Wide belts are particularly comfortable for men inclined to stoutness.

Styles call for widths of 1¾, 1½ and 1¼ inches in colors Black, Tan, Fair and Grey. And every Pioneer Wide Belt has a splendid buckle of exclusive Pioneer design. You'll like the style—you'll like the comfort—and you'll marvel at the wear of these new Pioneer Belts.

PIONEER SUSPENDER COMPANY
Philadelphia, Pa.

For 48 Years Manufacturers of
Pioneer Suspenders Pioneer Belts
Pioneer-BRIGHTON Garters

Also Sole Makers of
Kazoo Athletic Suspender Waists for Children

Pioneer Wide Belts retail at $1.00 and $1.50. For real man's comfort, insist on Pioneer Wide Belts at the men's wear counter.

PIONEER
WIDE BELTS

afternoon garden party given by Tom Hughes, the author of Tom Brown's School Days.

"Very homelike and simple," he said; "there were 200 people there at least, and I was the only man in evening dress."

That was typical; if the rest of the world was different, it brought only a passing comment and was forgotten

His successor was the first Democratic consul general in a generation. The genial and popular ex-governor of Connecticut, Thomas M. Waller, was clean-shaven, wore his hair a little long and was the natural possessor of a most pleasing, slightly histrionic manner. Visiting Bristol he and I sat in adjoining barbers' chairs and I heard the following conversation:

"Good business this week, sir?"

"Fine," responded the consul general.

"What kind of a show is it, sir?"

"A strong play with plenty of laughs."

"Most of the leads in the companies comes to me, sir. They generally gives me a couple of orders."

"Free list suspended."

"I'm a great lover of the drama, sir."

"Oh, in that case ——"

The consul general gave the barber money for two tickets and was so highly pleased at having been mistaken for an actor that he accepted his subsequent experience with laughter.

It was the period of the most intense national economy ever inflicted on me in forty years. The first year the Democrats were in power found the party's efforts at excessive reduction of expenses in part nullified by deficiency bills. Congress issued the stern edict that no such bills would be passed at the end of the fiscal year. The State Department apportioned allowances among consulates and there was mighty little left when it came to the little fellows. We were without the necessities of life. That is why I led the consul general into a fireless room colder than an Eskimo's igloo, where sat a sniffing office boy enveloped in a heavy coat. The governor shivered as I led him into cold storage in the private office. He looked blankly at the empty grate and then stared at me.

No Coal, No Gas

"No allowance for coal this year," I said cheerfully, turning up the collar of my fur coat and sitting down.

"Do you mean to say you sit here like this?"

"One makes sacrifices for one's country."

He made a perfunctory examination of records and wrote a letter. In that high latitude dusk comes early on a sunless day.

"Can we have some light?" he asked at length.

"Sorry; no allowance for gas."

He glanced at the pitcher.

"At least you have water."

"I pay for that myself."

He got even going out. He handed over the letter for mailing and forced two cents on me for the stamp. I was young in the service then, and optimistically believed that the governor would advise Washington of the harrowing conditions under which I worked; but I never got a nut of coal as the result of my practical demonstration.

It was while Governor Waller was consul general that the first efforts were made to bring the incomes of the more profitable consulates within reason. Certain classes of fees were greatly reduced by President Cleveland, who stood firm against heavy pressure from powerful officials and their friends. There was no thought then, however, of permanency of tenure; and in the beginning of his second Administration, Republican consuls were evicted faster than clerks could engross the commissions of their successors. Consuls had no functions then that gained publicity, and it was not until exporters began to use them as pioneers of commerce that an important business element perceived the need of divorcing the business branch of the foreign service from politics.

The weekly, sometimes daily trade reports, now given immediate publicity and oftentimes telegraphed to those interested, were not then made. Sometimes Congress appropriated funds for monthly printing of belated reports, sometimes it omitted to do so. These were so perfunctorily edited that a confidential communication from Mr. Sargent, Minister to Germany, was once printed as a commercial report, to his intense embarrassment. Once in a while it struck somebody to send out a questionnaire, prepared by experts, asking, as a rule, not about the sale of commodities, but about their manufacture.

"You are asking details I wouldn't give to my own wife," said the manager of a large mill to me when I timidly showed him one of these inquiries.

To answer another questionnaire I made a journey across England, because the only man who might give me information had gone to live on the East Coast. I was straining friendship, he said. I tried vainly in other directions and chanced to narrate my failure to a jolly American girl visiting in my neighborhood. I spoke of the matter for no better reason than that I sought a subject for conversation. At her request I showed her this complicated and intricate inquiry.

"Oh, I'll get all that for you," she said in an offhand way; and within two weeks I received such intimate details about the making of tin plates as to astonish me.

About the time that I received high commendation from Washington for this report, I saw the girl in an automobile, and in the young man by her side I recognized a partner in a tin-plate mill. He was driving with one hand and I no longer puzzled my brain over her sources of information. My subsequent wedding present was a solid silver cigarette box, made to look like a bar of tin.

Exporters' Mistakes

I recall an impressive response to one of these questionnaires made by a Scandinavian consular agent whose picturesque name after thirty-five years remains imbedded in my brain. Mr. Neré Elfwing, answering technical questions about currency and banking practice at which an international financier would have shied, shed a brilliant light over the printed page with this gem of thought:

"What are the effects of credit?" was the query.

"Splendid," was the terse, enthusiastic answer.

Such were the beginnings of consular reports on commerce and finance.

Sporadic letters came from would-be exporters of manufactured articles, usually hastily written and indicating on their face that the warehouse was for the moment overstocked and that perhaps the surplus could be marketed abroad. Such letters are rare now, and those that come are often a pleasure to read, so fully do they describe the goods and so definitely do they state the plans and aims of the writers. Such communications are proof of serious intention, and convince importers that after they have introduced a new thing to their customers, the goods will continue to be supplied. Promising beginnings in the older days often fizzled out. Angry importers, whose salesmen had made initial successes, used to burst in with letters from the States to the effect that domestic conditions had improved and foreign orders could no longer be filled. It was only when productive capacity was increased to the point that output could continuously supply both markets that miscellaneous overseas business could be firmly established.

I recall a striking instance of the death in England of "a novel and select line" through excessive vitality in the United States. I received a mysterious sample about which I made guesses until a belated letter advised me that it was an apron made of muleskin for blacksmiths. The letter described the product in such terms as to excite my enthusiasm, and the supple, strong apron seemed to deserve every commending word. I took it to the friend who held the exclusive British agency for Swedish iron, much used for horseshoes. There was no dell in Britain too secluded to escape the salesmen of my friend, and it soon became apparent that every smith in every hamlet and by every crossroad was passionately eager for a muleskin apron. Repeat orders went forward in a crescendo of figures. But one came back with this scribbled indorsement:

"There are not enough dead mules in the world to supply the home demand. Good-by."

I once received a letter as follows:

"Your valued favor received and contents noted. Same gave us full information, but had to be read twice to get contents."

Another:

"Your interesting report on barley gave us valuable information, but we read it over again before perceiving its value. Your

(Continued on Page 181)

A whole business was scrapped for this idea in Blue Serge suits

Every word in this story is precious. We can't leave out any of it. So if there isn't a pretty picture of a man in a new suit on this page, excuse us! We'll have plenty of pictures in the ads to follow.

THIS is a story of real interest to the man who is thinking of buying a blue serge suit. Reading it will help him transfer a little fatter bankroll from the old pockets to the new.

Back in the days when the automobile was just chugging out of the "one-lunger" age, manufacturers were trying to please everybody.

And were pleasing nobody—because of the high prices charged for the 'steen different models in one, two, three (yes, they even made "three's") and four cylinder models.

• • •

They could give you what you wanted all right—but you paid for it! There were as many different sizes, styles, and colors of cars coming out of each factory as there are fish in the New York Aquarium.

Prices never dropped till each manufacturer cut his line down, down, down—and SIMPLIFICATION came to the automobile business.

• • •

The automobile men learned this great lesson before the clothing people, we're sorry to have to admit. But read on—

Out of the West came The Middishade Idea

It was a man from the West—a successful clothier who breezed into a Philadelphia plant from which he had been buying a fair quantity of the many kinds of suits they made, and set the manufacturer off on a new train of thought.

"A story so interesting and so novel in the clothing business that SYSTEM published a whole article about it."

"If I give you an order for ALL the blue serge suits I can sell through the coming year," asked the man with the Stetson sombrero, "how low could you make the price?"

From 1,000 Items to One!

The manufacturer slept over the proposition. What an idea there was back of that seemingly simple question! The more he figured, the bigger the idea seemed to get! A business into the millions making clothes from a single fabric—and that the most popular of all, BLUE SERGE! No guesses as to whether they'd prefer dark or light patterns! No gambling! One item!

Action followed thought in short order. They stopped making more than a thousand varieties of men's clothing that a buyer might possibly take a fancy to have. A whole organization switched to the making of men's suits in the one fabric for which there was a year-round, country wide demand—old reliable BLUE SERGE—the one dependable suit.

The Story Breaks into Print

So Middishade Blue Serge Suits came into being—a story so interesting and so novel in the clothing business that SYSTEM published a whole article about it.

You're not a clothier—so we'll skip the technical details. But you do wear blue serge suits—and what you pay for them hinges on what the storekeeper paid.

The MIDDISHADE clothier is able to quote you a lower price because he buys at the real source—from a concern which hasn't a thing on its mind but making BLUE SERGE SUITS. It's because of this specialization that MIDDISHADE suits can be sold at such an attractively low price for such high quality.

The Sunproof Test

Real sunshine wasn't strong enough to change the color of Middishade. We tried it for endless hours.

So we sent samples to the United States Testing Co. Laboratories to be tested on the Fade-Ometer—a machine designed to prove color fastness beyond question.

Here is the report: *"The samples were exposed on the Fade-Ometer for 50 hours, the equivalent of 150 hours of average summer sunlight. The color was unchanged by this exposure.*

UNITED STATES TESTING CO., Inc.
By J. E. BELL.

At the Middishade clothier's in your town, you can see for yourself how master designers and tailors have cut more than twenty strikingly different models from the same fabric—that blue serge that wears so much longer than soft fabrics—that blue serge which is always in good taste—that blue serge that is of a grade so fine that this very number is used by the best Fifth Avenue tailors—that MIDDISHADE BLUE SERGE which is guaranteed to hold its color ALWAYS!

Send for Free Sample of Middishade Serge

and the name of a Middishade clothier in your town. And he'll quote you a price that will surprise you by its lowness! Address The Middishade Company, Philadelphia.

THE MIDDISHADE COMPANY · PHILADELPHIA · *"Sergical Specialists, operating on Blue Serge Suits only"*

Sunproof

MIDDISHADE Blue Serge Suits

CLOTHIERS: If you are not familiar with the Middishade idea, we'll give you all the details

Is the Balloon Tire here to stay?

MANY people are asking Dunlop—"Is the balloon tire here to stay?" The best answer to this question, in Dunlop's opinion, is that 90% of the new automobile models, at the national shows, were balloon-tire equipped. Such is the majority approval given by the nation's automotive engineers.

Dunlop's 37 years of world leadership, gained through building the *first pneumatic*, the *first clincher*, and the *first straight side tire*, is carried through to Dunlop Balloon Tires—already famous for their extra miles of *comfort*.

DUNLOP TIRE & RUBBER CO.
BUFFALO, N. Y.

DUNLOP
BALLOON
TIRE

—Dunlop has never done better

EVERY 2½ SECONDS
somewhere
in the world
someone buys a

DUNLOP

Made by the FOUNDERS OF THE PNEUMATIC TIRE INDUSTRY

(Continued from Page 178)

trade terms are correct and we do not understand why first reading did not sound familiar to us. If it would not be trespassing too much on your valuable time, could you suggest any explanation for this?"

My answer to the second was as follows:

"Your valued favor has been perused with interest. I have rewritten the report and am inclosing a copy of the amended edition. If it would not be trespassing unduly on your valued time, I should be glad of a line from you indicating which version commends itself most to you."

In due time came this response:

"Your valued letter with inclosure duly to hand; and would say, if you pardon the familiar expression, the second edition hits us in the eye."

These letters taught me a lesson. In all kinds of writing I had always tried to avoid conventional and worn-out expressions, and I had on my desk a list of more than fifty *clichés* to be avoided, all commercial. After this correspondence, I made this list my guide to letter writing. I used "same" without flinching, inserted "line of goods" where the context would stand it, considered every letter "a valued favor," freely "trespassed on your valuable time," thanked people without remorse "in advance," and all round made letters easier to write and read by the liberal use of canned phrases. I adopted form letters and form paragraphs and so achieved the ideal of a business communication; which ideal is to insert no expression so novel as to distract attention from the subject matter. There is a good defense for the *cliché* in commercial letters, but it is fair to say that the college man in business has set new standards.

Among the consul's duties was to stand sentry for the American customs, and it was his business to prevent undervaluations. In twenty-five years no invoices which were certified at my office were rated up at New York except those covering shipments of one commodity. Levigated colcothar became a nightmare to me. The Board of General Appraisers at New York fixed for this commodity an irrevocable value of 1.25 per cent above the British price. British shippers refused to be untruthful and would not overstate by this negligible amount the price at which they sold. Hence a solemn communication about once a month for years from the American customs censuring my office for permitting undervaluations.

The Colcothar Controversy

The Treasury Department ultimately became critical, the Department of State censorious. On those mornings on which I recognized among the letters the customary customs communications about levigated colcothar, I was depressed for the day. I presented my defense in long dispatches, on which figures were calculated to a fraction of a mill. I drove twenty miles to the plant, walked over acres of viscous clay with a large notebook in my hand, and examined with a microscope the books of the company—all to no avail. Only when supplies of levigated colcothar were exhausted was the customs exhausted.

This miserable product, masquerading under this high-sounding name, was no more than a red earth containing much iron, and I was never afterward comfortable in beautiful Devonshire, where all the soil is red.

In all the forty years of my consular work I recall only one other official criticism. During the war an American merchant steamship arrived at Cardiff, Wales, in ballast. The vessel had been chartered in New York by a private firm, had been requisitioned as a transport, but before loading had been lent to the French Red Cross. The cargo discharged at Havre, the master was told to leave on the next tide to make room for the next vessel. He had just fuel enough to get to Cardiff, and he chose that port because he knew he could get coal. He was a derelict, if the vessel was not. He knew no more than I whether the Army, his owners, the charterers or the Frenchmen were responsible for his bills; and to solve the problem by cablegram meant at least ten days' delay at a cost of $6000 a day; and the United States was crying out for ships. So I coaled him, getting the vessel under the coal tips with a delay of only two days—nonconsular ships were then waiting eleven days—paid for repairs, wages and supplies, and dispatched the ship so promptly as to excite envy among private owners.

I was naturally anxious about the many thousand dollars I had advanced for which I might have to look ultimately to private owners, but accounts were officially passed without comment. I thought perhaps somebody or other would commend my activities, but in due time came a portentous communication from the Department of State, imperiously demanding, on behalf of the War Department, why I had unnecessarily detained this vessel for two days.

To revert to consuls general. The successor to Governor Waller was Gen. John C. New, of Indiana. Intensely serious, with as piercing a pair of eyes as I have ever seen in a striking face, he had a very human side, and was so greatly tickled by a phrase I quoted that it became a kind of countersign between us. He never met me without saying, "We have no symbolic humiliations by the Wabash."

A topic of the moment was the attack of Jimmie Whistler on Augustus Moore, in the foyer of the Drury Lane Theater. The brilliant artist, who vainly tried to shield a quivering sensitiveness by an armor of studied wit and affected cynicism, sprang to the defense of a dead man whose memory had been attacked in Moore's paper, The Hawk. Whistler armed himself with a rattan cane as light as a wand, and between the acts rattled swift delicate taps over the shoulders, face and silk hat of his victim, shouting the while, "Hawk! Hawk!" I was one of two or three who saw the light castigation administered and noted the delicacy of that firm slight wrist which so deftly measured the blows as not even to knock the shiny hat askew; yet the sound was that of a little flat drum swiftly beaten.

"Symbolic Humiliation"

"Assault and battery—a nocturne," I afterward said to Whistler.

"You've caught it," he answered. "I do not bludgeon. My aim was a symbolic humiliation."

Recounting all this to General New, he made great fun of the possibilities of such symbolism in Indiana.

"I always keep a pistol in the drawer of my desk," he said. "I've never had to use it, but it's an insurance against cranks. If a man came dancing about me, tickling me with a sycamore twig, I wonder if I'd pull out the gun."

New had the gift of face memory so useful to kings and politicians. I once heard him promptly name a man whom he had met once in his life ten years before. The man was so greatly surprised and pleased that thereafter always he was a fixed and firm admirer of the distinguished Indianian.

Among New's successors was another Indiana man, who was the most winning and amusing after-dinner speaker I ever heard. There are no speeches allowed at the house dinners of the Savage Club—of which club I have been a member for more than thirty years but whenever John L. Griffiths came there, we found some way of evading the stern rule. We got him down to South Wales once, and I told him that among this race of perfervid orators he could not hope to put it over unless he had the hwyl.

"This 'hew-ill,'" he asked—"what is it? and how do you get it?"

"It gets you," I explained. "It's the mad passionate fervor that seizes you and makes you the mere spout of inspiration. Lloyd George, speaking in Welsh, especially in moments of invective, seems a mere conduit for a cataract of hurling words."

Griffiths laughed, but on the evening delivered some happily worded passages with twice his usual velocity and roused his audience to a mad enthusiasm. The echoes of that speech rang through industrial South Wales, sounded over Snowdon and reechoed in the green vales and glens of the North.

During Mr. Cleveland's second term the London consul general was Patrick A. Collins, of Boston. He was so greatly liked that he received a unique compliment. In the course of a consular conference in London, the consuls of the United Kingdom joined in giving him a dinner. Many important men traveling in Europe were gathered as guests and the top table was a glittering galaxy of political stars.

When Colonel Watterson spoke, we were astonished to hear an attack on the Ambassador, Mr. Bayard. Marse Henry was no painter of nocturnes in speech, and "symbolic humiliations" were evidently not understood in Kentucky. As the pungent sentences fell, I admired the composure of the victim, who sat with his noble head

Epsom Salt

Need not be disagreeable to be effective!

SQUIBB'S Epsom Salt is more agreeable to take because it is free from the impurities which are often present in ordinary epsom salt. Put a teaspoonful of Squibb's Epsom Salt into a glass of water and it will clearly and completely dissolve. No sediment will be noticeable—an evidence of cleanliness and purity.

Insist on Squibb's Epsom Salt in original Squibb packages. There is no more dependable guarantee of purity and efficacy than the name "Squibb." Physicians have used and recommended Squibb Products for more than sixty years. As a safeguard to health, see that the products in your medicine cabinet bear the name "Squibb."

Your druggist can supply you with Squibb's Epsom Salt, Squibb's Castor Oil (Tasteless), Squibb's Bicarbonate of Soda, Squibb's Cod-Liver Oil (vitamin tested), Squibb's Milk of Magnesia, Squibb's Boric Acid—and practically every other medicine cabinet requisite.

For those who prefer it—Squibb's Epsom Salt Special, slightly effervescent and practically free from the characteristic taste of regular epsom salt.

Ask your druggist today for an entry blank to the Squibb Healthy Baby Contest.

SQUIBB

E. R. SQUIBB & SONS, *Chemists to the Medical and Dental Professions since 1858*

McKINNEY HINGES

Think of the work hinges must do

Good hinges must play a dual part. They must perform real hard work without a whimper—swinging doors back and forth day-in and day-out; year-in and year-out. And all the while they must present the appearance of a fine ornament despite hard work. McKinney Hinges meet these requirements in full. Every one is made to outlive the door it swings.

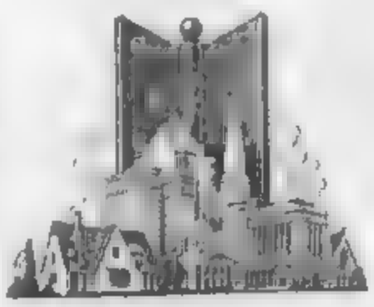
In building a home you can least afford haphazard hardware. An early selection avoids a shortage in your building fund.

When you visit your builders' hardware man, you will find it customary to decide first upon your locks. When this is done give careful attention to hinges. See to it that *your* hinges are McKinney's. And you will not fail to do this if you think of the work hinges must do.

You can obtain McKinney Hinge quality in sundry hardware articles, including complete hardware for garage doors.

A Gift for Those About to Build

McKinney Forethought Plans consist of little cutouts of your furniture made in proportion to your plans. With them you can arrange and rearrange your furniture right on the blue prints until you are certain the wall space, fixtures, doors and base plugs are as you want them. To aid in your home building McKinney will gladly send a set of these plans. Just write.



McKINNEY MANUFACTURING CO.
PITTSBURGH, PA.

slightly flung back, his face softened by a slight smile.

The irrepressible colonel's breach of taste threw a gloom for a few minutes over everybody except Mr. Bayard, who leaned over and said, "The colonel's fire still burns brightly," to which I promptly assented.

Driving home with Mr. Bayard, I learned with pleasure and surprise the secret of the stoicism that belonged as of right to the possessor of that profile of an Indian chief.

"I'm quite deaf," Mr. Bayard said, "though I don't parade it. They tell me that Colonel Watterson attacked me. Is that so?"

"A good-natured gibe or two, Your Excellency," I answered.

To revert to Mr. Griffiths. It would excite smiles in Indiana if I asserted that Griffiths was without political influence; but his promotion from Liverpool to the London consulship general was the first incident of its kind and definitely took the higher posts out of politics. The Department of State, pressing always through a generation as fast as Congress would allow toward its ideal, had now achieved a service founded on merit. Seldom has a system received such swift justification.

The war lifted London into a palmary position and found Mr. Robert P. Skinner in the seat of the consulate general. A retentive memory had stored his head with precedents gained in an extended consular experience. Quick, sound judgment, ripened by training, brought prompt decisions. A strong character enabled him to accept responsibilities. Necessity and temperament led him to translate into fact what had before been a theory; he established a direct yet unobtrusive control over the consulates in the United Kingdom which brought coördinated action and forceful unity. His eyes and those of an official I met in Brussels during the German occupation are the only two pairs I can recall which showed no strain of work, war or worry. I have met young consuls, oppressed by officialdom, who have looked solemn and complained of overwork. It was Mr. Skinner's gallant foible gayly to pretend always that he had plenty of leisure. Sunshine and justice were always to be found in his office.

A Ladder of Cards

Here is a true story, introduced in the hope that somebody can supply the moral: A young man, clever, of pleasant manners, held a very modest position in an American city and very good hands at the low-limit poker in which he indulged himself once a week. Invited by a successful friend to lunch at an expensive club, he was constrained by courtesy to make up an afternoon game at a limit beyond his means. He had unusual luck even for him, and won so much that he felt obliged to accept an invitation to give them revenge. He won again, and again on the third visit. Pressed to join the club, he paid initiation fees and subscription out of his winnings.

His run of luck continued through many months. It excited the suspicions of a new club member, who watched him sedulously for weeks, saw that he played an absolutely straight game and took a great fancy to him. When this new member was appointed to a very important consulate general, he asked his youthful friend to accompany him as vice consul general. This young man efficiently held the position which he had thus won at the poker table for many years, was highly regarded at the State Department, and was enormously popular among a long procession of traveling Americans.

It would be impossible in these days for an official so appointed to hold his position. Duties have so greatly expanded, and requirements become so highly technical, that nearly as long a training as for law or medicine is necessary. The foreign service has become a profession, founded on broad general knowledge, the possession of which must be proved by examination. Members of this unique profession, always few in number, will lead lives differing greatly from those of the vast majority of their fellow countrymen, will make some great sacrifices, will receive important compensations. Civic life, daily pride in the advance of the home town, the jury box, the ballot box—will be forfeited; some educative and interesting contacts with life will be lost. The friendships of boyhood cannot progress by daily meetings into the comfortable habit of years. The elders will not be near to pat success on the back or to condole with failure. The eager squabbles over club management, or reform in the city, or the vestry of the church, or the bond issue, will be lost. Vivid interest in and sympathy with the small, intimate affairs of neighbors and intimates will vanish, for continuous intercourse is necessary to know about beginnings and developments.

Death, divorce, bankruptcy, prison—these will be heard of; but they are endings, and the absentee will have had no chance to counsel, to attempt to avert or to sympathize. Engagements, marriages, successes in business, in public life, in the arts—these too, will be known; but the pleasure of watching friends striding toward achievement will have been missed. Letters and visits on leave will keep touch for a time, but in the end correspondence drops and friendships decline.

Initiative Sapped

It has been said that conversation is most interesting when most allusive; in other words, when talkers know so much about the subject that they can embroider its fringes. It is the same with letter writing, and only an exceptionally vivid correspondent can continuously send from abroad such letters as will encourage adequate response. Divergence of interests, death, misfortune, removal annually shorten the list of home-town friends. New names come up, new projects are devised; the daily paper becomes a weekly, scrutinized first in the death column. The foreign-service officer is a stranger in his own home. If he had settled elsewhere in his own country, he would have built up associations founded on business, on religion, on neighborhood or on common interests; but only exceptionally can he do this abroad. Hence his life is more detached than that of most people.

To some, this loss of intimacy with one small part of a great country is the same as loss of interest in the country itself. Few now hold the view that residence abroad, if official or for business, lessens love of country. Timorous people, fearful that the United States cannot hold the affection of its citizens, who have exceptional chances of enlightened comparison, will be encouraged to hear that in forty years' residence without the United States, I have met with only one man willing to forfeit his birthright. Such cavilers should remember, too, that residence abroad does not now sever all ties; wherever an American citizen may go, income-tax forms follow on his trail.

Initiative is one of the great gifts of life, presented to the limited few, and to such small number, eager for material success and determined to get it, the foreign service will not appeal. All government service saps initiative. The Department of State has little use for the man who habitually ignores easy means of communication and plunges ahead on his own judgment. Yet it will support or, if not support, sympathetically correct any action for which the consul can present a sound, reasoned argument. In the multiple duties of a consular office, here then is chance for the use of brains, greater than in routine branches of the government service.

Editor's Note—Mr. Lorin A. Lathrop was appointed from California as consul at Bristol, England, in 1883 by President Arthur. He served subsequently at Cardiff, Wales, and at Nassau, in the Bahama Islands. He retired in June of last year at the age limit under the provisions of the Rogers Act for the reorganization of the American foreign service. A voluminous writer of stories for the British public under the name of Andrew Loring, he turned his attention to the United States during the war and chose to make a fresh start under the pseudonym of Kenyon Gambier. Unknown under this name and without seeking introductions, he achieved immediate success.

This article is the first of a series narrating his unique official experiences. He is the only living man who has spent half a lifetime in a consular service which was the football of politics, and the other half in an organized service which laboriously lived down its past and ultimately by effective work won the confidence and respect of the American people. He will be able to make amusing and instructive contrasts.

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JOAB

(Continued from Page 19)

that he had briefly stopped frowning. His wide face seemed rather grave and wistful, as though a store full of food and an ivory whistle on a silver chain did not satisfy him that life was good. The pear occupied Guy for several seconds. It had been excellent, but he nodded off another and slipped his battered arms into the grocer's white jacket. Some younger clerks were grouped respectfully afar, peering at him from behind piles of food. Guy scowled at them casually and limped after his cousin into the sunlight and faint noises of this street again. Then he said "Oh, I'm sorry," colliding with Folger's scarlet back as the boy stopped on the sidewalk, and stepped to the south of him. Folger was glaring at the car beside the deep curb or at a man in bronze cloth who had taken Guy's seat in it. His glare was not the customary scowl, but came closer to a grimace that drew up his thin lips from sharp small teeth and made him hideously handsome. He took off his hat once more and ran a palm over his black head slowly. The Chalk in the little motor's cradle of red cushions grinned back, and his white face hung as a pale spot between his amazing hair and the blue linen of a shirt that made war on his coat. He appeared as a discord of colors and tints. One of his hands was ungloved and it glittered on his bronze vest. His hair ran in level tiers of red curls back from a curious forehead that didn't belong to his haughty nose or his cleft jaw. He was a Chalk, but not a Chalk. The curling hair rose from his scalp, and did not ruffle in a wind that blew dust lightly from the empty roadway. He seemed to be varnished from head to foot. His coat gleamed moistly and his hair shimmered with oils.

"Get out of that car," said Folger.

"Be polite!" the varnished person ordered. "This is Sunday. Take a rest an' act decent, Folly. Behave or I'll have to beat you up again, kid. Be polite!"

He crossed his knees and gave some attention to Guy. His amber eyes seemed to have no whites whatever, and the examination of a stranger bored him. He yawned, and fanned himself with a hat of coarse straws, gray and white mingled frightfully. No such Chalk had ever been seen in New Bedford. He displeased Guy in thirty ways. Chalks might be snobs and altogether dull, yet they didn't wear cheap rings or hats like that. But no Chalk had ever been so beautiful of face.

"Get out of my car, Urban. Cousin Guy's riding with me. . . . Have you been out at the place?"

"I'm going there, kid, going there. Are you invitin' me to walk, baby doll?"

Folger balanced the fresh bottle of milk on his palm and looked at his half brother's suit. His face was now wet and the fine color had vanished out of his brown cheeks, leaving them yellow. He deeply said, "This'll be all over your stuff in one minute, Urban. Get out of my car—an' keep off the place!"

Urban Chalk observed, "You win, you lousy wolf. Send me a check for two—make it three hundred today, Folly. I got to pay my rent."

"I'll send you just air, Urban. And I'm tired forwardin' letters from this woman you married in Oklahoma. She puts her address on the back of 'em. Guess I'll drop her a line and tell her where she can find you in San Francisco."

"Do that an' I'll have the eyeteeth out of your face," said Urban, and then was silent while three ladies passed on the sidewalk under parasols. He dropped a long leg from the machine and tapped a heel on the pavement, saying, "I'll have the heart out of you, Folly, if you send her a line. As soon as she's sick of writin' she can get her a divorce."

"Say," Folger growled, "ain't you got any shame, Urban Chalk?"

"Put it in water and keep it for breakfast," Urban yawned, and drew himself out of the car. "How much are you goin' to send me, honey bunch?"

"Just nothing. I might send you a hundred n-next week if you keep away from here. Th-there ain't any reason for me not to put you in jail, Urban. I just don't because dad might hear about it, you hound!"

Guy's muscles jerked stiff. He expected the crash of battle now, and wondered where Urban would land in a jump over the car's black tin. Folger swung the pale bottle from hand to hand and his scarlet shoulders bulked. A lad halted on the other walk of the quiet street and a man glanced sharply from a passing car. Urban stood with a finger on his lower lip and looked at the boy, blinking swiftly. Guy felt people behind him and saw that the clerks were jammed in the doorway, ready for something. The elderly clerk spoke suddenly.

"Be off out of this, Urban Chalk! I'm willin' to go for a officer anny minute, if Folly says or not! There's enough of this dirty business. It's a bad day you were ever born and a good one when you die."

"That's fair," said Urban, and turned around.

He strolled lazily down the sidewalk past closed shops and the muddled colors of a druggist's wares. Presently he paused to put on his hat before a mirror of glass in an upholsterer's spacious window and then strolled again.

"Will you hear reason now, Folly?" the old clerk asked. "This could go on for a long time yet. He's too old to be treated for a boy any more an' excused for his tricks. Anny day he'll be likely to do more harm. With a woman here in a car and two police-lookin' men with her this morning an hour ago!"

Folger spun and cried, "You didn't say that when I was here for the milk, Clancy!"

"I did not. If annybody chooses to put this Portygee behind bars, is there a thing to be said against it, Folly Chalk? Who'll mind but your father that was fool enough to marry this fella's mother when he was a young man and had the consequinces for years with him? You'll all sleep in your beds and no more broken arms in the fam'ly nor glasses being thrown at annybody. It's a shame before God to let a thing like of Urban Chalk run loose! I'm sayin' so an' I've said it before."

"Get in the car, please, Cousin Guy," said Folger.

He gave the new milk bottle to Guy and the car shot down the street. This broad way ran between constant shops, and little groups suggested church by collars and formal hats on the sidewalks. Guy fondled the cold glass in his hands and wondered what its weight would be on Urban Chalk's massed hair. The street ended in a circle of trees and benches, with a railroad station flaunting magazines from a stall and three men in blue denim idle on a truck. Light swam on the slick cloth of Urban's coat as his brother slowed the car beside him close to a live oak whose branches made blue figures on warm dust. The handsome man grinned down, nursing his lip again with a forefinger.

"Clancy says a woman an' some police were lookin' for you, Urb!"

"I shouldn't wonder, baby doll. It's what dad gets for sending me to Oklahoma, ain't it? The fat fool's tired of waiting for me to come back. I can't make enough on a saxophone, y'know, to send her much of anything. It's what I wanted the three hundred for. A fella owes his family somethin', kid. Send me three hundred an' I can settle with her."

Guy said slowly, "The saxophone's the lowest instrument in a band. A saxophone's as low as a prune or a toothpick," and dropped his feet out of the car with the bottle gripped in one hand.

"You can't thrash him, Guy!"

Urban Chalk stared down with his preposterous eyes and fingered his lip slightly.

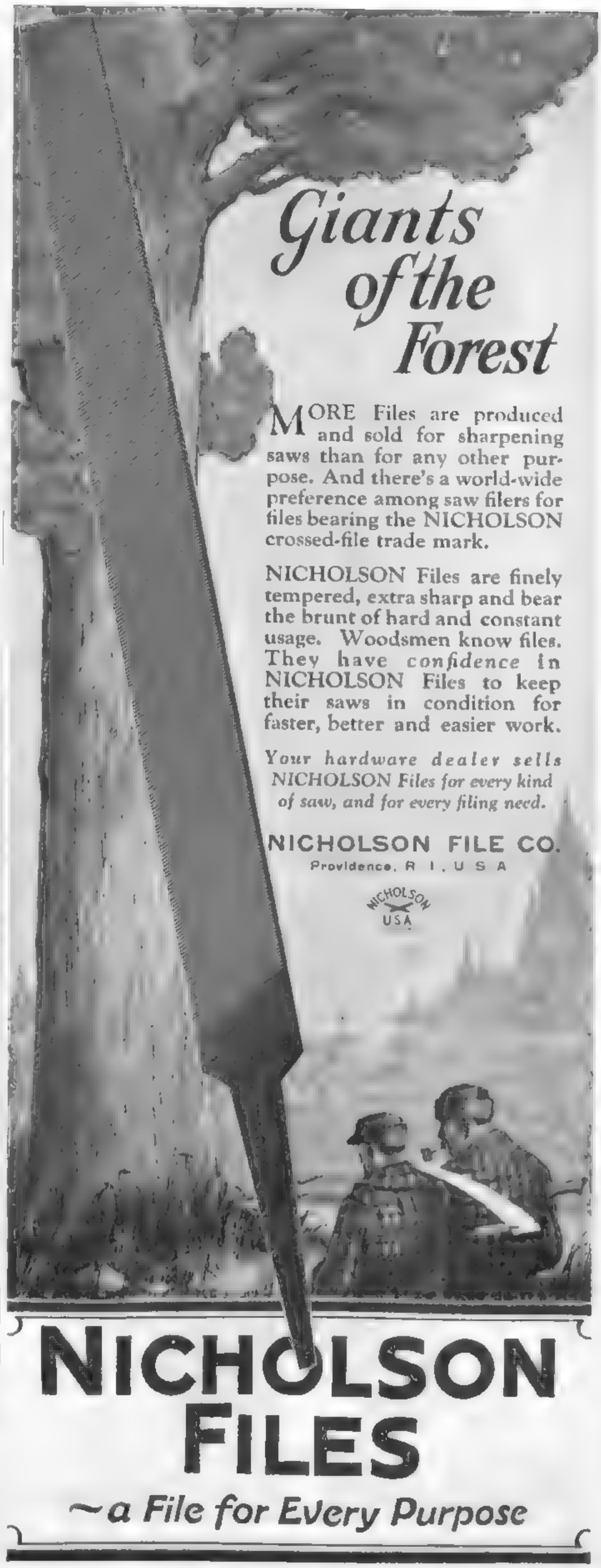
"It takes some talent to do anything with a saxophone, stranger. It takes talent."

Guy settled his heels on the pavement and said, with fear in his throat, "I could tootle a saxophone when I was twelve. All the kids in New Bedford can play one. . . . Where did you get that suit? It looks like ——"

"What's your name, little fella?"

"Guy Chalk—Guy Joab Chalk. . . . Your suit looks like molasses taffy, the kind you buy for ten cents a pound in Greek stores. And I don't like your hat. Of course, it goes with your hair." The fear in his throat became a brick to be swallowed. Urban would presently kill him, and how had he got into this fight? He said mechanically, "And if you have to oil your hair, why don't you have it cut now an' then? Remember what happened to Absulom. Let that be a warning to you, young man. You might get your hair caught in a—a lamp-post some night when the police are after you, and get shot up."

"The kid," said Urban, "is clever."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He lifted the ungloved hand and examined its rings one by one in an exact pantomime of sudden interest, but his stare did not leave Guy. He might pounce now at any breath. Some hatless men paused on a sidewalk before a window marked Dan's Place, Eats, and stood watching. Very suddenly, without noise, a man came close to the car from nowhere and said loudly, "You're wanted, Urb."

Folger grunted as if a blow had found his belly in a fight. Urban swung and looked at the man in gray linens, whose jaw was thrust out harshly under a wide black hat. Guy tucked his legs in the car and clasped the bottle frantically to his cheek, seeing a drift of feet over the dust.

"Who wants me, Mr. Vincent?"

"Over at the office. Headquarters men from San Francisco," said Mr. Vincent; "and the papers are all straight. The lady's along and she's got a record of your weddin' in Oklahoma to somebody named Marie Spelkoff. Come on, Urb. Folly, tell your dad there's no good of him doing a thing this trip. This is attempted bigamy and theft of property amountin' to more than two thousand dollars. Come on, Urb."

Guy became cold paste in the warm cushions.

Folger babbled, "'Minute! Just a minute, Mr. Vincent, please! Wh-what's he done?"

"Been keeping company with a young lady and lifted jewelry out of her folks' store. He was tryin' to marry the girl. Her folks turned detectives on him. It's all regular, Folly; and tell Ed—tell your daddy not to put up any fight. He can't be got out of this."

"No," said Urban; "I don't suppose I can, Folly. I suppose it's ——"

He flashed and twisted from end to end in a fearful movement. Guy saw a black hat soaring and a man reeling emptily away from the car. Urban was gone. A dragon of dust rose and then collapsed along the hot pavement. The man in gray rolled over and over as though he could not stop, and then men were running from everywhere and doors of shops gave out people. A woman flapped her apron as she came.

"I knew he'd do that," Folger groaned. "Vincent just ought to've held a gun on him"

A lank boy began to yell, "He run through Dan's place inta the alley behind!" And men now jostled into one doorway as more came heaving faces through another. The white-and-black barriers of the railroad drooped and a yellow train rolled in, while three motors stopped and the crowd swirled from broad lights and shadows of this open space. Men were picking Mr. Vincent up and an illegal silver flask appeared. Folger simply sat in the car and watched the train pull out, the run of its windows brightened by pink faces all aglow with teeth.

"Could he have got on that, Folly?"

"Yeh. He ran through Dan's place there, see? Up the alley an' round by the Jap laundry. He could get on a front platform. . . . Don't say anything, Guy. H-he could get off at Palo Alto or Burlingame an' get a car. D-deal gently for my sake with the young man, even with Absalom. I mean, dad had me swear on the Bible I'd never hurt Urb. Shut up, please, Cousin Guy!" He sat polishing the wheel of his hat's rim with a finger, slowly, while two young men in olive on motorcycles swirled into the press, dragging their feet on dust. One of them shot a look at Guy, and a grin. Guy grinned back. That was an affable policeman enough.

"There's the fellow that knocked me out, Folly"

"His name's Olson. His father works for us"

Presently Mr. Vincent said in loud command, "Get back, the lot of you! I have to speak to Folly. Get back! This is a private conversation now." He came walking slowly, and the Californians made a copious line of heads behind his gray suit. He rubbed his jaw three times and said with great gentleness, softly, "Now, son, Urb's probably halfway to Palo Alto by now. I've done all I can for your dad with a clear conscience. He could have made that train if he had the sense, and been out of the county. Some bright fella will telephone San Francisco in ten minutes or so. If he stays on the train into the city they'll get him at the station. Personally I hope they catch him. Ten years in prison would make Urb a pretty respectable citizen."

"Who's this woman that's looking for Urb, Mr. Vincent?"

"It's this girl's mother. She's a mad lady and she'll push the thing to the limit. Seems the girl went soft on his pretty face. She saw him tootin' his saxophone in some dance place. Tell your dad that Urb's sewed himself up for fair and it's punishable by law to give him aid, shelter or means to escape justice. The fact is," Mr. Vincent drawled, "I'll have men all around your place in half an hour, son. If Urb tries to come home it won't be so healthy for him. He'd better slide on to New York or one of those rough towns back East. He ——"

A fat man bustled up, holding a blue revolver at arm's length. The Californians stared as though they had never seen one.

"He must ha' spilled himself in the alley behind Dan's, Vincent. Here's this, and a Jap's picked up his hat by the laundry."

Mr. Vincent gingerly took charge of the revolver and looked sideways at Folger without speaking. Guy thought it disgusting that all these idiots stared so. The California climate was too clear, and this circle of buildings seemed to hem in the people as if they were pinned to blue shadows of their bodies on the pavement. Folger clicked the machine into life and said hoarsely, "Thanks, Mr. Vincent."

"The best thing you can do, son, if he comes on the place is to blow your whistle and ——"

His advice was lost in the car's bustling flight. Folger swung around a lump of his audience and went flitting up the street of shops, past the Golden Pussy Tea Room, with chintz curtains, and past B. Mentz, Photographer. The little car surged through a region of concrete villas, one of which had violet statues under the mimosas of its lawn. Guy looked at anything except his cousin. No Chalk had ever done such a thing. It was awful, and Guy became crisply conscious of owing the disagreeable railroad some money for his passage down from San Francisco's hungry slopes. He wondered what the value of transport in a cattle car, with two slats broken, from a bewildering freight yard on the edge of San Francisco might be.

"He just hasn't got any shame, Guy!"

Guy grunted. That was what his three aunts and a chorus of serious Chalks had told him when he was suspended from high school after a fight with somebody over a pair of football shoes. There were degrees in shamelessness. Eventually you oiled your hair, wore moist bronze clothes and carried a revolver, besides deserting one wife in Oklahoma and stealing jewels in San Francisco between sessions with the saxophone. Orchards now swung off from a smooth lane as shawls of rosy clay embroidered with an even, monotonous design of little plum trees. The golden hills showed just the ripple of their crests above this swarming foliage. Sun seemed to tranquilize this universe of dark leaves and quiet dust. An engine chased the trundling car and came alongside the motorcycle, with its affable policeman smartly lounging on his saddle, with his revolver heavy in its polished holster and his olive cap to one side of his blond head.

"Goin' to tell your dad, Folly?"

"No!"

"I spose not," said the friendly youth. "If Urb has any sense he'll hire a car at Palo Alto an' skin back to Big Basin—get in the woods. They put me on to patrol all around your place."

"Come in the kitchen if you want anything, Nelse."

"All right, I surely will. Sorry Urb dropped his gun, fella, 'cause I surely would have enjoyed blowin' hell out of him," said the policeman, and sped on.

"Nobody seems to like Urban," Guy remarked.

"Why should they? Dad's lived here all his life, and wait till you see the house Christmas Day! We had to put Urb off the place night after mother died. He got drunk," Folger snapped; "busted my arm for me. Two years back. Only, dad feels responsible. Says he spoiled Urb. I suppose you feel that way about a kid of yours. . . . This is the place, Cousin Guy."

The affable policeman was talking beside whitewashed gates to a pair of long men in brown canvas trousers. The news had arrived, of course, and the men would spill it swiftly in this forest of plum trees that changed rather suddenly to a forest of trees without names, and then to a watered yard of brilliant grass. Doves were toddling opals on a roof of shingle that roamed in two or three levels against the line of golden hill, and a Yankee porch dripped red-haired

(Continued on Page 189)

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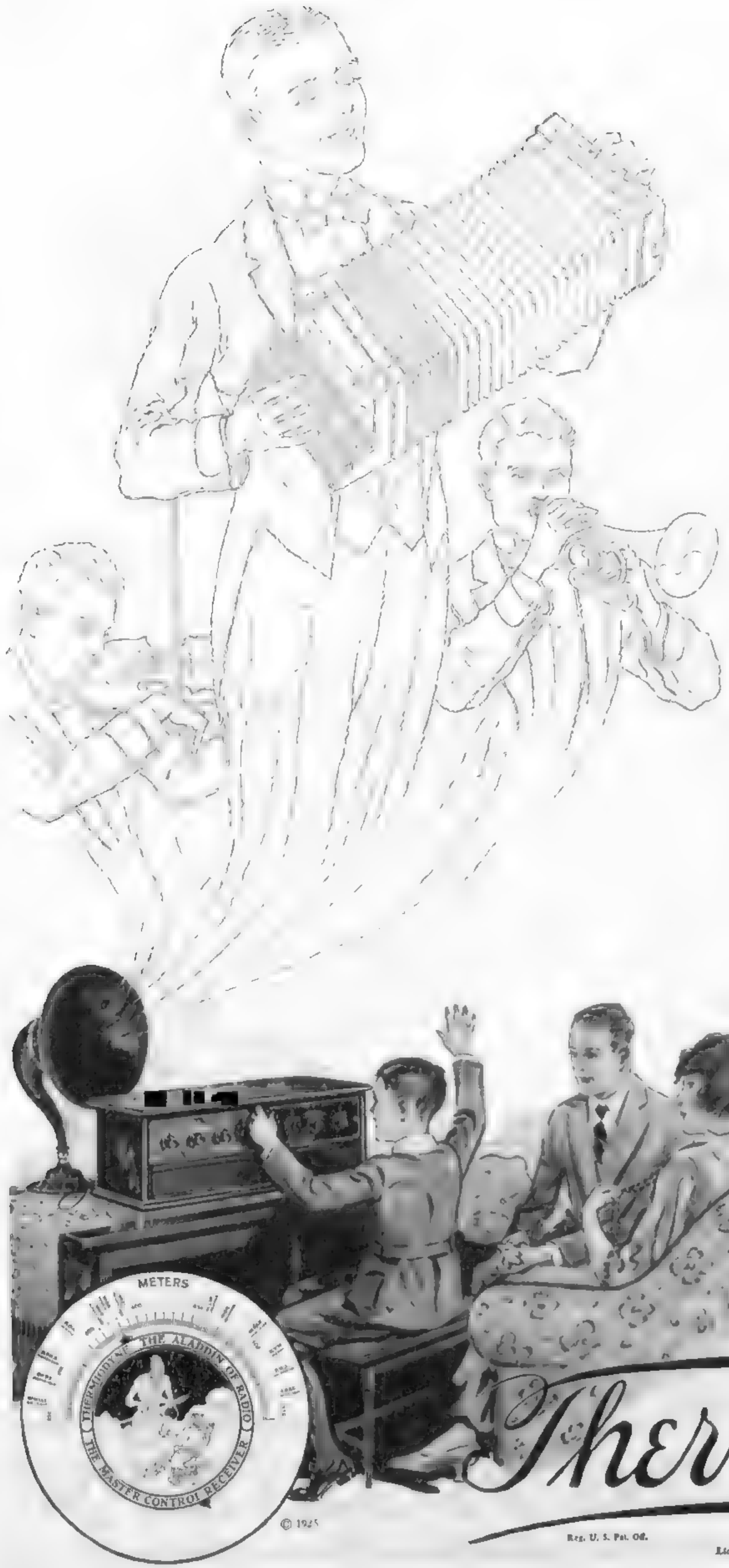

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(Continued from Page 186

Chalks, with some black heads, and many bloodhound puppies, which pranced upon Folger and loved him desperately. A very small black Chalk had no trousers and made a shrill complaint of the goldfish pond into which he had fallen, while he scowled at Guy vilely and battered Folger on the hip with his fists.

"You see," said a man in white linen from a deep deck chair on the grass, "it's what you get for goin' downtown. We're all in trouble. The Chink's out of bakin' powder and Bob fell in the fish." Folger bent over him and kissed him on his pink forehead under the red curls. This breach of the Chalk tradition did not scare Guy badly. The man's eyes did not open in the curt caress, and blue scars lay stark all over his wide face. Yet he was not ugly. He put a lazy hand on the silver chain around Folger's neck.

"Cousin Guy, dad. He's from New Bedford and went broke in Oklahoma. He's grand," said Folly, scowling, "and it took four men to chuck him off the cars down at the crossin'. He's my size and his hair's red. He don't like the Chalks back East any better'n grandfather did."

Young Robert Chalk demanded violently, "Where's his socks, Folly?" and fell over a small bloodhound.

"What kind of trouble were you in back at New Bedford, brother?"

Guy got out of the car and said helplessly, "Not any, sir. I just didn't like living with my aunts. Saved up my pay at the bank and came away. I wasn't in trouble, on my honor!"

"Good Lord, boy! I guess I said that the wrong way. Don't be offended. . . . What's your name now?"

"Guy Joab, sir."

Mr. Chalk laughed and tossed back his head on the chair.

"'Nother Bible name. Joab was the galoot that the whale swallowed, h'm?"

"Naw," said a long red Chalk with monstrous fists; "you're crazy, pop!"

"Go on and educate us, Noah."

"Joab," said Noah, "was this fish that shot Absalom all full of holes in the Old Testament. He said, 'I may not tarry with thee,' and stuck some spears in him. Ain't that right, Folly?" He turned to Folger with a scowl of inquiry. "It's in the stuff about King David and Absalom."

"I never thought much of that David," the blind man drawled, cutting a cigar; "he was always sitting round and being superior, and then when he got in trouble it took all the neighbors to get him out. A lot of thanks this cow-puncher got for removing that Absalom off the property, either. . . . Well, Guy J., what d'you think of our climate? Folly ain't in real estate and we won't sell you any climate. I'm asking for fun."

"I like it, now that Folly's fed me some. I hated it a good deal this morning though. I came from Tulsa in a day coach and nobody encouraged me to stay in San Francisco, so I found that cattle car in a yard and got in it."

Mr. Chalk beamed and drawled, "Is he frownin' his face off, Folly?"

"Yes-sir."

"Then he'd better stay where he's welcome. A Chalk that don't frown is all wrong. Come here and shake hands, Guy J. You're encouraged to stay and keep Folly company with the books. He adds rotten. We're ruined one day and then he goes over it again and we can afford to eat some more."

"Th-thank you, sir. I can add figures all right."

The blind man scowled up charmingly and told the small son, "That's how to shake hands, Bob. See? Don't pump the other man's hand around—just hold it, like Guy J. did."

"Urb don't shake hands like that, pop."

The tall lads all swayed as if wind blew their thick arms and heavy shoulders. Folger's eyes closed and then opened.

But the man said lazily, "I'll bet Guy J. wants a bath more'n he wants conversation, Folly. Turn him loose in your place with a lot of soap. Sound attractive, Guy J.?"

"Awfully, sir."

"Take him and wash him, Folly. Folly's investments," the man said, "are always good. Come back when Guy's comfortable, Folly."

Guy limped after Folger up the steps and through screened doors. His face chilled with the sight of Folger's face and he jumped as the boy yelled back, "Hey, No! Here a minute! Come on and help me find some stuff for Guy, bud." The big lad cantered into the hallway after him and shyly walked beside Guy down the corridor sprinkled with baseballs and kittens. They turned into a great room and Folger kicked shut its door before he whirled on his brother and said in a hiss, "Dad's hid Urban here, Noah!"

"I know all about it, Cousin Noah," said Guy miserably; "don't mind me."

Noah clicked his thumbs and nodded after a while. He might be seventeen. His rough voice rather quavered, asking, "Wh-what's he done, Folly?"

"About everything but kill somebody. Jewelry. Makin' love to some skirt. I was right! He is married to this woman in Oklahoma that writes him. They've got warrants and all. Nelse Olson's patrollin' around. When did he get here?"

"Ten minutes 'fore you did. He came up through the east orchard. I dunno what he told dad. Dad sent us away. He was damn near cryin', Folly."

Folger said, grinning dreadfully, "He's yella! I bet he's yella and wouldn't fight if he wasn't drunk! Where's he hid, kid?"

"Dunno. Dad brought him in, Folly."

The room was still. Guy stared around wearily, because his legs ached and he was once more hungry. Urban might crawl from under the old bedstead with his oiled hair flaring over the gray-painted floor of the Yankee room. He might be skulking in the bathroom with its big white-and-black tiles.

The bathroom would have been luxury an hour ago. Water dripped delicately as a lazy voice in the great round tub with its curtains and silvery shower. Outside the windows sun flowed on live oaks and a sunken goldfish pond with the glittering motion of fins visible. To the left some men were idle on steps of a long building, and fields of vegetables spread away up the slopes of the glowing hill. This fair world stank because Urban Chalk was somewhere fingering his lip and puzzling over roads to Mexico or to islands in the ocean.

"See if dad's room's locked, No."

The boy went softly out on his big feet and did not shut the door. He merely crossed the hallway and stood against another door for a moment. Then he came back, shut this bedroom, and said, "Key's inside."

There was a flat Chinese desk between the windows. Folger sank in a chair before its teakwood and opened a drawer slowly. He was sweating again, and Guy watched the black stain swell on his scarlet back. He had been sworn to deal gently with the young man, even with Absalom. Guy chewed his tongue and followed the revolver as it rose from the drawer and then sank back into it. "Deal gently for my sake with the young man, even with Absalom."

"Folly, your dad can get in trouble for hiding that hound!"

"Oh, we can't do a thing, Guy! Don't you see? Dad wouldn't stand it. And he don't know half the stuff Urb's done. He's been blind two years."

"Urb forged his name," said the red Noah. After a time he choked, "Fol, I'll go tell one of the men he's on the place, and ——"

"Shut it off! Dad would hear. . . . No, he'd find out you did it, kid," said Folger. He strolled to a deep closet whose door knob trailed a soiled shirt and hunted out a bath robe, saying absently, "This'll be all right for yours, Cousin Guy."

"Don't bother about me, Folly, please. . . . You men, this is pretty serious! He's an outlaw, you know!"

"I know; only it'd break dad all up, Guy! He thinks he spoiled Urb. He —— I bet," Folger gagged, "that hound lied to him! I bet he ——" He dragged at the silver chain and it snapped with a sharp, loud click in his brown fingers. Folger stared at the thing for a while and then tossed the ivory whistle and the links on his desk. "Well, dad'll make me get some money, and that'll make somebody suspicious downtown, and then they'll have the place searched and dad'll be fixed for trouble! It's fine! It's fine! I love it to death! Y-you have your bath, Cousin Guy. Come on, No, let's find out what this lousy, low, stinkin' egg told dad!"

He opened the door and scowled at his father's placid door across the hall, then vanished on light feet.

The red-haired boy frowned at the whistle on the desk for a time and his hands twitched. Then he said angrily to Guy, without looking at him, "If I hadn't promised not to hurt Urb, I'd blow that whistle

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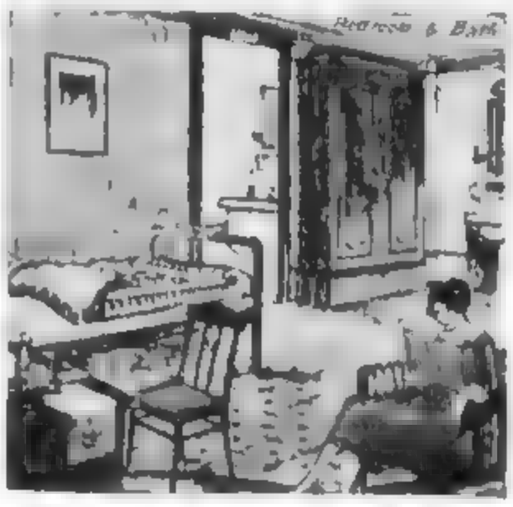

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and tell the men to fetch him off the place!" He turned and stumbled out, shutting the door.

Guy kicked off his shoes and shed the white grocer's coat. The painted floor soothed his naked feet. He was immensely hot, but frozen inside his battered chest with its rags of shirt. He picked up the fat ivory whistle and licked his lips. Out there in the sunlight were the hired men on the steps of the low house that must be their barracks. Blow it and tell them! They must hate the handsome man too. Nobody could like him. Blow it! "Deal gently for my sake with the young man, even with Absalom." Well, nobody was going to kill Urban Chalk. They would just put him in jail for a while. The blind man wouldn't have to go mourning up any stairs—"O, Absalom, my son!" His room was on this floor anyhow. "Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom my son, my son!"

Guy licked his lips three times. After that he walked into the bathroom to find a tumbler and have a drink of cold water. His son! There might be some good in Urban, and his father might know of it. Anyhow, they would be sure to catch him when he sneaked off the place, up the golden hills, after dark. He couldn't hide his hair or his pallor or his splendid height. He would be caught and the blind man need not be hurt. Why, if they could keep the little kids from talking, he need never know! Guy stuck the whistle in his pocket and stared at himself in a mirror over the stand. He was certainly an object! A merely moderately handsome Chalk never looked well with a black clot of blood on one end of his mouth and his breast all smeared with bruises. He ran a finger about one bruise shaped as a pear and wondered whether it would last long. Then he curved backward from the mirror in a thrill. His feet clung to the tiles. Urban Chalk was standing in the bright bedroom's middle and smiling through the door at him. This smile was a deathly machinery of white flesh and the face now had a scraped red patch on the round chin. Guy somehow saw that the man had no shoes and that his socks were blue. Light passed between the wavering white curtains of the two windows on his bronze coat and made it glimmer foully.

There he stood with a finger on his lip and smiled. The other hand was hidden in a pocket of his coat.

"What brought you here?"

"Folly did. I'm taking a bath," said Guy.

"This ain't Saturday night, little fella. This is Sunday."

Guy said, "Pretty stale. D'you know the one about why a hen runs across the road?"

And he hated Urban so that his breast sweated while he shivered from the chill of the tiles under his feet. A scent of some perfumed oil welled in the long room's quietude. The hair glowed in its tiers and curls. Urban looked away once at the open door of the deep closet and swept his yellow stare over the gaudy bath robe on the bed where Folly had tossed it. Guy's toes curled on the tiles as the eyes returned to him. The man would come and batter his skull to pieces on this marble floor.

"Where's Folly?"

"I don't know."

Urban softy stepped toward the desk and sat down in its attendant chair with a faint creak of old wood.

He said vexedly, "I suppose he's yellin' at the old man to make him turn me out. Knows I'd come back and have his heart out if he did. You walk easy, Red. I got friends that'll settle for me if any of you little guys let the men know I'm here. I'll be gone in the morning. . . . Just practice patience until the A.M."

He must belong to a gang in tortuous San Francisco's alleys. If he was betrayed they would make his family pay. Ice rolled in Guy. He stood watching Urban snap open a box on the desk and finger some stamps. He must be looking for money. He picked up the broken silver chain and fingered it, then sniffed and let it fall.

"You could sell that," said Guy.

"One dollar. . . . Oh"—Urban grinned and stooped to the drawers beside his bronze leg—"yeh!"

The gun. He had lost his gun and needed one, and was stealing Folly's. He opened the top drawer and took both hands to the job of rooting out papers. All at once Guy saw a green spark in the white fingers. Urban lifted up a twist of gold and a green stone that twinkled, a scarfpin. He hummed between his teeth and plucked out a leather box. Links and studs fluttered through his fingers. He held up and touched to his lip a pearl button. Guy wriggled.

"Here!"

"Hey, Red?"

"Th-those are Folly's!" Guy chattered. "That's—that's rotten!"

"If he don't like it, little fella, he can blow his tin whistle and the men'll run for a cop," said Urban. "I'm just lookin' at them. They ain't worth having. . . . What you doin'? Stand still or —— Stop it!"

Guy ripped at his pocket and the whistle was dry on his tongue. Urban upset the chair before the thing screamed horribly in a rising sob of noise. It shrieked and Guy stepped backward from a lunge of the white hands.

"Quit!"

The whistle shrieked and Guy stumbled on something low. His elbow cracked against the other wall of the bathroom and he looked down at Urban's blue socks on the tiles. The man's fist swept under his chin the first time and then it caught his shoulder when he ducked. The whistle seemed to yell in a protest. He must stop and fight now. He crouched and blew again as the bronze coat swooped down. Without any sense, he jammed his head at Urban's face and they went spinning on the tiles, while the whistle danced away and hid in a corner beside a dirty towel.

"I'll have your heart!"

"I dare you!" said Guy, too tired to get up from the tiles. He shut his eyes and rolled over, dead already. Then there was silence while he flinched. Urban would stamp on his head. The heel must be hovering. He set his teeth and tried to roll again. Then he yelled, "Go ahead!"

Men were shouting off in the fields. That wouldn't save him. He must look up and see Urban grin. He looked and there was nothing but the curtain of the shower bath. There was nobody by the desk in the long bedroom. Guy sat up. Then he got up and looked over a sponge drying on the window sill at men running toward him. Somebody was pounding on a door. Somebody crashed against a window frame and clashed out an oath of pain.

"Hey, Folly!" Guy limped into the bedroom and said to a man halfway through the window, "Folly ain't here. I b-blew . . Where'd he go? Where'd Urban Chalk go?"

"Didn't jump out," said the man in a sensible, pleased tone. "Must be in here, friend."

Guy bent and hauled out the second drawer of the desk. He did not want to hold the chilly revolver, and this blond man seemed capable. He shyly offered the machine and said, "Here, this is for you, sir."

"Thanks, bud, I got one."

Several men now crawled through the window, and one of them had no top to his straw hat. Two of them had revolvers and the last was a Chinaman who giggled idiotically in a blue silk jacket. They clotted by the window and seemed helpless, with somebody hammering the door.

"Well, he was here!" Guy argued.

Folger yelled outside, "Guy! Cousin Guy! Open up!" And the Chinaman wriggled in the bunch of blue shirts to open the door. Folly's jersey flared and he bawled, "What happened? What ——"

"He was stealing your studs and things, Folly."

Folger swung his fists and glared around, grinning too. His face crimped its brown flesh and he said, "Well, Urb ——" And then he scowled uselessly at the bed and the bath robe. A motor began to chatter somewhere.

"H-he was right here, Folly, going through your desk!"

The hired men, six of them, all breathed heavily and said no word. After a moment the Chinaman gave a funny chirp and pointed a rolling pin at the shut door of the closet. It had been open and now it was shut, a white oblong on the pleasant gray wall. Guy said with relief "There!" and beamed at the young policeman coming superbly through the window with a cabbage leaf on one heel.

"Where's he at, Folly?"

Men said in an immense chorus "In there, Nelse!" and pointed variously at the closet. The policeman kicked the cabbage leaf from his heel and waved his revolver in a graceful curve toward the white panels.

"Come out, Urb! No good of that! Come on out now!"

"I'll blow you to hell!" said Urban heavily.

The men shifted and the policeman rubbed his nose. Folger sat down on the bed wearily and passed a hand back and forth across his red chest. He cried out in the dreariest voice, "Aw, Urban, b-be a man! What's the use of that? Your name's Chalk. Don't be so yella. Please don't!" He gulped and cried again to the white door, "Haven't you done dad harm enough? I should think that smashin' his eyes out an' forgin' his name would be kind of enough for you!"

Then he forced his head under a pillow of the white bed and lay there as if he wanted to hear nothing more. An icy calm filled the room. The Chinese servant laid his rolling pin lightly on the desk and brought out a package of American cigarettes. The policeman's eyebrows rose in scornful arcs on his forehead. Through all this quiet, the blind man strolled into the room and shut the door after him.

"Where's Urb, Folly?"

Folly hauled the pillow closely down over his head and writhed, but did not answer. Presently Guy had to speak for the name of Chalk. He croaked, "H-he was huntin' Folly's gun in the desk here. I I blew the whistle; I blew it, sir. It's my fault."

"It's nobody's fault, Guy J. Don't you cry, brother. . . . Urb!"

Urban yelled in the closet, "I'll blow you all clean to ——"

"Start right in with me, Urb! Finish what you started, son! Come on," his father said in the laziest scorn. He buttoned his white coat and strolled to find the knob of the door. "Come on, Urban! You had the nerve to come in here bawlin' you'd shot a man and his friends would see you hung for it! You had to be drunk before you dared even to hit me. Come on! There's prob'ly another glass around you could chuck in my face if you daren't shoot me."

"Look out, Mr. Chalk!" the young policeman said.

"I can run my own family, Nelse Olson, without the neighbors comin' in. Thank you kindly though. Come out of that, Urban Chalk," he shouted, "or I'll send Guy J. in to bring you out by the hair of your head!" He opened the door. There was a dreary, wincing noise in the depth of the closet. The blind man stared down as though he saw, and then commanded terribly, "Get up and come out of that! Do I have to kick you out of here, Urb? Get out, or I will! Get out of the house this minute or I won't have Folly hire you a lawyer! That's better. Now behave yourself and go quiet. Good-by."

Guy sat down at the desk and put his head in his hands so as to see no more of this. There was a stir of heels on plank and the noise of cloth sliding over the window sill.

The policeman said curtly, "Walk ahead of me, Urb! Walk slow!" as though he spoke to a dog casually.

Shadows passed the windows. The men tramped away in a noise of humming voices.

"Are you hurt any, Guy J.?"

"No, sir. He j-just spilled me once. Then he went and hid."

The blind man drawled, "We've had aplenty of trouble in the family. Folly'll tell you all about it while you're gettin' dressed, brother. I'd be obliged if you wouldn't write home to anybody about this, Guy J."

"I sh-shan't, sir."

"That's fine, son. Folly, get Guy J. cleaned up directly, 'cause lunch ought to be ready. Tell the Chink to save me some lunch, son. I don't feel like eatin' just yet a while. So long."

He opened the door and walked straight across the bright hall into his own room, whistling slowly an old march. The tune went on for a while after the door shut, and then it stopped.

"Hey, Folly, will this have to be in the papers?"

"I guess so. . . . Wh-what kind of socks d'you want—plain or silk?"

"I don't care. Whatever you're wearing. But," said Guy, limping into the bathroom, "you ought to go talk to the editors and things. We can't have a business like this get back East. We've got to think of the family. Those Chalks in New Bedford would talk about it for years. . . . Where's the soap?"

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INTERNATIONAL MARRIAGE

Continued from Page 8

one by one, but it is obviously pregnant with disillusionment for a girl brought up to believe just the opposite.

Whether or not an eighteen-months-old child should be allowed to sip wine caused serious discord between another American friend of mine and her European husband.

"It is uncivilized to give wine to a baby!" the indignant mother declared. "I never knew the taste of it until I was eighteen; as a child I always drank milk. All children should drink milk!"

"But I, who was brought up drinking wine, cannot agree," said the father. "Milk may be an excellent food for calves, but it is not suitable for children. A little wine is good for the boy, and will gradually accustom him to it."

Now he was a pleasant and unusually thoughtful man, not in the least tyrannical, but he insisted, naturally enough, upon raising his son as he himself had been raised His wife resented this, as was equally natural.

Moreover, according to her standards, the boy was dreadfully spoiled. She maintained that he should be put to bed at an early hour regularly every night; the indulgent father considered this absurd. When her mother-in-law visited them which seemed to the wife to be much too frequently—the boy was kept up until he would become so overstimulated that he would sometimes lie awake most of the night, with resulting irritability and nervousness. But as they lived in the husband's country, surrounded by his relatives and his environment, his standards won out.

Controversies in regard to children are not confined to their physical care or diet, however. Even more distressing are the differences in the outlook on life which the child gradually imbibes and which often differ sharply from those of the mothers. Children of two differing races, such as Anglo-Saxon and Latin, for instance, are in themselves a problem, for by their very heritage they have sometimes quite definite dual personalities.

One of them said to me the other day, "It is almost impossible for me to accomplish anything. My Puritan blood, which I inherited from my mother, says I must always be busy. The Latin blood of my father says, '*Dolce far niente*.' I start out to do something, full of ambition. Then my other self says I am a fool to make such an effort. Always I am pulled in opposite directions. It is really very difficult."

A Dearly Bought Title

Because the children of international marriages usually live in the father's country it is his ideas and his outlook on life, as well as his philosophy, which usually predominate. The mother, realizing this, often tries all the harder to influence the children to think as she has been brought up to think.

Sometimes the European husband does not object to this propaganda, but in many cases it leads to further marital difficulties.

An American girl, whose marriage was in many ways typical, found this out not long ago. To the alliance she brought the money, and her husband furnished the title and blue blood. Neither of them was actuated entirely by worldly motives, however; that is to say, the man, being the head of a distinguished but impoverished family, had been told from the time he was a boy that it was his duty to marry an heiress, and having arrived at a suitable age, he found this girl, whom we may call Mary, the most attractive heiress on his horizon. Mary, on her side, found the young marquis a dashing and romantic figure, and was thrilled at the thought of becoming a real marquise.

At first the match seemed equitable enough. She enjoyed her title very much—especially when she was with her compatriots—and he enjoyed a handsome income. But this, they were to discover, was not all.

He complained, after a while, that her frequent and rather loud laughter offended his sense of decorum. He criticized the way she dressed, and suggested that she would do well to model herself on his sister and cousins, who formed an inevitable part of their entourage.

The indignant wife retorted that when he paid for her clothes she would listen to his suggestions with greater interest.

This repartee did not disturb him, for he was part of a civilization which sees no reason why money should not be provided by the woman. He went on to suggest that Mary should stop seeing certain American friends of hers whom he found distasteful.

"I shall have whom I please in my house," she said

He lifted his eyebrows. "But it is not your house, and you will not see whom you please in it or out of it."

Nor did she. It seemed incredible to certain compatriots of hers, but he was unquestionably able to carry out his desires.

After their two children—a boy and a girl—were born, they differed so continuously regarding their upbringing particularly that of their son—that life became unbearable to the mother. She adored her son, and she resented fiercely the point of view which she saw his father implanting in his impressionable young mind. At last, being a true American, she decided that as she and her husband could not live together in peace, it would be better for them to separate. After a severe quarrel she spoke determinedly of divorce.

Penniless Rich Girls

The marquis laughed at her. "Such a suggestion is ridiculous," he said. "We do not admit the existence of divorce. Separation? Yes, if you must, I will allow that. I will even let you take the girl, although I do not know if you would train her properly for her future position."

"And my boy will stay with you?"

"But of course. Do you think I would give up my heir? I am not crazy."

Of course they did not separate. Eventually, after she had given up trying to change his views about their children, after she had given up most of her American friends, after she had stopped laughing loudly and had indeed acquired something of the manner and decorum of his sister, their marriage was uneventful. I have even heard it called happy.

Another friend of mine, an orphan, who brought a sizable fortune to her husband, without even gaining a title in the process, often finds herself without any money whatever in her purse. Her property is all in the country where they reside, and so, of course, belongs to him. He is kind to her in a way, but he believes that all women, particularly all American women, are spendthrifts, and that he is much better able than she to supervise all expenditures. He likes her to dress well, but he can see no necessity for that which is called pin money, so she goes without it, sometimes under humiliating circumstances. But there is nothing in the world she can do about it.

That this sort of thing is a common experience is shown by the carefulness of wise American fathers whose daughters have married Europeans in keeping control of the capital and sending the income only to their daughters. I know one cautious father who sends a comparatively small monthly amount, and who then makes an annual trip to Europe to see his daughter, at which time he buys all her clothes, so that he can make sure that the money is not diverted by the husband into other channels.

One of the most picturesque examples of the possibilities of diversion of this kind is shown by the story of Countess S. Before her marriage to Count S she was Mrs. B, a pretty young widow from a Middle Western American city. While traveling in Europe she met Count S, who was one of the most charming men imaginable, at an embassy dinner. His courtship was romantic in the extreme, and as she had been married before to a matter-of-fact, unimaginative business man, she was especially susceptible to the glamour with which the count surrounded her.

After their marriage she began to learn little by little that some of his charm proceeded from the fact that he had been brought up in an atmosphere in which flattery and attentiveness to women are as natural, and sometimes proceed as little from the heart, as our talk about the weather. Nevertheless, even after some of the surface glamour had worn off, she was happy. Her husband was a man of culture as well as worldly experience, and through him and his wide circle of friends she acquired many new interests. One of the things which they keenly enjoyed in common was the purchase and restoration of a medieval castle. At her husband's suggestion she had transferred all her money from America to her new country, and of course it was she who paid for their estate. She was entirely willing to do so; he had not deceived her about the low state of his finances; the only point on which they differ was that she thought they put a disproportionate amount of capital into this one property. It was a splendid place though, and she grew to have strong affection for it. In the process of its remodeling and furnishing she began to study Renaissance architecture and decoration, and became quite an authority on them. So the place became not only her home and a center for her husband's friends, but it was a true expression of her personality. Every table and chair, every flower she had revived in the court garden, every bit of old brocade or tapestry that hung on the wall had for her the warmth of association and its individual story.

Not many of her American friends saw her in this environment because her husband did not like her fellow countrymen. Those of us who did visit her, however, were struck by the charm and poise which she had developed in life abroad. She had acquired ease and dignity of bearing; she could talk delightfully of books or music or painting or politics; but even more endearing, she could refrain from talking on any of these subjects if her audience was not interested. She had no children and this was a source of deep regret, but on the whole her life moved in an unusually pleasant channel.

Then one day the count was accidentally shot while hunting in their own woods, and he died almost immediately. His wife was devastated by a sense of irreparable loss, and forgetting all occasional irritations, remembered only how sweet had been their mutual dependence and their close companionship.

A Fortune Willed Away

She was surprised when his younger brother came to her, just after the funeral, to talk to her about his will

"Must we discuss it now?" she said. "He had almost nothing."

"Almost nothing! Why, this place is worth ——"

"Yes, but you see I bought this place," she interrupted. "I paid for it and had it restored and I bought all the furniture. As a matter of fact, I put half my capital into it, but he wanted it done properly."

"Um," said her brother-in-law. "Of course he was the head of the family; everything was in his name."

"Oh, yes, but that's a mere matter of form."

"No, a matter of law," he corrected her.

He finally disclosed the fact that her husband had left a will bequeathing this estate which she had bought and labored over for so many years, and which was her only home in the world, to his nephew, the eldest son of his brother!

When at last she had been shown the will dated some years before, and had learned that there was nothing, legally or morally, she could do to change it, she began to pack her clothes. She says that the only emotion that she had at first was an overpowering impulse to run away, not only from the place itself, with all its heavy fabric of association, but most of all from her friends.

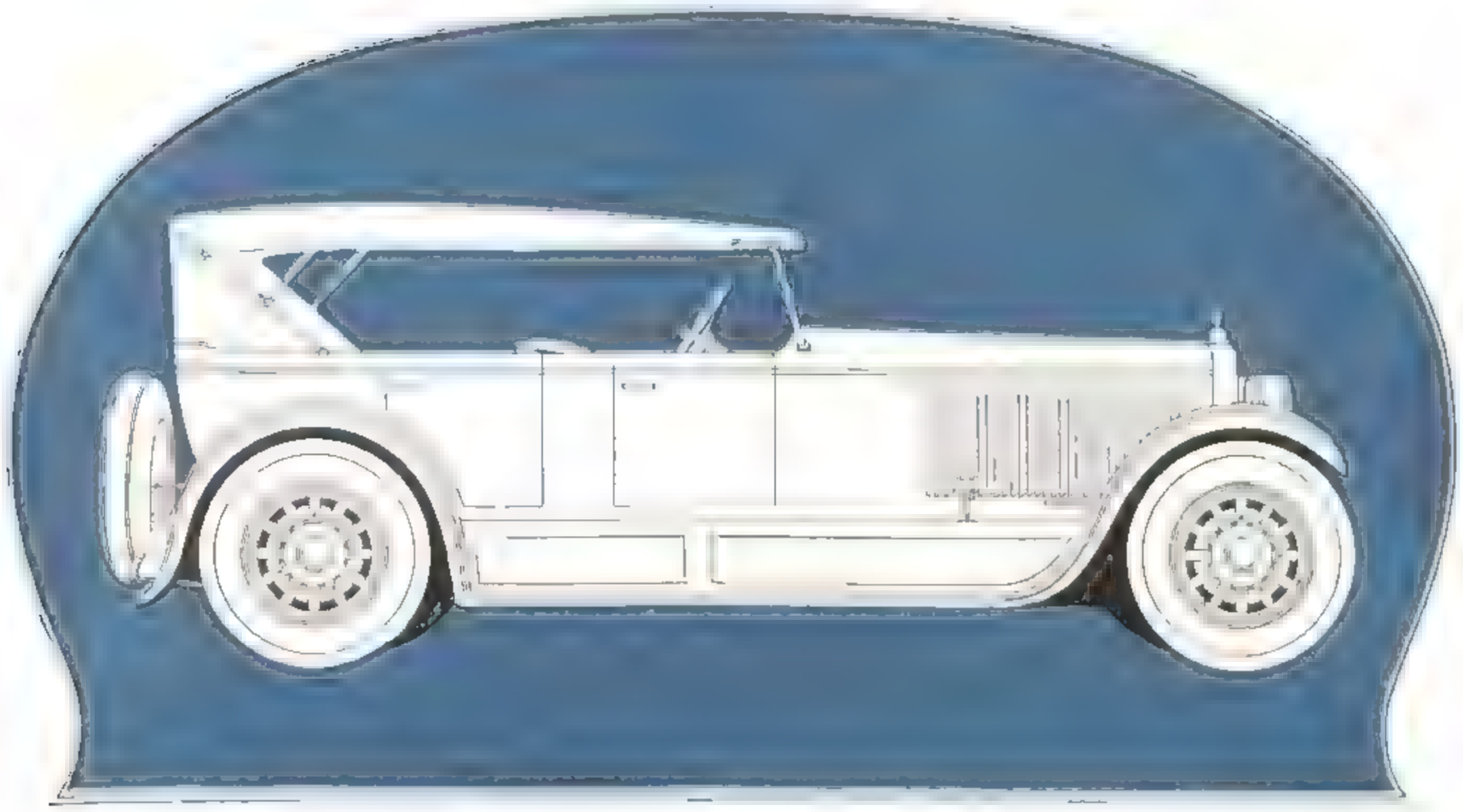
For they came to her, one after another of these people for whom she had developed real affection, to try to persuade her that her bitterness was quite wrong.

"It is not your fault that you had no heir," said one woman, a cousin of her husband, "and we would not dream of reproaching you for it. But neither can you reproach him for his desire to insure continuity of family."

"But why didn't he tell me?" said the distressed widow. "During all those years after he had made that will, how could he have seen me working over the place, loving each stick and stone of it, and not told me that if he died it would no longer be mine?"

"He probably only thought of saving your feelings. He was always one to avoid giving unnecessary pain. For fond of you as we have all become, my dear, we have nevertheless realized, from time to time, how difficult it is for you to understand our point of view about many things."

(Continued on Page 195)



For Red Blooded Americans

I know a boy who would rather wrap himself in a coon skin coat and drive an open roadster on the coldest day of Winter than to ride in a super-heated limousine.

In an enclosed car he feels the depressing influence of grandma's electric.

I know a girl who would rather sit at the wheel of an open touring car with the top down and the wind in her hair than to have the finest town car with a man on the box.

I know a man who, when April comes and Spring is just over the hill, yearns for an open car to replace the more confining comfort of his Sedan.

Of course people who feel that way can afford the freedom, comfort and relaxation of the touring Great Line Eight.

That's why Jordan built this model. Just to please and satisfy those people who just never were, never will be and never can be just like everybody else.

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Inc.*, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Some happy golden day in Spring, when the whole wide world is swimming in the light, a wonderful daughter all lovely and all radiant will come home again for those priceless, perfect days when youth is in the saddle and every hour has all the valour of apple blossom time.

JORDAN

Rhubarb Custard Pie, topped with Meringue, is a novel, delicious, healthful, and most seasonable dessert Send in the coupon below for a free copy of Lorain "Time and Temperature" Pie Recipes. The folder contains infallible directions for making seven kinds of delicious pies

One easy turn of the Lorain Red Wheel gives you a choice of 44 measured and controlled oven heats for any kind of oven cooking or baking.

Unless the Regulator has a Red Wheel it is NOT a LORAIN

If at first you don't succeed—

"If at first you don't succeed, try, try again!" It was by following this maxim that your grandmother, and maybe your mother, learned how to cook those delicious dishes, the memory of which lingers somewhere near the roof of your mouth.

BUT this rule-of-thumb method of cooking requires years of costly and disappointing experiment even to approach the successful results that modern science makes possible *the first time.*

The bride of a week can now achieve perfect cooking-results with her first "try", if she uses a Time and Temperature Recipe and a Gas Range equipped with the famous Lorain Oven Heat Regulator.*

Women who own Gas Ranges with Lorain Self-regulating Ovens *never* hesitate to use a new recipe, provided it gives *exact* measurements of Time, Temperature and Ingredients.

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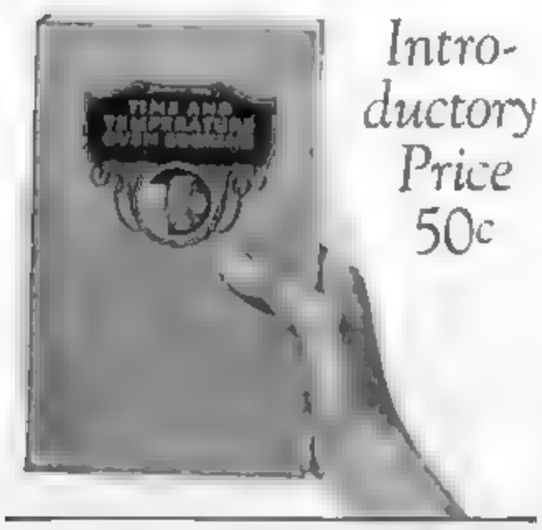
We invite *every* woman to send for one of these free folders, or to call upon her local gas company, department store, hardware, furniture or stove dealer that sells Lorain-equipped Gas Ranges and ask for a demonstration of these marvelous stoves.

And don't forget to ask the dealer about the unique Lorain Oven Method of Canning, and about cooking Whole Meals in the oven while you're miles away.

*

** A Time and Temperature Recipe is one that tells the exact temperature to use when cooking or baking food in the oven, and the exact length of time to bake it. The Lorain Oven Heat Regulator is a device that enables you to "set" the heat of your oven at any specified temperature, and thereafter Lorain automatically maintains that temperature.*



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WHEN Gas is not available, oil is the most satisfactory cooking-fuel provided you use an oil stove equipped with Lorain High Speed Burners which apply a clean, odorless, intense heat directly against the cooking-utensil

Look for the RED WHEEL

LORAIN
HIGH SPEED OIL BURNER

(Continued from Page 192)

In this she hit upon the exact thing which caused the widow the greatest distress. For she had prided herself upon being one of them, upon having adapted herself so that all differences of habit and thought had been obliterated.

"I thought I knew them," she said. "I often used to say that I could never be happy living anywhere else. But when this thing happened I knew that in spite of everything, I was, fundamentally, an alien. I had given up my own country; I had remade myself, but they had never accepted me entirely. Always there had been reservations. I've got over feeling bitter toward my husband now I'm convinced that he did nothing that was dishonorable according to his code, but—and this seems to me a vital point in any discussion of international marriages—his code and mine proved to be as far apart as the poles."

Another American woman whose husband is a Southern European told me the other day that her own marriage had been a great success. "Then you approve of international alliances?" I asked.

"No, I do not say that," she protested. "In fact, as you insist upon pinning me down, I must admit that if I had a daughter who was purely American and had been brought up in America, I would not want her to marry a European."

"Yet you yourself have been happy?"

"Yes, that is so. But for one thing, I had lived in Europe a great deal during those impressionable years of the early teens, and I was absurdly young when I married. My husband was much older and he was already a distinguished man, so at first I looked up to him, terribly flattered by his attention, and later—well, later, I adapted myself."

After a moment's pause she went on: "You know they say we American women are the most adaptable women in the world. I suppose we are. Certainly, I am often astonished at the metamorphosis in manners and clothes and bearing which European life sometimes produces in my countrywomen. Girls who have been loud-voiced and gauche and overdressed turn into charming women of the world almost overnight. But I wonder if these changes in exterior things really denote changes in their fundamental natures. Haven't we got something at home—a heritage from our pioneer ancestors, perhaps—which clashes fundamentally with all European philosophies of life? And to force oneself to turn upside down the beliefs in which one was brought up, and to live by standards sometimes directly opposed to one's own—that is not a good kind of adaptability. No, I would not choose it for my daughter."

One of the concrete examples of her point, which she gave me, had to do with the dislike of her own countrymen which an American wife living abroad is apt to find expressed either openly or in indirect ways.

Tactless Compatriots

"Every time we go into a restaurant in Paris, and hear an unusually loud voice, my husband always says, 'One of your compatriots must be here, my dear'; and the awful part of it is that he's almost always right," complained the young American wife of another European the other day. "I don't know why it is that Americans seem so noisy in Europe. I'm sure that at home they don't talk any louder than anyone else. But I'm always being put on the defensive about them. I've got so now that when we're traveling I always choose, if possible, the hotels where they are not apt to go. And yet I feel like an awful snob, and I really miss seeing them too."

Before we become too indignant at this lack of appreciation of all our national virtues which makes life hard for American girls living abroad, let us consider another less common phase of international marriages—the alliance of American men and European women. Usually these wives live in our country, so that it is our understanding or appreciation of their fellow countrymen which may make their environment pleasant or unpleasant.

A beautiful Norwegian girl of excellent family came to the United States a few years ago as the bride of a distinguished American. At the first dinner party she attended one of her husband's relatives came up to welcome her enthusiastically.

"Oh, I'm so glad to know you!" she declared. "I've had a Norwegian cook for years and years, and I'm just devoted to her!"

A cultured and charming Italian woman, whose husband is American, has told me many amusing stories of the attitude toward her countrymen which has sometimes made life in America difficult for her.

"When I first came over, as a young girl, I was awfully upset to learn that in America all Italians were just plain wops," she said. "I was homesick anyway, and everything seemed so strange, and the buildings were so big, and, to me, so ugly, that I wanted to take the next steamer home. Then these eternal generalities about Italians! Every time we went out anywhere and people discovered I was Italian, they would immediately discuss my country. Someone would say, 'You all carry stilettos, don't you?' And another would say, 'Why do you send those Sicilian brigands over here as immigrants? Don't you know that a large per cent of the inmates of our penitentiaries are Italians?' Then at that point the professional lover of Italy would always come up and begin to lecture to me on the art and beauty of Italy. I think they were almost worse than the others!"

This European wife declares that after fifteen years of unusually happy relationship with her American husband, she still feels alien and at times overwhelmingly homesick in our environment. She lives, during the winter, in a pleasant apartment high up in New York, surrounded by other high buildings, and she says that the only sky she ever sees is that in a painting of a corner of her lovely villa near Florence which hangs on her sitting-room wall.

The Mother-in-Law Evil

"If only we could live there!" she says. "Then for me life would be perfect. But I know it is absurd. My husband, of course, could not give up his business and go to live in my country. And yet—how hard life is here!"

Her husband's relatives complain that she is not adaptable. They cannot realize that she does not come from an environment of changes and moving, and fortunes made or lost overnight. She is just as much at a loss in our fluid social state as our American girls often are in the stabilized generations-old atmosphere of Europe.

The influence which family and tradition may exert over the individual in Europe is difficult for an American girl, accustomed to continuous change of every kind, to understand and approve. She has grown up in a fabric of society in which the older generation is almost ignored; she may find in Europe that her husband's family wields real power over many of her actions.

A short time ago I lunched in a certain capital of Europe with a distressed woman who had just lost an excellent nurse because her husband's mother had objected to the nurse's modern methods.

"And the children adored her!" she said. "And she was such a comfort to me. But my mother-in-law persisted and persisted until finally my husband told me I must let the nurse go."

"But after all, they are your children too."

"Yes, but he says that his mother has raised five children and that she is twice my age and therefore must know more about it than I do."

Difficulties of this sort, sometimes arising about petty matters, sometimes of real consequence, undoubtedly distress the husband almost as much as the wife. It is proknowledge of such conflict which makes many European parents disapprove of their sons' marrying American girls, unless there is real economic necessity.

Of course, as between a girl of his own race, reared in his own traditions, and a stranger whose environment and habits are diametrically opposed to his own, the European will almost always choose a girl of his own kind provided there is not an added reason which tips the scales in favor of the American.

When this general subject was being discussed at dinner the other evening, I asked a well-known Spaniard if many of his fellow countrymen married Americans.

"Oh, no," he said simply. "You see, most of our aristocrats have enough money to be able to marry in their own country."

"Yes, if you want to learn the economic status of Europe," said a young American diplomat who was present at this conversation, "you don't need to bother looking up the figures of the financial experts. Just add up the number of American girls marrying men in any one country, and you

(Continued on Page 197)

Under the mark of the Ipswich Witch

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Today, at a dollar each, it is chiefly a question of how many pairs of these beautiful stockings you need to be fittingly shod for every occasion. You'll find the century-old mark of the Ipswich Witch on hosiery of all styles, colors and fabrics at most good stores. Their beauty is the rare kind that costs unexpectedly little but lasts long.

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Oil-Regulating Piston Ring

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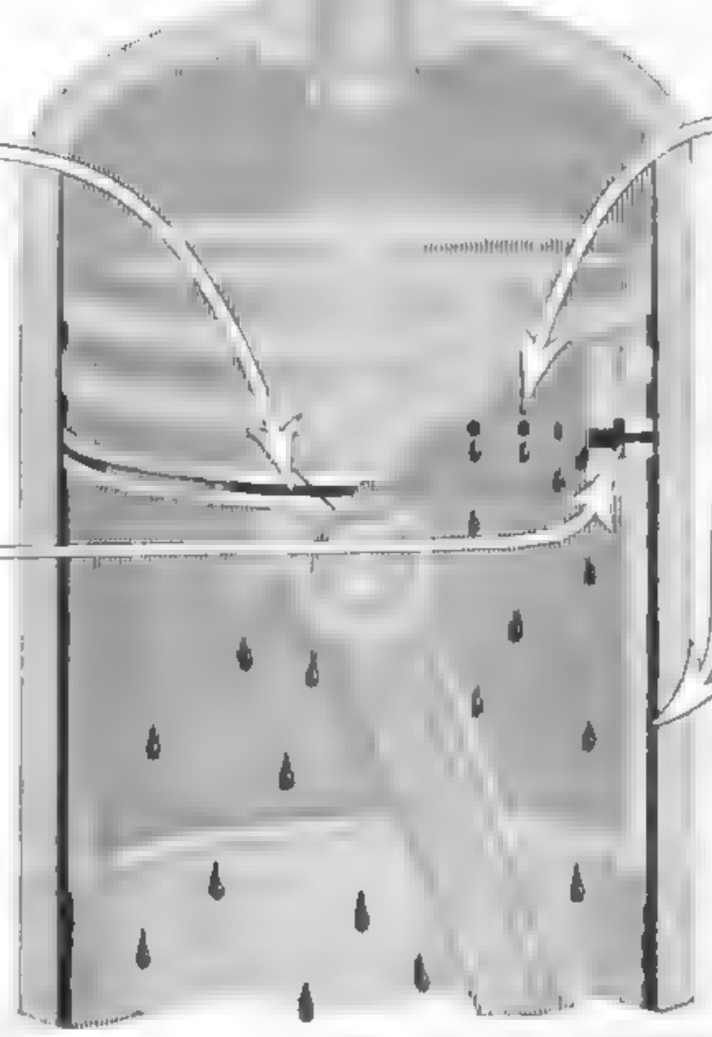

The Groove

An annular groove is turned on the face of the PERFECT CIRCLE *Oil-Regulating* ring, midway between the edges. This groove is a trap for the surplus oil that otherwise would work past the face of the ring.

The Slots

At equal intervals in this annular groove, slots are milled through the body of the ring, connecting the groove with the cavity behind the ring. As the groove fills with oil, the surplus oil drains through the slots, into the cavity behind the ring.

Oil-Draining Holes

The surplus oil is then drained back into the crankcase through oil-draining holes, which are drilled IN the lower ring-groove behind the *Oil-Regulating* ring.

The Path of the Oil

The path of the oil through the *Oil-Regulating* ring is shown in black. It first forces its way up past the skirt of the piston. Then it collects in the groove on the face of the *Oil-Regulating* ring—drains through the slots to the cavity behind the ring—then back to the crankcase through the oil-draining holes.

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The PERFECT CIRCLE *Oil-Regulating* ring has proved the most effective means of regulating cylinder lubrication and avoiding excessive oil consumption. More than 100 manufacturers of motor cars and trucks use it as original factory equipment.

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The PERFECT CIRCLE *Oil-Regulating* ring has been used by the winner of every major race in America since May 30, 1922.

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Patented March 29, 1910 May 2, 1922

Fill in your name and address on margin. Indicate whether Repairman ☐ Car Dealer ☐ or Car Owner ☐ Mail today for valuable information

(Continued from Page 195)

will find that the number increases in almost perfect ratio to the decline of a nation's prosperity. Also, which is a harder blow at our *amour propre*, the number of American brides decreases as the upper classes of a country increase in wealth."

"Yes, I agree," said the Spaniard, "but is it not also true that in a great many cases the American girl marries for the title?"

"It's not so true today as it once was," said the embassy secretary. "Although I should think the least an enterprising girl who wanted to live over here could do would be to acquire a title. There are so many of them floating around—some of them duly vouched for by Gotha's Almanach, and more that aren't. But lots of the American girls marrying Europeans now can't even have the democratic satisfaction of being called by the humble title of baroness or countess. What they get for their money I can't see."

One girl to whom I repeated this question said, "What we expect to get is romance. Even middle-class Europeans have better manners than the best men at home. They are more cultured too—that is, they can talk more about art and opera and history. If a girl meets them when she's at an impressionable age they seem to her terribly romantic. They go down on their knees to propose; think how thrilling that seems to a young girl used to the casual courtship of American boys!

"Then there's the glamour of life itself over here," she went on. "That gets into your blood too. Everything seems so old and so full of atmosphere, and there are so many servants, and American money goes so much further in foreign exchange. You think life's going to be so much pleasanter in every way."

"And is it?"

"Not for me," she said. "But then, since I've lived in Europe I've discovered that I'm awfully American. My husband's sisters think I'm perfectly mad because I can't be content without doing something. But I've got so much energy and a sort of restless desire to do something that I just can't look at the sunset and consult with the butler about the kind of wines we'll have for dinner, and think I've had a full day.

"And another thing I discovered," she went on, "was that after a few years you'd trade all the historic ruins and romantic atmosphere in the world for a good American dentist! They don't know anything about dentistry in Southern Europe. And the doctors are even worse from my point of view. Their bedside manners are beautiful, but they seem fifty years behind the times to me. When my first child was born, for instance, I was attended by an old midwife who always attended my sister-in-law, and who couldn't even speak a word of English, and at that time I couldn't speak her language. The doctor came in at the last moment in a frock coat, like a moving-picture doctor, and absolutely refused, of course, to give me an anæsthetic. I tell you, at moments like that there isn't much glamour to life."

Clashes Between Old and New

In everything that she said about her disillusionment, there was no mention of her husband and no suggestion of any delinquency on his part. He seems, indeed, to me to be a nice enough person, although somewhat too languid in manner to suit the American standards. However, as his wife realizes, he is exactly the same person now as when she married him, but her requirements and standards have changed. Whether she will eventually be able to turn her energetic, impulsive nature into the rather shallow, slow-moving channels in which his way of living flows is still a question.

The clash between the old established order and the American instinct to remake rather than accept unfavorable conditions is exemplified in the story of two sisters of my acquaintance. They were joint heirs to a rather large estate left at the early death of both parents, and the maiden aunt who was their chaperon and guardian took them abroad to study the arts. Studying the arts was a vague but highly respectable phrase in those days, and to Alice and Caroline, who were then seventeen and nineteen, it represented primarily a delightful opportunity for seeing other young foreigners of both sexes.

Caroline studied painting, and Alice went twice a week to take lessons from a famous teacher of the violin. They confessed to each other that their artistic endeavors would never bring them fame.

"But we must never let auntie know," said Alice. "For it's lots more fun and we meet lots more people than if we just went poking around in museums and cathedrals with her."

The particular person she had in mind when she spoke of meeting people was a handsome young cavalry officer in the smartest of uniforms, whose lesson with the maestro took place just after hers. She did not even tell Caroline at this stage that he had begun to arrive earlier and earlier for his lesson, so that sometimes, if she happened to be late, they entered together. It became a question of who should go in first, and his manner was so delightful, and his English had such a delicious accent, that Alice was completely captivated.

Then one afternoon when the girls came back to their *pension*, they found their aunt in a state of unusual excitement.

"I've had a caller!" she exclaimed. "Such an extraordinary woman! A *grande dame* of the old school. She is the Princess of L, if you please."

"But why did she call on you?" said Caroline.

"Just out of the kindness of her heart, I suppose," said the older woman. "I'm sure I couldn't ask her why she came. She was most—most affable."

Alice said nothing, for she knew that the princess was the mother of her dashing young cavalry officer.

The Old Princess

Before long a formal coroneted invitation to tea arrived from their anxious visitor, and Alice knew in her seventeen-year-old heart that her romance had now begun. She was just eighteen when she married him.

Caroline lost interest in painting about this time, so she and her aunt decided to go to China immediately after the ceremony. The next year the estate had to be divided, so they went on back to America.

In the long and involved process of terminating a trust agreement, Caroline found herself seeing a great deal of a young lawyer who seemed to her a very remarkable and interesting man. The next year they were married, and in due course they had three children, so that it was almost twelve years before she was able to go abroad to see her sister.

She had often urged her sister to come to America, but Alice's four small children and the difficulties of traveling had made it impossible.

"But you must come to me," Alice had written in her last letter. "An American woman is free to do what she wants."

This sentence distressed Caroline so much that at last she determined to leave her children and her husband and to go.

In Paris, where she stopped to get some clothes, she found a long letter from her sister.

"Perhaps I ought to tell you before you come that we live now with the old princess. You'll find it a very beautiful place, I'm sure, though lacking some of your modern comforts.

"And, Caroline, could you bring me some clothes—not too gay, but a variety of pretty things for daytime and evening? I hate to ask this, but will you say that they are presents? Then you can take the amount of my allowance when you get home and charge it up to depreciated bonds or something. I will explain when you come."

Caroline ordered all the pretty clothes she could find, both for herself and her sister, and when she finally alighted from the train near her sister's home she felt, she says, as if she were clad in armor. She was going to rescue, single-handed, her nearest and dearest, if she had to kill the ogre in the process.

When her sister, dressed entirely in black, came up to welcome her with open arms, they both wept a little, and behind Caroline's tears was the desolate feeling that her sister was completely changed. Her brother-in-law, looking only slightly older than she remembered him, kissed both her hands and welcomed her with charming cordiality.

Three or four men in livery took charge of her trunks and her bags and loaded them into a cart which looked almost Biblical in its quaintness. Then the prince and Alice and Caroline got into a really good wine-colored motor car, with a footman in

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How many times during the night it is necessary to enter the nursery—*and necessary to have light.* The blanket must be tucked in, the nightly feeding must be given, and there are few mothers who can resist the temptation to go and see if the baby is breathing properly—or to be sure those pearly ears are not being misshapen by the pillow.

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wine-colored livery beside a chauffeur similarly clad.

"I long to see your children," said Caroline, feeling almost as if she were making conversation with two strangers.

"They all look very much like their father," said Alice, "except the oldest girl, who is the image of his mother."

"She is eleven now, isn't she? It must be wonderful to have a girl old enough to be really companionable."

Alice, without apparently moving her shoulders, expressed a shrug. She pointed out the tower of a distant castle.

"My girl will one day live there," she said. "It is the place of her fiancé's father."

Caroline was stunned. She had read, of course, of the betrothal of children by their parents, but it had never occurred to her that it could happen to her own niece.

However, when they arrived at the castle, and her niece curtsied and kissed her hand in welcome, she looked at the child, unable to believe that she was indeed of her blood.

The three younger children looked entirely foreign, it is true, and their manners seemed even more so, but this oldest girl had the arrogant nose and the imperious mien which one called aristocratic in the dowager princess, but which made the child odious.

The old lady, who was obviously the head of the household, was not down. She had sent word by the maître d'hôtel—an impressive old man with a lined face worthy of a prime minister—that she would receive Caroline in her upstairs salon.

Caroline, longing to go off somewhere with Alice for what she called a good visit, had no choice in the matter. It was like a summons from royalty. Her interview increased this feeling. Even as a young girl Caroline had felt the power of the old princess and had regarded her with awe. Now, however, in spite of her own maturity, she felt in no way a match for the other. She came away, after an almost perfunctory visit, apprehensive and unhappy. She felt like an impotent child, and one, moreover, who was not a welcome visitor.

She was taken from the princess' salon into her own apartment, which comprised a high-ceilinged, drafty bedroom, a sitting room on the same order, except that a tiled stove warmed it somewhat, and a dressing room with primitive bathing facilities.

A Trying Dinner

She did not see Alice again until she descended into the splendid drawing-room at the hour appointed for dinner. Alice and the prince were surrounded by a small group of guests, talking rapidly in a language which Caroline could not even understand. Of the four women assembled there, Alice looked most alien to her sister. Her black gown, the way she wore her hair, her manner, the very movements of her hands, were un-American.

To be sure, when Caroline contrasted her sister with the women she saw at home, at the country club and on committees, she realized that her sister was much more distinguished-looking and had more charm. But the cool, ironic expression in her eyes, and the disdainful lines of her mouth spoke to her watchful relative of a price too heavy.

At dinner Caroline realized how inadequate her own French had become, and how limited her range of interests seemed in this gathering of sophisticated and cultured people.

At home she was never at a loss for conversation, but tonight none of her ideas seemed worth the effort of translating into a foreign tongue.

She slept late the next morning. When she rang for her breakfast tray she endeavored to communicate to the maid her desire to see her sister. The maid with eloquent gestures and no word of English explained that her sister was riding with the children.

After luncheon Caroline said determinedly, "I've brought you some things from Paris, Alice. Do come up and see if they fit." Her feeling of duplicity caused her to add, "And I've some things for the children too."

"Bravo!" said the children, except Louise the oldest, who was plainly hostile toward her American aunt.

So instead of being alone with her sister, the three younger children accompanied them. Caroline quickly unearthed their presents and sent the delighted youngsters away. Just as she was wondering how to plunge into an intimate talk with her sister, the prince rapped at the door.

An Hour of Privacy

"Can't I see the presents too?" he said in his pleasant voice.

So in he came and he seemed to be entirely delighted with Caroline's taste. The gowns and wraps fitted very well, and even Alice warmed into enthusiasm as she looked at herself in the long mirror.

"Come, my dear!" said Louis when they had expressed their appreciation. "Put on the prettiest of your new afternoon frocks and let us take your sister to tea with Carlos and Anna."

After a week of this sort of thing Caroline began to wonder if she would ever be able to manage to see Alice alone. She sometimes felt that Alice, quite as much as Louis and the old princess, was determined not to find opportunity for a tête-à-tête. But in this she was entirely wrong.

Early one morning she was awakened by her sister sitting on the side of her bed.

"Sorry to wake you," said Alice, "but Louis has gone shooting and I've an hour or two when I shall be quite free. I simply must talk to you! I've brought you some coffee from my tray, so that we won't even have to call the maid."

"But, Alice," exclaimed Caroline, entirely aroused now, "aren't you always free to talk to anyone if you want to?"

"No, not if they don't want me to; of course I'm not. Why, I can't even post a letter by myself. If they shouldn't want it sent it wouldn't go! I found that out long ago. I once wrote you rather indiscreetly, I suppose, and bribed an underfootman to post it for me. The maître d'hôtel, who has been with my mother-in-law for forty years, found it out, discharged the man, and Louis gave me back the letter, with a few well-chosen words on the subject of a wife's loyalty."

"What did you say in it?" Caroline questioned eagerly. "Tell me now!"

"Oh, I don't remember now. It was long ago. It was probably about something that has passed—or something I no longer mind."

"But, Alice, you mustn't be like this! You're free, white and twenty-one. You've plenty of money. Why don't you assert yourself?"

Alice looked down at her sister without speaking. Then she gave again that indefinable shrug of her slender shoulders.

Virtually a Prisoner

"I couldn't possibly explain it to you in an hour. It's all so completely different over here. But you yourself have seen that for ten days I've not been able to be once alone with you. That's only a small thing."

"But you acted as if you didn't want to be alone."

"Of course I did. That was to convince Louis. Oh, I know you think it dreadful of me to be so crafty, but, my dear, you can't be simple and honest with people like this. I'm no match for them. I know it."

"Alice, there's only one thing in the world for you to do, and that's to come home. I'm going to take you home!"

Alice smiled, and Caroline again had the feeling which she had experienced so many times since her arrival, of being inadequately immature.

"Why, how could I go home?" she said. "Suppose you even smuggled me away—quite impossible, I assure you. What then of my children? They are citizens of this country. They belong to their father. Do you think I would leave them? You forget, Carol dear, that there is no divorce possible either. And then I am quite fond of Louis."

Caroline was more and more at sea. "Is it his mother, then? Is she the root of it all?"

"She is formidable, I admit," said Alice, "and I hate her influence over my oldest girl, but even she doesn't do anything tangibly unkind. She honestly believes that I'm of an inferior race and that her son made, in a way, a mésalliance!"

"But she spends your money?"

"Oh, of course. Her income is very small. I wrote you about pretending the dresses were a present, because she runs the household and she can see no reason why I should spend much money on clothes. She also insists upon my going to her dressmaker, who is hopeless. I gave up trying to combat openly with them long ago—you merely expose your hand and are beaten before you start. Now I try devious means if I really want something.

"I don't mean to give you the wrong impression," she added quickly. "Louis is really an exceptional husband; I could tell you tales of other husbands that would make you see why I appreciate him. I know one girl, for instance, whose husband was so jealous that he used to tie her to her bedpost when he went away. No, Louis is a good enough husband, and he is a wonderful son. Of course he turns first to his mother, not to me, with anything important, but when I used to complain of being shut out he would say, 'When your son grows up you'll occupy that position with him. That is natural. An older woman has better judgment than a young woman.' He believes it firmly. Well, it is often true."

Caroline tried to form a complete idea of her sister's life. "Have you women friends?" she asked.

Just Oil and Water

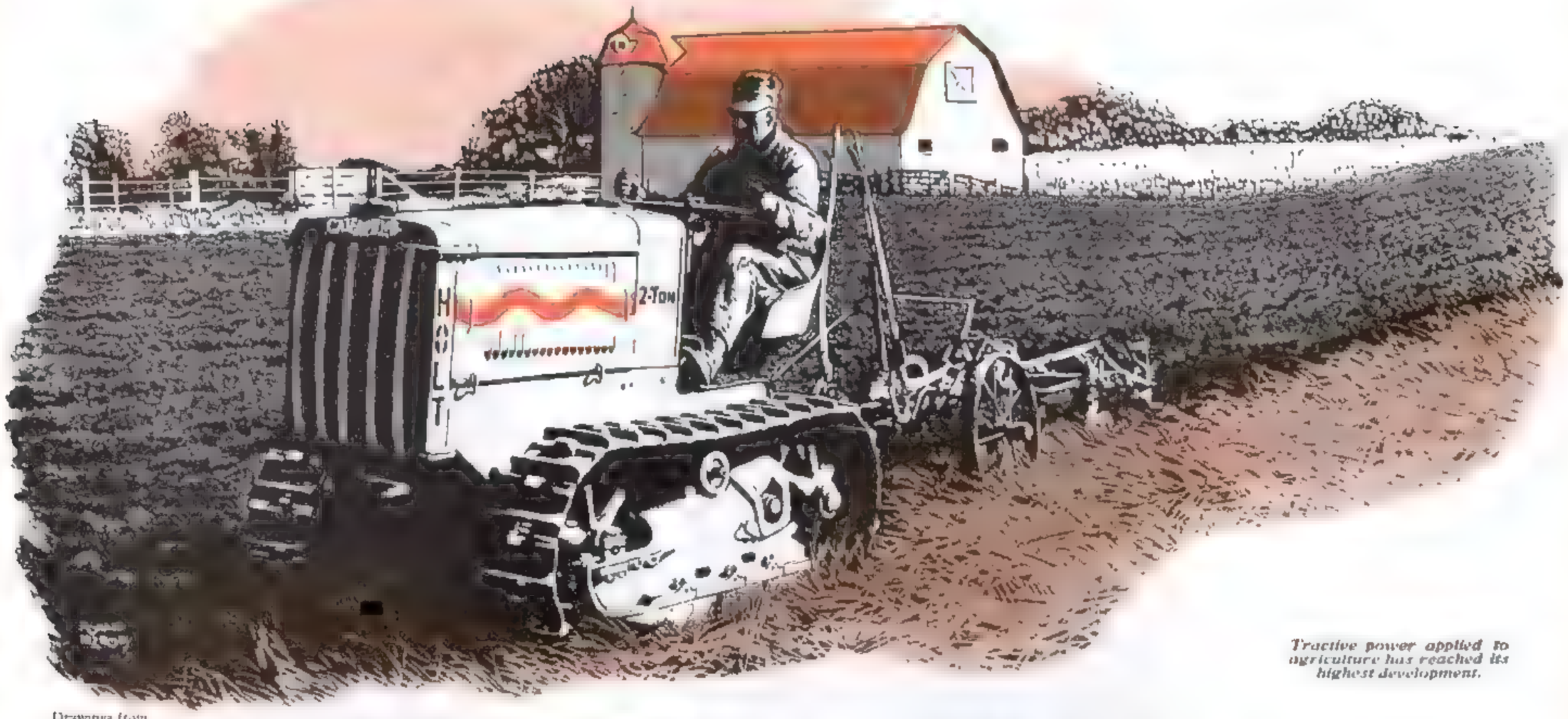
"Yes, several, but with each one there are reservations. It is inevitable. There are certain things; for instance, none of them will ever confide in me; they know that we do not think alike on many fundamental things. On the surface, I am like them—I wear mourning for months at a time, for instance, for some distant relatives of my husband's whom I've never even seen. He has such a huge relationship that I seem to spend half my life in mourning for someone. And I've watched my children's marriages being planned without raising a protest. I know that these people believe in a double code of morality. They think it is laughable to expect faithfulness from a husband. I do not argue any of these things any more. I accept the inevitable. It's the only thing I can do."

And to this her sister finally had to give reluctant agreement. She left shortly afterward.

When she got back to America her husband met her on the pier.

"Well, did you slay the ogre and rescue the princess?" he asked.

"The real trouble is," she said, "that it's not a question of ogre and princess. If it were it would be much easier. It's just a plain case of oil and water!"



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WHAT EUROPE THINKS

(Continued from Page 35)

and burned the operator. Peace was a dove which turned out to be rather soiled, and stuffed with giant powder. New freedom for the sexes was a ball of red wool which snarled up many and strangled others. Communism was a drum which gave out sound in direct ratio to its own hollowness. Internationalism was a Noah's ark, but it lacked the animals.

"The passion of escape had seized us all," says an editor in London. "We hungered for anything which would give us escape from that long hard toil upward, which I suppose is man's really precious legacy of the ages. We thirsted for governments which asked us no tax or service of citizenship; we wanted a magic international formula which would allow everyone to dance all day and prevent all conflict. We insisted on a paper plan of the world which would make the least fit man as fit as the fittest. We flew in the face of man's nature and we defied God. We preached freedom and got license; we gave in a requisition for pay without labor, happiness without virtue, public welfare without contribution, rights without obligations, decency without clothing, social relationship without standards, justice without laws, liberty and security without authority."

One who has lived in Europe a great deal since the war has learned to recognize that the wine of irresponsibility was served in many bottles, but that it was always the same old wine. It might come from zealots, who with purposes noble enough, and directed at wholesale production of Utopias, founded all these conclusions on supposed facts of human nature and of the present development of individual mankind, which facts are nonexistent. It might come from those who base theories on a world as they wish it to be rather than on life as it is. It might come from a painter or musician, who, unable to compete with the art of old painstaking and inspired masters, produced grotesque pictures and compositions which in terms of labor, training, skill and devotion represent little more than the wine of irresponsibility. It might come in one form of emancipation of women, described by William Allen White as "taking the night key from father and giving it to mother"; or it might come in the emancipation of youth, to the end that youth today shall eat its cake at the expense of youth yet unborn. It might come as a proposal of reformers to replace the spiritual development of the individual by writing salvation and security on the statute books. It is the same old wine. Europe and the world have had their fill of it—irresponsibility.

The Center of the World

If one finds in Europe among statesmen and peasants, rich and poor, a measure of cynicism and a reaction toward rather cold-blooded realism, let the blame fall where it belongs—on the shoulders of those impractical idealists who have gone off the main highway of man's normal progress and by dragging the scent bag into blind alleys and short cuts, toward mirages and vacant sterile fields, have run the whole pack of us until our tongues are hanging out. In the main, this is the thought in the intellectual minds of Europe. It may be unfortunate that zealous Americans, stirred by indulgent and well-intentioned desires to be architects of the world's destiny, find Europe somewhat cold to the preacher of isms; but, on the other hand, it may be just as well that Europe is taking on chilly armor against communism, which is advocated by other idealists. It may be well that the old instinct for toil, for self-help, for moral responsibility is coming back.

"Mankind cannot easily change the center of the world," said Mussolini to me. "The center of the world is the individual. The individual may invent organization to develop relationship with his neighbor, but the machinery will not be any better than those who invented the machine."

He was repeating in another form what Samuel Smiles said in his introduction to Self-Help: "The institutions of society will never be any better than those individuals who compose it."

A British statesman said to me, during the days when there was so much panting expectancy of the New World, "New World! Who says New World to me? Isn't this New World made up of the same old individuals?"

Europe is facing that question and answering it. The beaters of tom-toms and the ghost dancers are losing ground. The other day I heard a French senator congratulating a foreigner on the great future of his country—a country which has flung forth new, untried ideas in wholesale.

"Yours is the land of springtime," said the Frenchman.

"Perhaps," replied the foreigner, "because everything is so green."

In the reaction of Europe against impractical evangelists, I found in every capital I visited a curious perplexity about American influence. It has been a tradition of Europe to conceive of the America of today as being materialistic, a worshiper of the dollar and of mere things. Europe was astounded at our efficiency in preparing belatedly for war, but much more astounded by what Europe now considers our fanatical idealism. The idea of a nation absorbed by adding machines, where the workmen on a house in construction surrounded their labors with a hollow square of limousines, suddenly developing into a land of impassioned idealists confuses our neighbors over the way. On the whole, they have more faith in us as performers than in us as promoters of programs. We may like that or we may not. But there it is!

Liberty Versus Authority

With the reaction against mere programs, there has come a decided turn back toward recognition of authority. Two heads of police in two countries of Europe have told me at length of the definite change in the spirit toward authority, not only among those who would be tempted to break down authority for their own purposes but among those who pose as leaders of thought or hold positions as officials of government. After the war there was a widespread indulgence of so-called liberties. It extended far beyond indulgence, toward subversive propaganda. It was talked about a great deal. The New World was to be one in which love was to replace fear. Some modern psychologists were saying, like some modern mothers, that the mere forbidding of wrongdoing was an invitation to the innocent to become guilty. This curious philosophy of law and order, this ban upon wished authority, was answered by a certain premier of one of the Succession States. He said:

"Absolute liberty will replace authority whenever the wrongdoers of the world are more affected by love than by fear. It depends on them. You have heard the attack made upon me in Parliament. I shall reply that I cannot decide when love will be a greater restraint on wrongdoing than is fear of authority. It does not depend on my progress and enlightenment; it depends on the progress and enlightenment of the wrongdoer. There again it is not the institution which is important; it is the individual who is important."

It is safe to say that all Europe has reacted against the breakdown of authority; the change has been marked even during a two-year period. The thought of Europe today is that if in the development of man, authority in organized society may be displaced by loyalty and good citizenship, well and good—well and good, when, as and if. But the attempt to replace it has been attended by disaster and by mere flabbiness in the social structure. With complete recognition that liberty and authority always require a neat balance almost too fine for the wisdom of mere men, Europe has concluded that too much liberty for those who clamor for it the most treads on the toes of the others and deprives the others of their own share of liberty. In countries like Italy, where under flabby government there had been a good deal of abuse of liberties, the authority of a premier like Mussolini is represented as brutal.

"The choice, however," said an older member of the Italian Senate, "is not between indulgence and authority; the choice is between authority and chaos."

Some years ago, after the assassination of McKinley, a soap-box orator on Boston Common delivered himself of a theory that the police ought to be abolished because they were agents of capital. Someone started a movement to lynch this orator. I saw him flee down Tremont Street before a gathering mob. He took refuge in his house above his tailoring establishment, heard the door being forced and the windows breaking in, and so, leaving his family, dashed over the back fence and arrived panting at the police station.

"Help! Help!" he cried. "What is the police for but to protect a poor man, eh?"

It is by lessons of this kind that Europe has returned to the idea that liberty loses luster when it is license. It is another form of the willingness to return to a sense of individual responsibility from a period when disproportionate emphasis has been placed on the supposed rights of the individual.

In this process of sobering off, there has grown up an increasing desire to go to work, to engage in uninterrupted and rather comforting labors. Of course, a great deal of this change in attitude comes from economic stabilization. It is no wonder that the workmen in Austria and Germany whom I saw in 1922 have quite a changed attitude this year.

"How can I find it in my heart to toil all day for kronen which may be worth something in the morning and nothing at night?" I was asked two years ago by a workman in Vienna.

And that pointed question gave one-half the circumference of the vicious circle in Europe. No work, no economic stability and recovery! But no economic stability and recovery meant no work. That circle, it now appears, has been definitely broken, and I find that in Italy, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary, Germany, a new readiness of everyone to put his shoulder to the wheel.

"The war left us all in the worst possible spirit toward our day's work," says a Czech statesman who has known what it is to labor with his own hands. "Our trouble was the vague tomorrow. We had learned to gamble with values which jumped up and down. It was more attractive than laboring for a currency which might purchase nothing. I often give as an example the case of a man in Vienna who insured his house against fire. He paid a premium about equal to seventy-five American dollars. When his house burned, he collected in kronen an amount about equal to two dollars and a half. It was therefore provident and thrifty not to insure. All life was turned upside down. A tremendous premium was placed on all extreme action, on risks, on violence, because it might be that these would profit a man and his family more than going to work. But now the tide has turned; in the countries around us, the people are working seriously."

Failures in Russia and in Italy

But there is also evident plenty of indication that this has been brought about not only by economic stabilization but also by social stabilization; not only by loans and better financial administration but also by an awakening sense that an expectancy of magic production of necessities was a foolish expectancy and by a growing distaste of individuals for the wine of irresponsibility.

Europe today faces all the dangers of reaction against the experiments which were aimed in this postwar period against the system of capital. Industrial workers, who hoped to eliminate capital and trained professional management from industry, have been disheartened by the experience of Russia. They see Russia rather helpless, engaged in the painful business of standing over the sick bodies of factories and other producing plants and beckoning back into Russia the capitalist and the trained manager to resuscitate the moribund. They have seen the fiasco of the Italian experiment of turning certain large industries in the north over to the workers. There is only one grain of comfort left. One hears it everywhere from the workers.

They say, "Of course, these experiments could not succeed at once. The period of transition is always dark."

Everywhere is this phrase, "The period of transition." And yet the laborer in Europe does not believe in his heart that this is the day for more new industrial or political trick plays. And believing this, and being embittered by the memory of the frustrated hopes, he appears to bankers, industrialists and capitalists as a baffled man who will stand anything to get three meals a day and have a well-ordered environment. The danger in Europe is no longer any immediate danger of extremism from the laborers; a much more immediate danger is in the overconfidence of those who feel they are

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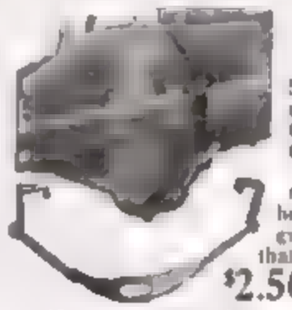

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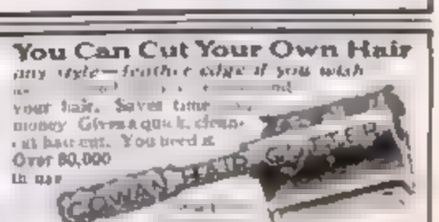

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dealing with a supine man. The disaster is less likely to come from wild revolt: it is more likely to come from foolish oppression which tries to capitalize this growing willingness of the masses in Europe to return to the idea of individual responsibility—individual responsibility for conduct, individual responsibility for productiveness.

In this present trend of thought, there has grown up a wide doubt as to the power of government as a paternal machine. When the war ended, the idea of the New World somehow spread a general feeling that new institutions could create new life and new mankind. The idea that morality, peace, and even prosperity issued from a man himself was forgotten in the rush to follow the tom-tom beaters.

"Alas," said a French politician to me, "it is now discovered, as it has been discovered a thousand times before in the world's long experience, that the laws that go on the statute books are trampled over roughshod by the laws of economics and by the social instincts of mankind."

A German laborer voiced the same idea. He said:

"I voted in these elections, but after all government cannot do me much harm or much good. It is a long way off. It touches my life very little. It may be 2 per cent of my life; 98 per cent is the factory and the home."

I have seen the same attitude among Italian peasants, who wag their heads at the mention of the government in Rome:

"It is nothing much to us. We have heard a thousand programs. We have seen many new ministers. Life continues as before. Not much change. If you speak of sun and rain—ah, that is another thing!"

Of course, reactions against dreams of magic omnipotent and benevolent governments may bring the tragedy of lethargy among democratic peoples. The foolish hand of man at the helm of life almost always swings the tiller away over to port or away over to starboard. So when Europe turns its back upon doctrinaires who have political nostrums and panaceas, it is no doubt possible that Europe is in for a period of cynicism. It is not certain that, instead of coming back onto a well-directed steering course, the hands on the tiller will not shift the vessel too far over to the right.

At the moment the thought of Europe flows away from hope in the extension of the functions of government.

"The plain truth is that most of the peoples of the world are now ready for less government instead of more," an old professional Spanish politician said to me a few weeks ago. "I have traveled a great deal these last two years. I think the voices of the peoples of this continent are crying in the ear of government, 'For pity's sake, don't try to do more until you can do what you have to do well!'"

Beginnings of Recovery

My own observations in a dozen countries confirm the existence of this spirit. On all sides there is complaint that there is too much legislation, not enough administration, too much talk, not enough doing, too much planning, not enough performance.

An editor in Austria said to me, "Government has been infected just as art was poisoned. We have had a world-wide era of cubist legislation and modernist leadership. And now we are tired of its futility."

Europe has passed through a painful beginning of recovery from war-wise men who knew and said from the first that it would be a long, tiresome and exacting process. But on the whole the masses, even wise men, when off their guard, went grabbing the air for remedies that would cure everything by noon tomorrow. Even those who did not see the presence of the New World thought it might be possible to run fast enough this way and that to find it. Realism, on its return, may appear a little cold and hard-hearted; but it makes, so Europe thinks, a somewhat better foundation for idealism than the variety of séances conducted by political mediums who asked everyone to join hands and sing. Nothing much materialized.

When the faith in governments to legislate the welfare of mankind, and the hope in parliaments yielded little, the same tide of feeling tended to make Europe doubtful that any international organization could legislate peace. All over the Continent one finds a growing respect for the League of Nations as a body which can offer its good offices to those who voluntarily seek them, but an increasing distrust of the League as a body which may interfere, without being invited to do so at the time. Few Europeans can be found who will wish to defend the record of the League as an institution which can dictate to anyone. It has avoided touching the most dangerous situations; when it has interfered, it has already had its nose slapped even by its own members; and there are plenty of observant statesmen in Europe today who begin to see that the League in its rôle of peacemaker may mask a good deal of intrigue and cover many moves of large powers to make small ones pull their chestnuts out of the fire.

But if disillusionment has come in these last six years, there is great comfort in the fact that when mankind finds it impossible to pass responsibility for all peace, all progress, all production and all morals upward to higher authorities, then men and women themselves will assume responsibility. And that is exactly the movement which Europe is experiencing today.

Contempt for Documents

A political leader of Holland, a member of the parliament, said to me:

"And this sense of responsibility is a true democratic movement. After all, real democracy must begin in the lives of people. It is no gift conferred by destiny. It is nothing if it is a mere label on government. When peoples cast their affairs, their fates, their welfare, into some lap other than their own, it is really the opposite of democracy. It is true that in the short period since the war there has been growing doubt as to the working of democratic governments through legislative assemblies made up of many parties and of scrambling politicians; but we must not forget that when salvation does not come from outside, the human being looks for it in his own neighborhood, on his own hearth and in his own head and hands. He begins to coöperate in his own small world and it is there that real democracy can be built."

In the course of this flow of European thought there has risen an amused contempt for documents. When I first went to Europe as a diplomatic official, the fashion of documents was at its height. It began, perhaps, with the signature of the Treaty of Peace. No one can have objections to treaties which express and crystallize the real will and sincerity of two or more peoples. But it is absurd to expect, as so many Europeans have expected, that a commercial treaty is all that is required to make commerce; that a treaty of peace and amity is all that is required to make peace and affectionate regard; that a piece of writing can alone represent much progress or alter in a vital way the lot of mankind. Nevertheless, it was in fashion in Europe to sign something. In America we suffered the same delusion; we expected in a vague way that the wounds of war could be healed and the future of mankind insured by men in frock coats and tall hats who wrote their signatures with a flourish at the bottom of a document.

So great was the faith in this fashion of documents that I was warned in June, 1922, not to give expression to the contrary view. I said, however, in a speech which I made in Italy, and which was reprinted in the press of Europe:

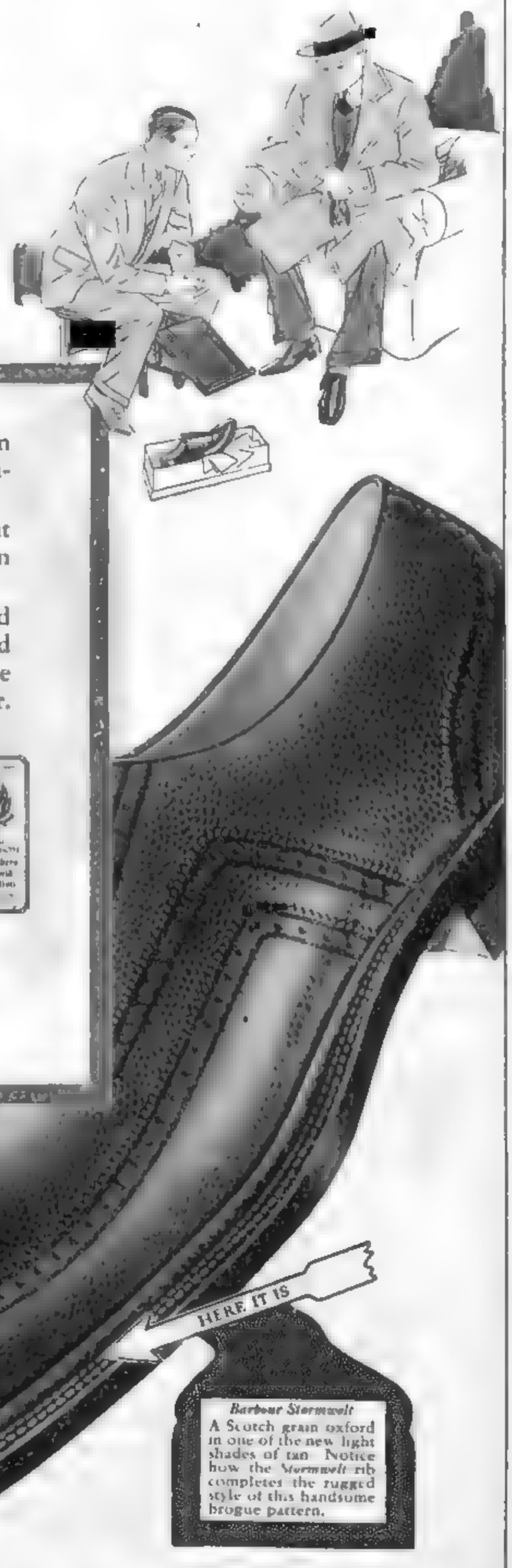
"Whatever may be the importance of dealing nation with nation, whatever may be the consequences of the signature of accords, documents and treaties, it is our faith that the best contract in the world is mutual interest and actual coöperation. It is our belief that the best coöperation is not the one found in coöperating to sign a document, but is the one which is recorded by brick upon brick, the voyage of ships, and in the confidence of peoples laboring together. It is a poor contract and a poor treaty which requires enforcement. The best agreement in the world is the one written in actual deeds, rather than in negotiations and promises. Too much attention and too much faith are given to those who hope to write the moral and economic reconstruction of Europe on a few sheets of paper."

In the two and a half years gone, the whole tendency of European opinion has turned that way. Europe has found that signatures on three great peace treaties have not made a single completed peace; that recognition of Russia done with a flowing pen has not brought one mark, one franc, one lira, one krone more or less business with Russia; that commercial treaties,

(Continued on Page 205)

This is NOT a shoe advertisement

But it advertises the shoes made by 250 manufacturers



BARBOURWELT is an improvement in shoe construction, an entirely new kind of welting now used by leading manufacturers to make good shoes better.

This, therefore, is not an advertisement of any one shoe, but of 250 different makes which include the finest shoes made in this country.

Barbourwelt models are made in all styles of men's and women's shoes. In selecting your new shoes for spring—and now is the time to buy them—ask your dealer to show you the new *Barbourwelt* styles in the particular make and last you prefer.

What is Barbourwelt?

Barbourwelt is a sole-leather welting made with a solid upstanding rib on the inside edge, hugging the upper. It shuts out dampness. It keeps the shoe from bulging over and spreading out of shape. And the trim line of the rib adds a distinctive touch of style that is all its own.

BARBOUR WELTING COMPANY

Manufacturers of High Grade Goodyear Welting for over 30 years

BROCKTON, MASS.

Ask to see the new *Barbourwelt* models of whatever make of shoes you usually buy. At all good stores.

HERE IT IS

Barbour Dresswelt

There is no opening under the sole-leather rib of this Barbour *Dresswelt*. The shoe is one of the new spring patterns for women, in a fine crepe sole calfskin.

HERE IT IS

Barbour Stormwelt

A Scotch grain oxford in one of the new light shades of tan. Notice how the *Stormwelt* rib completes the rugged style of this handsome brogue pattern.

BARBOURWELT

"STORMWELT" *for winter* ◆ "DRESSWELT" *for summer*

Where every glance will surely linger

Trimly clad ankles are charming woman's most intriguing beauty asset. Her hosiery must be chosen ever so carefully, that the individual grace of contour may be most effectively presented.

The elegant simplicity of sheer "Onyx" Hosiery exemplifies the very spirit of the mode, while the patrician daintiness of its "Pointex" heel lends just that deviation from the ordinary that spells true distinction.

Made in every shade and tone of the season's smartest colorings and in a texture appropriate for any occasion. Leading stores everywhere sell "Onyx" Hosiery, and especially the "Pointex" styles listed below.

Silk, with Lisle Top

Style 155, Medium weight $1.65

Style 255, Service weight $1.95

Style 355, "Sheresilk," the sheerest weight of pure thread silk $1.95

All Pure Thread Silk

Style 350, Service weight $2.75

Style 450, "Sheresilk," so clear you can read print through it $2.75

"Onyx" Hosiery Inc. *Manufacturers* New York

"Onyx" Hosiery

"Pointex"

REG U S PAT OFF

(Continued from Page 202)

when they fail to express the economic interests of the peoples who make them, neither stir trade nor change its course.

No one proposes to put an end to the useful practice of treaty making; but it is beginning to be realized that agreements, if any account, are expressions of the will, the disposition, the ability and the good faith of peoples. It is utter folly to begin with the contract. It is not the contract which makes the will, the disposition, the ability and the good faith. Ten minutes of writing will not accomplish what even ten thousand years of slow and sure human progress has not yet brought into being; and Europe knows it and will tell you so. In relation of nation with nation, Europe today is turning away from internationalism.

"The strongest loyalty of human beings is race," said Lloyd George to me, speaking from his unparalleled contacts with nations.

All Europe's recent experience goes to show that at the present stage of man's development, man will not detach his topmost loyalty from the nation and give it to world brotherhood.

"Perhaps, it is just as well," said an eminent Italian biologist to me. "The ultimate test of internationalism is social comfort, the ultimate test of social comfort is the possibility of intermarriage and interbreeding. And our increasing knowledge of such interbreeding shows that in many cases of different races, the half-breed starts a progeny which becomes sterile or is susceptible to tuberculosis, to decay of the nervous stamina, to the production of unfit beings. Perhaps this powerful interest for race and nation has a scientific reason. In many cases it is useless to argue by wish; it is only possible to argue by fact. And the bare fact is that men and women will not indeed, they cannot—transfer the traditional loyalty for the tribe and for the national unit to a universal brotherhood and to internationalism."

I do not believe that in accepting internationalism again Europe will make the mistake of confusing the right kind of nationalism with the wrong kind. I have talked, everywhere I have been, about that possibility, and everywhere there is evidence that nationalism of the chip-on-shoulder or the imperialistic sense is being discredited in the minds of the people. National loyalty remains undiminished; but the day has gone when commercial or political groups with their propaganda could "make the people believe it" when there was only slight cause for war.

The New Imperialism

There is no agreement among the minds of Europe as to the cause of the Great War. The average man and woman are tired of that discussion, but always ready to voice the feeling that the Great War, which blew nobody any good, came like a thing unplanned by men's minds, like an ill wind rising to a hurricane—an enemy of all. There is the feeling that humanity failed to dig its heels into resistance against this almost nonpartisan catastrophe and that a common interest of all against repetition must brace itself in case the tornado comes back this way.

It would be absurd to say that the wrong kind of nationalism no longer exists; but it would be equally absurd to deny that there is a widespread and growing feeling in Europe, stronger now than at any time since the war, that there is something grotesque in the possibility of men who have no reason to project individual, personal hate at one another, projecting at one another bullets, shells and poison gas. In other words, pugnacious nationalism, though it still is unshackled by any efficient political devices and will probably remain so, is nevertheless already subject to the restraints of social forces social thought

"And nationalism is not only less chauvinistic," said one of England's great statesmen; "it is also less imperialistic You will find a strong current of thought in Europe running against imperialism certainly imperialism of the old type. Imperialism is of two kinds, I think. Imperialism of necessity is the first; it is that which reaches for new territory because population can no longer be contained in the old boundaries The second is imperialism of avarice conquest because of a desire to have the riches of conquered lands.

"Well, this latter form no longer has much hold on the imagination of the peoples of Europe. During the last quarter of a century that form of imperialism has begun to show an accounting loss. The administration of colonies or subject territory has become so costly, and the price of keeping in order restless foreign subjects has become so high in terms of money and of public opinion, that taxpayers at home often revolt against the experiment. Nationalism, therefore, will be less tempted toward expansion and is more concerned with a peaceful and contained expression of national ideals—with intensive rather than exclusive cultivation."

He might have added that the multiplication of facilities for movement and communication have given national ideals, even when they are extended, opportunities to register in far lands without the old flag-raising methods of imperialism.

Europe, however, within a few years has become more and more interested in the problem of nations whose populations can no longer be contained in their own territory. I find a growing recognition that this "imperialism of necessity," as the English statesman calls it, is the world's primary menace of war.

"War might come, as it usually does come, from apparent causes not clearly concerned with bursting population," said one of my old diplomatic colleagues; "but when analyzed, it would be discovered that bursting of population was responsible. England is an example of a territory of bursting population which turns to intense industrialism to obtain support of forty million on a space which will support only twenty million. But that island has coal and metals and other resources, so that intense industrialism is possible."

The One Way Out

"Germany had intense industrialism as a means to take care of crowded population; and yet to maintain that industrialism she had to have access to foreign markets, and so overpopulation became an indirect cause of war. Italy and Japan are lacking the resources necessary to develop, with readiness, an intense industrialism and I cannot contemplate those countries, no matter how peaceful their disposition, without wondering to what extremities their overcrowding will ultimately lead them. It may well be that even if we could suppress all instinct for conflict in mankind and promote a universal disposition for peace, we should still have war forced upon the world by conditions, circumstance, and the mere statistics of numbers and acres and daily meals.

"Intense industrialism is the one way out, and yet most Europeans are beginning to think that it is hideous; some think it is much more hideous than war."

Much more than in America, the peoples in Europe are finding themselves opposed to intense industrialism. There is a growing hatred of its effect upon the lives of the individuals who serve it. Rathenau, not long before his assassination, told me of his belief that the ugliest life that mankind had ever invented was the life of an intensely specialized industrial worker who stood in front of a machine making so many thousand repeated motions of his elbow every week, and using leisure to buy things he did not need, and excitements. He was troubled, of course, because such a man has no self-expression of any dignity. Such a man may have luxuries of which laborers of centuries gone never even dreamed; but nevertheless he is a stunted soul without peace, and eternally seeking entertainment from outside his own spirit and mind.

But now in Europe it is not only philosophers and theorists who set forth this hate of intense industrialism; the rank and file of human beings are beginning to draw their own brief against it. I was astonished to find in many countries of Europe, and among all classes, that this resentment is the subject of eager and increasing conversation. It is not taking the form of any protest of class against class, any political protest, any battle against capital. It is becoming merely a cry of humanity to be rescued from the ugliness and the smothering effect of becoming mere machines, with no other reward for service than the opportunity to surround themselves with a confusing and unnecessary complexity of machine-made devices.

In France, of course, the national temperament is peculiarly set against the type of civilization which modern industrialism brings into being. A friend of mine who owns a factory near Paris had recently an opportunity to hear something of the French

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Carry scientific protection with you; have it wherever you are, whenever you need it, this NEW way

A FEW years ago bad breath was condoned as an unavoidable misfortune. Today it is judged one of the gravest social offenses.

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May Breath is an antiseptic mouth wash in tablet form. It is not a mere perfume attempting merely to hide one odor beneath another—that only suggests concealment.

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Never hazard close contact with others, never dance, go to a theatre, without first taking this simple precaution.

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Let us give you a box to try. You will thank us for what you find. Cut the coupon now before you forget.

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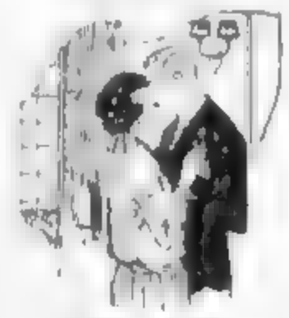

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Before every contact eat a May Breath tablet It means an added charm.

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philosophy and, indeed, of the growing philosophy of Europe. In his factory, among the French workers, he employed an American. One evening, after hours, the American came rushing out of the factory, cranked up his motor car and then turned toward a French worker who was sitting on a log smoking.

"Look here, you," said the American, "I've been getting time and a half for overtime. If we could import some American pep into your bunch, we'd double the output of this dump and you'd be riding in motor cars and your wife would wear diamonds. Pep's the thing! Pep and system! Why don't you get 'em?"

"We don't want them," replied the native worker, with an indulgent smile. "We don't want to double the output at the expense of quality. We don't want to own too much, and I don't want to hear you talk about it. I want to sit here and smoke and think and see the sun go down and not be afraid that American industrial pep or German industrial mustard will ever spoil the sweet flavor of France."

Of course, France can afford that attitude of mind, because she is self-contained and her birth rate is low; but the distaste for modern industrialism is not now confined to France; it is found all over the Continent.

"I work all day in a factory to make a window ventilator so that I can buy a brass electric lamp, and somewhere another man is working all day in another factory on brass electric lamps so that he can buy a window ventilator. Neither of us has much sun or air!"

It is that sentiment which is becoming widespread in Europe—a protest against what a Czecho-Slovak workman told me is the "trap of civilization." And that sentiment is developing much faster overseas than it has in America.

To me it appears a part of a return to an enlightened individualism.

An Italian View

"It is not unlimited production which is the service of humanity," says an Italian philosopher. "It is humanity which has become the slave of unlimited production. The individual is caught in a net. He finds himself drifting toward a dead level with all his neighbors. He cannot release his soul in a variety of work or through personal expression in craftmanship. He cannot release it in the purchase and consumption of luxuries. He cannot release it by merely being entertained by pictures, noises from the air and other things coming from outside himself. He realizes again that the development of himself cannot come from without. It is not government or law which is the foundation of man's progress. It is not conquest of matter or great institutions for producing mere things. Everywhere there is talk of the wonder of progress, but among all the voices scarcely one can be heard to say, 'The wonder of the age is a better human being!'"

Perhaps the most powerful undercurrent of thought in Europe—the thought or instinct of the plain man—is one which has yet had little open expression; but it walks hand in hand with the return of the sense of individual responsibility and with the reaction against the intoxication which came during a period when everyone sought and hoped to put responsibility onto broader shoulders than the shoulders of man; when there was a passion for short cuts and a misplaced faith that institutions could be invented to release men and women from the necessity to labor, the necessity to restrain their desires, the necessity to find their salvation in their own spirits, minds and bodies.

This sentiment, now developing, is the instinct for decentralization.

Europe is beginning to believe that the world has been dealing in units altogether too large. In government, in industrial life, in everything, there may or may not be efficiency; but the world is beginning to believe that in these great units there is not much of happiness for humanity, nor indeed much democracy. When the unit grows too large, the emphasis is placed on the unit. Everyone is asked to serve some giant machine of industry or government which is so far away from the individual heart and mind that the machine and the individual are distant strangers

The giant units, which the war with its clamor for immediate efficiency helped to develop, deal with human beings without intimate understanding. Dealing with human beings in vast masses implies that no distinctions can be made which ought to be made because of varying geographical situations, conditions of life, temperaments or the instinct and feelings of small communities. The human being becomes the slave of a tyrant giant machine which, even when it is some vast centralized unit of government erected to serve the people and labeled "Democracy," becomes a machine to bully humanity into an intolerable standardization.

One finds in France, Italy, Germany and in the Succession States plenty of incipient protest against the centralized governments of Paris, Rome and Berlin attempting to govern on information obtained telescopically. Information for humane government—government as the people want it—can only be obtained through the microscope. In communities the microscope can be used and small local government units can express the people's will, and are open as well to the close observation of the people. Big national overcentralized units of government are often top-heavy with bureaucracy, stupid, blind and oppressive. There used to be complaint about absentee landlordism; a century later we heard of the evils of absentee factory ownership as a cause for labor troubles; it may soon appear that long-distance absentee government is more of an evil than the others.

Why One Man Fought

The King of Italy talked with me at length of the difficulty of accomplishing decentralization of authority and administration when once the big centralized units are in existence. Even with the desire and agreement of everyone, it is difficult to get functions out of the hands of a national government back into a local administration, it is difficult to bring the business which the town can and ought to do out of the hands of some larger government unit, which ought not to do the business and cannot do it well and justly. It is difficult to take back from any government, no matter how small, the responsibility which belongs to the citizen and make the citizen take it on again.

But nothing will stop the rising tide of opinion that decentralization, obtained even at the cost of money and infinite pain and some waste, would in the end make government, industry, society and life itself more acceptable, more tranquil, more just, more like mirrors reflecting the will of people and less like monstrous flashlights blinding everyone.

The turn of Europe's thought today recalls to my mind a night on a military train in the middle of Russia, when young officers sat in my compartment discussing the value of human beings as against things.

"I fought the Germans," shouted one, "because it was the Germans who caused me to put aside a wooden spoon and eat with a plated one. I worked for that spoon and I was no happier. The German productiveness was dedicated to spoons and things and not to man. This was an ugly idea; that is why I aimed a machine gun at it. I am the enemy of any nation or any man who makes better devices and does nothing to make better men. Who can name any reformer in all the world's history who made a much better mankind by inventing political programs, institutions, devices and plated spoons? Bah! The only philosophers I want to remember are those who told us that the only better world came from better human individuals—Socrates!"

"Yes, Socrates," interrupted the one with the dull eyes. "And then there was another too. His name ——"

But looking around at the riffraff of vodka glasses, of sausages, muddy boots and cigarette ends, he evidently thought he would not speak that name.

Europe is groping today for the doctrine and practice which place the development of the human being first. It is individualism to be sure, but it is Christian individualism. It is the individualism of personal responsibility.

Old Dutch uses Ditto

This illustration shows Ditto reproducing a drawing of the familiar Old Dutch trade mark

THE Cudahy Packing Company, makers of Old Dutch Cleanser, have used Ditto for several years; for copying orders, price cards, and special bulletins. Cudahy recognized the economies possible with Ditto; the savings on rewriting, and absolute prevention of errors and delays.

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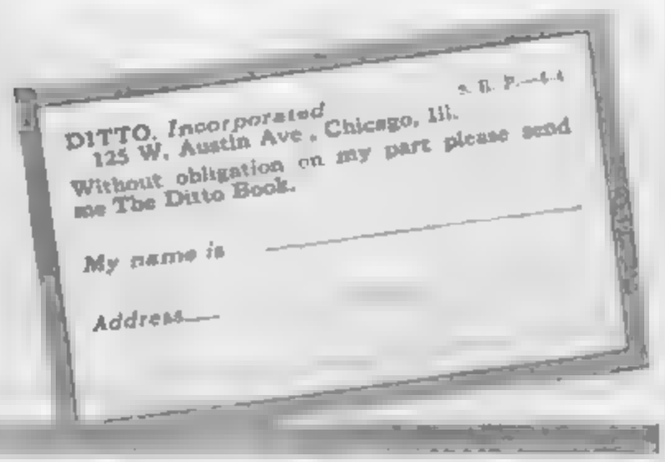
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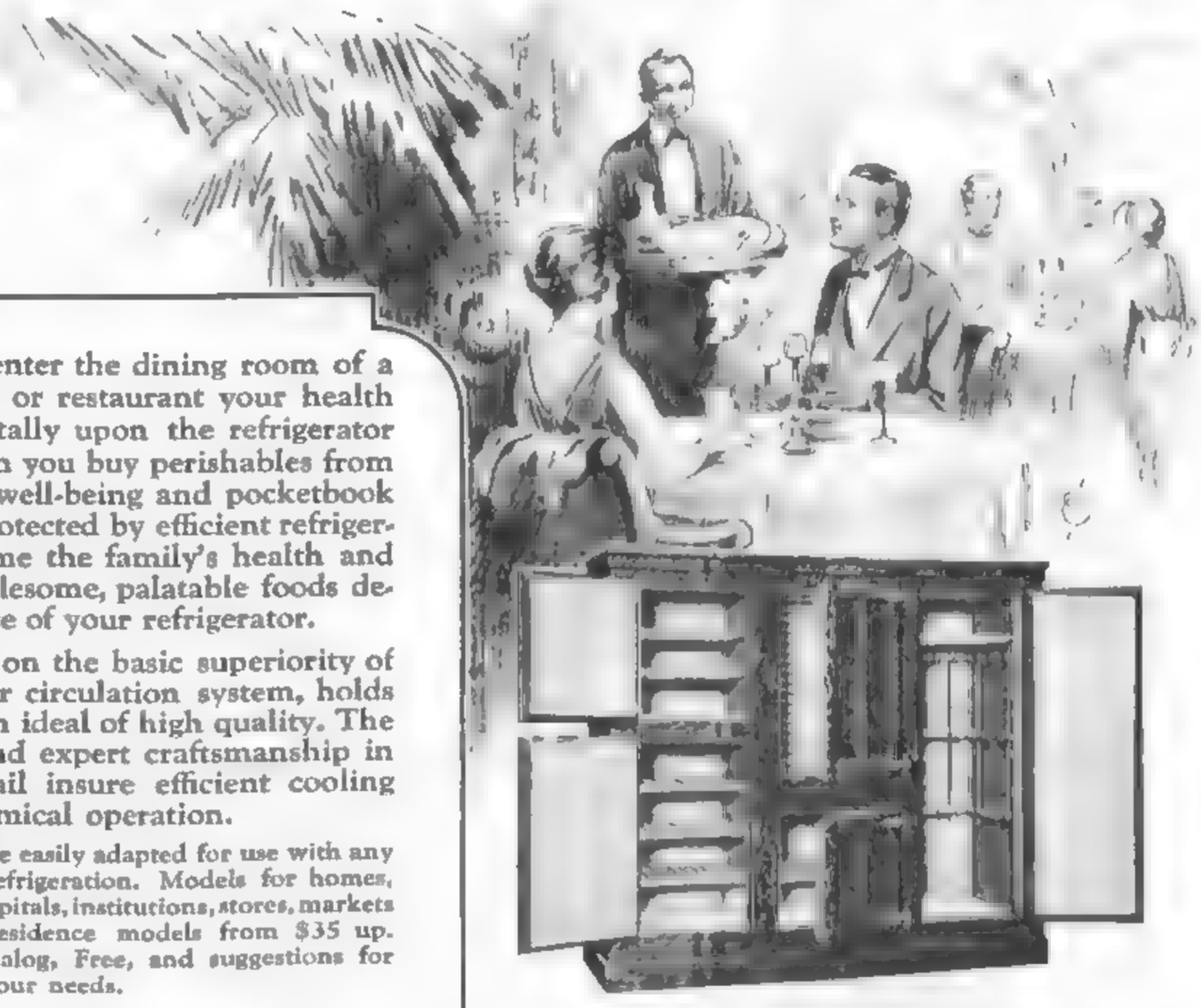
From the Source to the Table

Fresh foods are tempting, healthful foods, *when kept in their original purity and flavor.* For a third of a century McCray refrigerators have been keeping perishable foods wholesome and appetizing. McCray refrigerators, refrigerator display cases and cooling rooms are rendering this vital service wherever the need exists, from the source of foods to the table. Pictured here are but a few of the McCray models—a refrigerator of size and style to meet every requirement



WHEN you enter the dining room of a hotel, club, or restaurant your health depends vitally upon the refrigerator equipment. When you buy perishables from your dealer your well-being and pocketbook alike should be protected by efficient refrigerators. In your home the family's health and enjoyment of wholesome, palatable foods depend on the service of your refrigerator.

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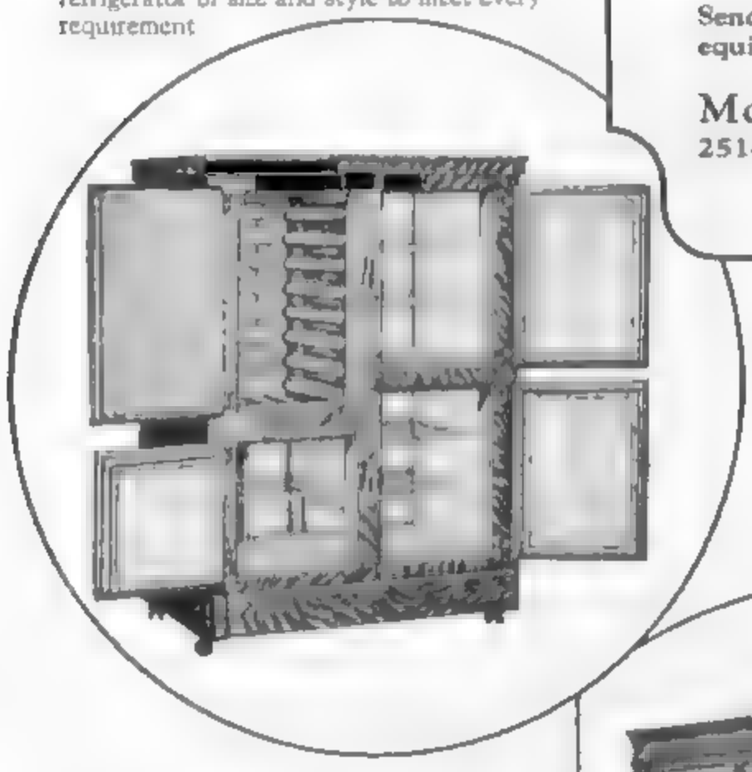
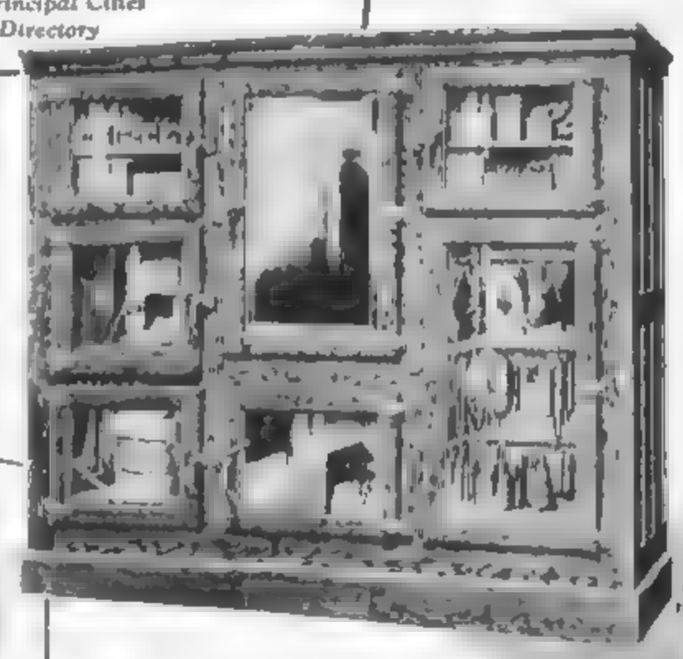
See Telephone Directory

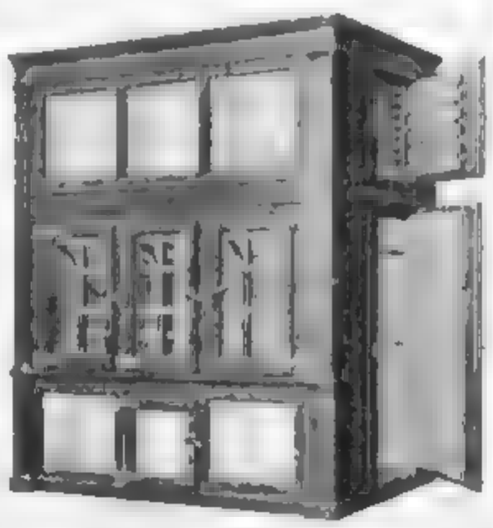
Where perishable foods must be kept in large quantities, efficient refrigerator service is a first requirement. It is significant, therefore, that McCray refrigerators are so generally used in hotels, restaurants, clubs and institutions. The No. 1135 shown above is one of the most popular medium-sized models for hotels and institutions, preventing loss through spoilage and maintaining a high standard of dining service which attracts and holds patronage



Grocers appreciate the generous storage space, excellent display possibilities, as well as the efficient economical cooling service of the Model 411, shown at the right—used in stores throughout the country.



For homes McCray health-protecting and food-saving service is available in models suiting the needs of large and small families. The No. 460 shown above is one of the most popular. The staunch oak case, thoroughly insulated walls, heavy nickeled hardware, and McCray patented circulation system assure wholesome, palatable foods. The glistening white opal glass lining makes it easy to keep food chambers clean, sweet, thoroughly sanitary.



Look for the McCray Nameplate

On the refrigerator equipment in the better stores markets, hotels, hospitals, restaurants, florist shops and in homes, this name plate gives positive assurance of foods kept pure, fresh and wholesome.

The refrigerator top counter enables the dealer to display his most tempting foods attractively, and to give instant, convenient service. The McCray Model 1022, shown above, keeps perishables fresh, wholesome and appetizing for the customer

Meats kept in the McCray cooler retain their flavor and wholesome quality. In markets the No. 185 cooler is an especial favorite for its appearance, convenience, and above all its *efficient cooling service.* Highest grade materials throughout, sturdy walls thoroughly insulated, the McCray patented system of cold air circulation and our third-of-a-century experience in building coolers have won for the McCray recognition as the real *quality cooler.*

McCRAY
REFRIGERATORS
for all purposes

Mail Today

McCray Refrigerator Co.
2514 Lake St., Kendallville, Indiana.

Please send me catalogs checked—for homes ☐; grocers ☐; markets ☐; hotels, institutions, clubs, restaurants ☐, florists ☐

Name _____

Street _____

City and State _____

THE RAG BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 14)

tight basque and *bouffant* skirt. The embroideress and beaders eagerly look to Chanel for inspiration. Her latest success is the beaded *ombre* fringe. The loops of beads, shading from light to dark, often completely cover the dress. The house of Worth will always continue to hold its high established position. From the day of the Bourbons, Worth has dressed royalty. Patou has caught the American viewpoint and caters largely to the American trade. On his recent trip to this country he even went so far as to employ six American models for his establishment in Paris. This would seem to prove that he has caught some of our advertising spirit. When he sailed with the half dozen American beauties every newspaper carried the story. Paul Poiret is a personage as well as a great *couturier*. He is one of the boldest and most daring of designers, with a great love of color. Among the many other famous *couturiers* are Jenny, Renée, Drecoll, Molyneux, Vionnet, Paquin, and Martial et Armand, each with his or her distinctive features of style. I think Jenny, for example, helps support the braid industry.

Do not imagine for a moment that you can just walk into any of the openings of these molders of fashion. The date of each showing is announced and admission is by invitation only. Every seat is reserved and numbered and every one is for a proved customer. The value of the customer to the house may be judged by the position of the seat. The good spenders are down in front. These seats are obtained for you, far in advance, by your commissionaire.

A commissionaire is not only your guide, philosopher and friend, but also your banker. A commissionaire is really a big commission house with many employes. One of these employes or agents is assigned to you for your stay in Paris. When you arrive he meets you at the station and sees that your baggage is transferred to the hotel. He cashes your checks. He advises you about shops, restaurants and theaters. If you wish to buy flowers, laces, belts or buckles, buttons, braids, ribbons or embroideries, you have only to mention the fact and the cream of each industry, with samples, will be awaiting you at his establishment at any specified time. But his chief business is to go with you to the collections. There, any dresses you may buy are charged and delivered to his establishment. It is his job to see that each dress is the model you bought, that it is in good condition and that it reaches America in the same condition and the shortest possible time. For all this labor the commissionaire receives a percentage on the amount of your purchases. Naturally, the *couturier* adds this commission to the bill, with the result that you pay much more for the dress than would the individual buyer.

Countess and Commissionaire

As a matter of fact, the individual buyer is lightly regarded at these particular seasons. A private individual is not permitted to see the coming styles, but is shown dresses from the previous collection.

Many of the agents of the commissionaires are women; some with interesting histories. For instance, one is a Russian countess, who, before the war, was a valued patron of the leading houses. A beautiful woman, used to every luxury, she was given twenty-four hours by the Bolshevists to leave Russia. She was able to save some jewels, furs and a small amount of money. Her money was soon exhausted, but she preferred going to work to parting with her jewels. As she had lost neither her good looks nor her good clothes, knew all the dressmakers and could speak four languages fluently, she was quickly able to obtain employment with a commissionaire. Still looking like a Russian countess, she was a valuable addition to the house. There are many similar cases.

The *couturiers* try to arrange their collections so that they do not conflict, for it is impossible for a buyer to attend more than two openings on the same day. The morning openings are scheduled for ten o'clock. This doesn't mean that they start at that hour but fearing a miracle, you are in your seat at 9:30. Draped on the surrounding chairs is the entire garment trade of America.

Beside you is seated your agent, who has called early for you at your hotel and guided you to the establishment you are to visit. All these establishments have footmen at the door and some of them fine entrances, but in the majority of cases the entrance is most unpretentious. There is a flight of stairs, or, if you have sufficient courage, you may run yourself up in an elevator of a capacity for four lean or three stout. But once you emerge on the second floor you believe the legend that all Parisian dressmaking establishments are housed in former palaces. The rooms are large, with lofty, decorated ceilings. The chandeliers are crystal, the mantels of carved marble, surmounted by towering mirrors which reflect the tapestried or brocaded walls. Beneath your feet stretch priceless carpets, covering marble floors, upon which stand fine old period chairs. These are not the chairs to which your tickets entitle you. For the openings they import auditorium chairs, which are placed four deep in a circle around the walls.

Down the lanes thus left come the gorgeous manikins, parading past designers who are frantically trying to remember all they see. If a dress appeals to you, you take its number. If you show your interest, your agent also takes the number, your assistant takes the number, the *vendeuse* takes the number and the *vendeuse's seconde* takes the number. A *seconde* in France apparently is the one who does all the dirty work and takes all the blame. But each *seconde* seems to have her *seconde*, so I don't know where the blame finally lands.

Copyright Models

Viewing the hundreds of dresses shown, you probably take the numbers of twenty, which you think you can't live without. From these you will eventually buy from one to four. This sounds like a small percentage, but you have many collections to visit and the price of these models, including duty, ranges from $300 to $500 apiece.

When the formal showing is over there is a buzz such as follows the falling of the curtain on a first night. Everybody asks everybody else what he thought of the show. This is when some tall and fancy lying is done. It is the prime object of any designer or manufacturer to keep any other designer or manufacturer from discovering which dresses are due for actual purchase.

Up to the last few years only the leading manufacturers sent their designers to Paris. The cheaper ones would wait until a $400 French model was produced in America for $59.50 and then they would hasten to cheapen it to $16.50. These are, of course, wholesale prices. In those days the higher class manufacturer at least got a six weeks' run for his money; but the cheaper manufacturer eventually discovered that, by going abroad, he could be on the street with his wares as soon as anybody. Perhaps things even up in the end, for now the $16.50 man is being copied by the $3.75—but you have to have a sense of humor to recognize the dress.

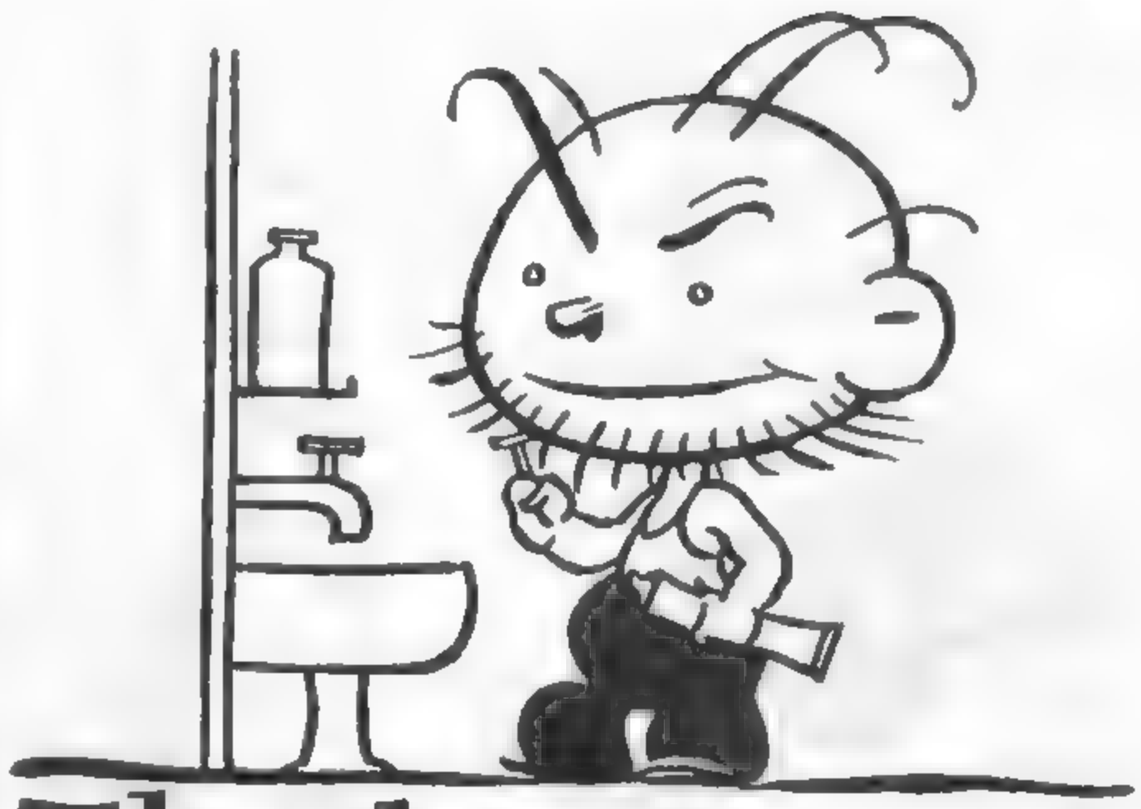
It is to keep your competitors, but especially these newcomers, from knowing what dresses you finally select that you take all possible precautions. You hand the list of numbers you have selected to your *vendeuse*. She and her *seconde* collect the dresses and bring them to you in a room—if you are lucky—or in a corner, where you do your best to screen them from prying eyes. With each dress you discard your *vendeuse* becomes more perturbed. Her "*très charmant!*" and "*très chic!*" have now reached the fever point. She is determined to put herself beyond blame if you miss the opportunity of a lifetime.

But the dresses are not left with you long. Others also have taken those numbers. It is something like a bargain sale at home. Probably some others will buy the same models that you have selected, but you feel that you have done pretty well until, walking out, you recognize a $16.50 voice, from behind a screen, saying, "This peplum dress—it should be our runner, Morris!"

You had hoped that you alone had recognized the value of the peplum dress. Well, you could only await your revenge at the hands of the $3.75.

In France, all models are protected by copyright. In the catalogue of Jean Patou is the following paragraph:

"I intend by all means in my power to sue any copyists and their accomplices that I may discover. As I intend doing this as



The best way out of a scrape — Barbasol

Makes no difference how much your face may pain the innocent bystanders.

It's your own phiz—a birthday present from your folks—and you like to treat it right. Especially in this matter of shaving.

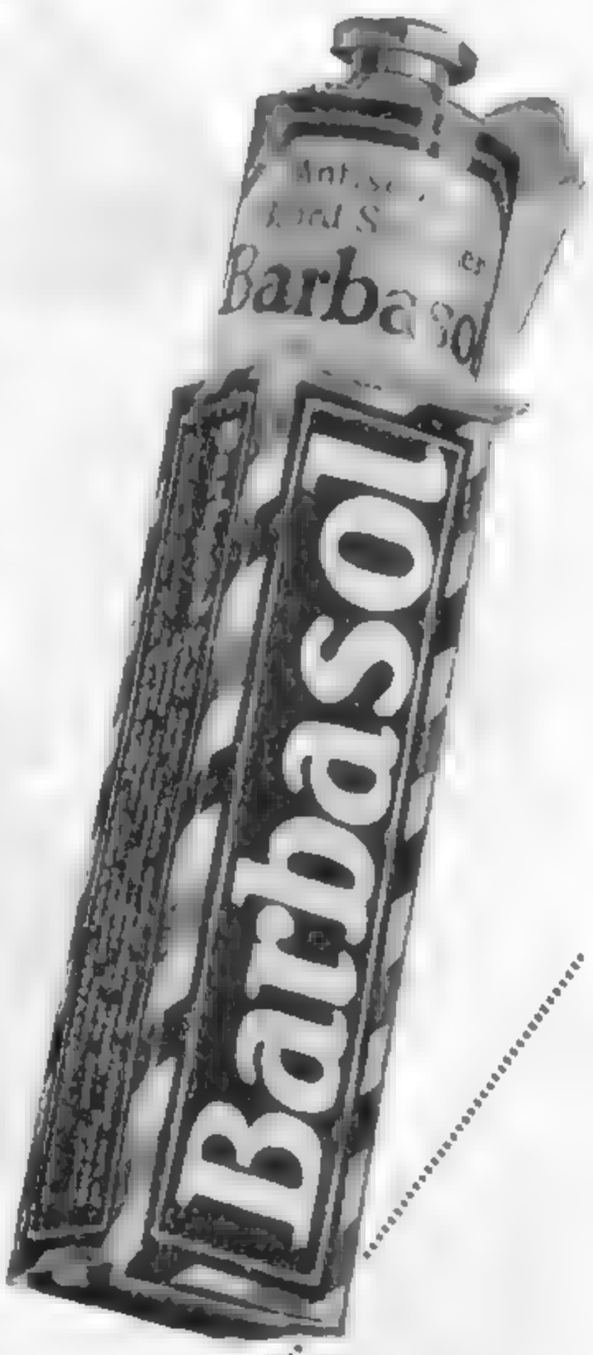
Therefore we make bold to mention Barbasol, the new way of taking the whiskers off and leaving the masculine cheeks and chin as satiny, smooth and cool as a baby's.

Barbasol offers every man a new experience in shaving. It's speedy. It's pleasant. Just wet your face—spread on a film of Barbasol (but don't rub in)—*shave*.

No brush. No rub-in. No pulling. No after-smart. Any razor, safety or straight blade. Any water—hard or soft, hot or cold. The natural oils are left right in the skin, and that accounts for the absence of pesky itch or burning. Ingrowing hairs have a way of disappearing from faces that are shaved with Barbasol.

Any face—and Barbasol!—that's all there is to the perfect shave. Especially, if you have a face that calls for a better, finer shave.

The little coupon at the right will bring you a free trial tube. Use Barbasol 3 times, according to directions, and see what we mean by The Modern Way of Shaving.



Barbasol
For Modern Shaving

The Barbasol Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.
I'll give it a fair trial; please send me your *free* sample tube.

Name

Address

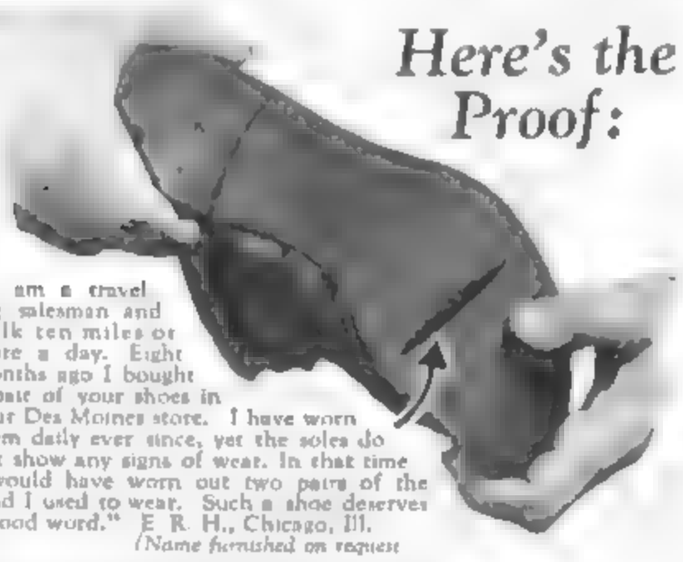
S E P 4-4-25

Newark SHOE FOR MEN WITH TUFHIDE

Give Double the Wear!

Most remarkable value at $3:50 ever offered!

Here's the Proof:

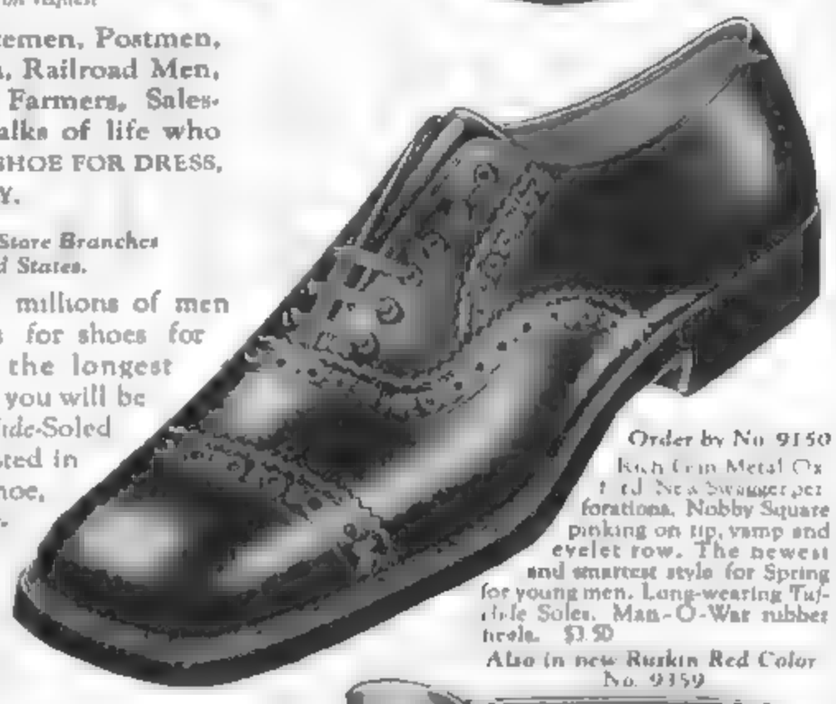


"I am a traveling salesman and walk ten miles or more a day. Eight months ago I bought a pair of your shoes in your Des Moines store. I have worn them daily ever since, yet the soles do not show any signs of wear. In that time I would have worn out two pairs of the kind I used to wear. Such a shoe deserves a good word." E. R. H., Chicago, Ill.
(Name furnished on request

$3.50 ONE PAIR OR A THOUSAND $3.50 PER PAIR

The ideal shoe for Policemen, Postmen, Firemen, Street Car Men, Railroad Men, Mechanics, Truckmen, Farmers, Salesmen and men in all walks of life who are "hard" on shoes. A SHOE FOR DRESS, EVERY DAY AND SUNDAY.

Sold in NEWARK Shoe Store Branches all over the United States.



Order by No. 9150
Rich Gun Metal Oxford, Neat Swagger perforations. Nobby Square pinking on tip, vamp and eyelet row. The newest and smartest style for Spring for young men. Long-wearing Tuf-Hide Soles. Man-O-War rubber heels. $3.50
Also in new Ruskin Red Color No. 9359

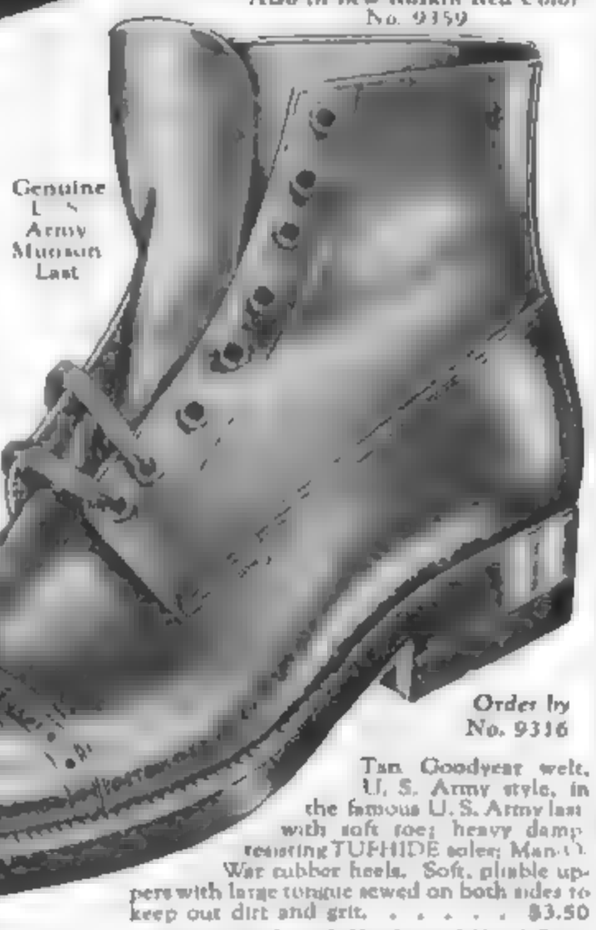
IF YOU are one of the millions of men who pay good prices for shoes for the sake of getting the longest possible wear out of them, you will be interested in NEWARK *TufHide*-Soled shoes. You will be interested in learning more about this shoe, because it combines wearing quality, style and value to a degree never before reached or even remotely approached in a shoe made to sell for $3.50.

Buy a pair

See how amazingly well they wear!

This remarkable wear-resisting shoe has changed the buying habits of hundreds of thousands of men. They buy *fewer* pairs of shoes now than heretofore because of the *greater wear* NEWARK *TufHide*-Soled shoes give them. And they pay *less per pair* for shoes than they have been in the habit of paying, to say nothing of the *savings in repairs* besides!

The "harder" you are on shoes, the more amazed you will be over the service NEWARK *TufHide*-Soled shoes give you. If we were to charge *double* the price for them, we could not possibly build them with a more durable sole than we put on this shoe at $3.50.



Genuine U. S. Army Munson Last

Order by No. 9316
Tan Goodyear welt, U. S. Army style, in the famous U. S. Army last with soft toe; heavy damp resisting TUFHIDE soles; Man-O-War rubber heels. Soft, pliable uppers with large tongue sewed on both sides to keep out dirt and grit. $3.50
Also in Black with Hooks and Hard Box Toe. Order No. 9515

This wonderful scientific achievement, combined with vast quantity production in our own factories, and economical distribution through our own national chain of NEWARK SHOE STORES, has made possible this triumph of value-giving at $3.50.

NEWARK *TufHide*-Soled shoes are made in popular leathers and favored styles—from the smartest brogue lasts for young men to the sturdiest of work shoes.

They are sold only in NEWARK SHOE STORES. If we haven't a branch in your town

Order Direct By Mail

When ordering by mail, please state size and style desired. *Include 10c to cover parcels post cost.* Order a pair NOW and see for yourself how remarkably serviceable and satisfactory they are in every way.

AGENTS WANTED

We want Field Men and Women to sell NEWARK TUFHIDE-Soled Shoes for men wherever we have no stores. Big demand, liberal commission, fine opportunity to make money. Write for details.

Newark Shoe Stores Co.
Stores in all principal cities
General Offices:
729 W. Lombard Street, Baltimore, Md.

much in my customers' interest as in my own, I beg to ask any persons having information with regard to this malpractice to be good enough to inform me at once, as I will not hesitate to spend both time and money in bringing them to justice."

Nevertheless, within from three days to a week after an opening you are able to find the pick of the collections at some copyist's. These are true copies of the original model; absolutely similar except in price. The copyist sells the dress for anything from half price down. There have been cases where a copyist has had somebody's best seller actually before an opening.

These copyists get their information through bribery, spies and all sorts of underground channels. They are the bootleggers of the dress trade and they take all the precautions which go with a business outside the law. Usually, their places of business are ostensibly small dressmaking establishments, though they are like the drug stores which sell soft drinks at the fountain, but take certain favored patrons back of the prescription screen. If you are known or vouched for, they take you into a back room, lock the door and show you the contraband. Of course these copyists have only a limited number of models and most of them specialize in copying certain *couturiers*.

Some of these places are situated in apartment houses. No matter how careful they are, these copyists are frequently discovered, arrested and fined; but they go right back into the same business.

Much of a buyer's time in Paris is spent trying to keep information from every other buyer; so, just as you make extra haste to see any opening that everyone in your line tells you is no good, you also painstakingly conceal the name and whereabouts of any copyist you may happen to discover. Often these copyists have very good models of their own and these are always on view. Sometimes you go back and find that some of these smaller houses have ceased the copying game and grown into legitimate establishments. As a matter of fact, it is not an uncommon thing for some small establishment to grow, almost overnight, popular and prosperous.

A Designer's Strategy

I know of many such instances. For example, there are two sisters in Paris who started in a very modest way. Today, no American buyer would think of missing their collection, in spite of its being comparatively a small one. The reason for this is that they never have changed either their place of business or their methods, although their workroom employs many more girls than it did in former years. But their establishment is still housed in a most unpretentious building, entered from an alley and up many flights of dark winding stairs. They employ no designers and no manikins. That is to say, they not only design all their dresses, but they show them on themselves. They make their changes behind a screen, in a corner of the room, talking constantly to their customers. To get into their collection you have to know the password, the grip and show your income-tax receipts—and then they won't let you in if they don't like you. Their affection for you is based solely on the amount you buy. If you are so mercenary as to mention that their prices are exorbitant, they immediately turn on you with:

"Big price? It is the little price! We are fools! We do the work and you Americans get rich. Do not come if you do not like our prices."

Then they raise the price on the next model you choose and you buy it hastily by way of apology. When they have shown their line they go into the workroom and come out with half-completed dresses pinned on them, painting a beautiful word picture of how the finished product will look. By this time you have far exceeded what you planned to spend at this particular house, but you feel that you must have this *dernier cri*.

Clever as these women are, I know of one instance in which they were outmaneuvered. Though you buy only a comparatively few models at a collection, you try to remember all others that will be of use to you. Not only is this a mental strain, but between collections you have little time to make sketches to send home. One of New York's foremost designers conceived the idea of employing a professional sketcher to do this work. She hired a young French girl with the necessary qualifications, but then came the job of getting her into the collections. As the designer was a big buyer, few *couturiers* asked questions, but no such luck at the house of the two sisters. There every pedigree is searched.

The designer suavely explained that she was training the girl to be her foreign buyer. As this meant money, the sisters didn't wish to risk shutting the girl out, but during the entire showing she was regarded with suspicion and dirty looks. These were amply justified, as each time the designer saw a dress which especially struck her fancy she would nudge the girl and exclaim in clear and admiring tones, *"Très jolie, mademoiselle!"* This was the password, which meant "Remember that dress and sketch it." The nudge was to make sure of attention, as the girl and the handsome young man who was the commissionaire's agent had inconsiderately fallen in love with each other. It finally got to the point where the designer always seated herself between them. This may have been hard-hearted, but it improved business.

Hard-Worked Designers

Most American houses have several designers, so it is the object of the designer in Paris to send home as much advance information as possible. They cable hints and instructions each night and mail sketches, but these sketches usually are rough affairs, owing sometimes to inability to draw, but more often to lack of time. By taking a sketcher around with her, this designer made a decided step forward. Not only was she able to conserve her own energy, but she was able to send back a greater number of drawings and to have them accurate in every detail.

This designer is one of the few I know who practically runs her workroom in New York while she is in Paris. It is mainly due to her ability and progressive ideas that the house for which she works is one of the leaders in its line. No scientist along other lines has ever studied his subject more thoroughly than she has studied the matter of dress. She knows the history of clothes, their manufacture and their sale.

The advantage of sending back sketches is that your house may have, before you return, dresses to show buyers which resemble the latest styles in Paris. You rarely copy a model you buy, line for line. If you did it would result in a rubber-stamp output. Every house which sent a representative to Paris would be producing absolutely the same thing.

After all, we regard ourselves as designers over here. What we go abroad for are ideas which we can adapt to our own use. The retailer, of course, sells the original model and the wholesaler may manufacture it if it is sufficiently popular; but the designer for the latter is much more apt to use a neck line, sleeve or skirt in combination with her own creations. This gives her models the Paris flavor, upon which American taste insists.

The dresses which buyers select at the collections of the French houses are all delivered to the various commissionaires on the same date. This means that they arrive in New York practically at the same time; so, as I have already tried to show, it is only in the matter of sketches and general information that you can beat a competitor.

It may sound to the average woman as if a designer, getting a large salary and three or four trips abroad each season, had an enviable life; but oh, my dears, you are hard to please! While you rest comfortably at home, we travel on boats and trains, go to openings all day, and for fear we may miss something, are almost afraid to sleep at night, just to find pretty things for you. And after our work and worry, you may pass one of the results of all this in some shop with merely a "Have you nothing else to show me?" But if, instead, you say "How darling!" we, too, feel that ours is an enviable job.

Truly, a designer's work is both hard and nerve-racking. Sometimes the head of the firm also goes to Paris, which lightens the load; but otherwise, success depends upon your unaided taste and judgment. You are spending a large sum of money for someone else. The responsibility is great. And you are buying under the most trying conditions; first, because there is too great a supply from which to choose—and your decision must be practically instantaneous; and secondly, you are hypnotized by your

(Continued on Page 213)

Solving the Problems of Big Business

Standish Backus

President, Burroughs Adding Machine Co.

FOR FORTY YEARS Burroughs has been rendering a two-fold service to business:

It has solved today's accounting problems—which is efficiency; it is anticipating the problems of tomorrow—which is vision.

It was this characteristic Burroughs Ideal which dictated the selection of

The Easy Writing

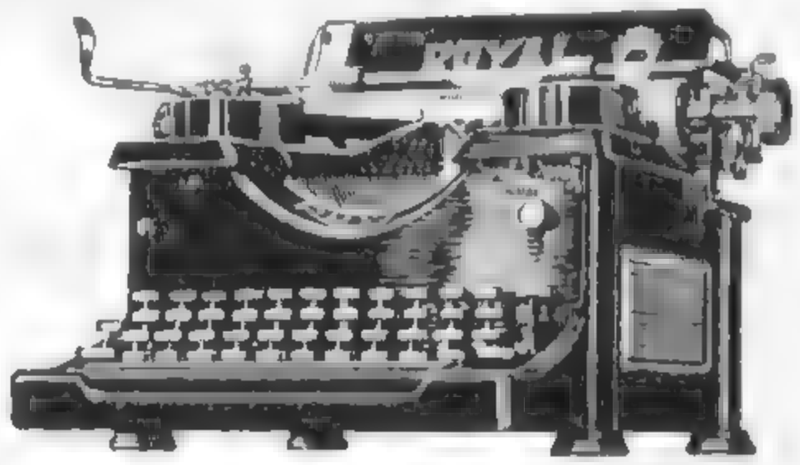
ROYAL TYPEWRITER

as standard equipment in the offices of the Burroughs Adding Machine Company, located in nearly 200 cities of the United States and Canada.

Specialists themselves in mechanical perfection, they recognize the mechanical excellence of Royal Typewriters.

Apostles of efficiency and systemized speed in all phases of accountancy, they know the contribution to secretarial efficiency and ease which the Easy Writing Royal Typewriter makes.

The Royal Typewriter is solving the writing problems of the world's business with perfect letters, written with speed and ease.



ROYAL

TRADE MARK

TYPEWRITERS

"Compare the Work"

ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY, Inc.

316 Broadway, New York

Branches and Agencies the World Over

Bird's eye view of the great factory of the Burroughs Adding Machine Co., Detroit, Mich.

No. 6Q. Quart Bottle. Finished in full nickel-plate. $4.25 each

Does Portable Hot and Cold Food play a part in Your Day's Work?

WHEN the first "Thermos" Bottle *carried* food and *kept it hot or cold* a great many people grasped the fact that "Thermos" Service would play an important part in their day's work.

Not only workmen who were enabled to carry a hot lunch along with them to the job.

But men in all sorts of positions—from the president of a big railroad down to the humble office boy.

And it was just as true of *women*. From their work about the home, they had long felt the need of some way to *keep* food *hot* or *cold* and at the same time be able to *take it from place to place*.

Each year added thousands are finding a way to let this great "Thermos" Service help *them*.

Perhaps these new users of "Thermos" Bottles already own one or more bottles—but they are applying the "Thermos" Service in *other ways* and discovering for themselves new uses for *other* Genuine Thermos Vacuum Bottle Vessels.

'Tis "Thermos" or 'Tisn't "Thermos"

Not all vacuum bottles are Genuine Thermos Vacuum Bottles. This is one thing that it is well to *remember*.

Genuine Thermos Vacuum Bottles are stamped with the "Thermos" Trade Mark—it is your guarantee of *Genuine* Thermos Vacuum Bottle Service.

Glass Stopper Lip Jug, No. 564. Nickel-Plated, Quart Size, $9.75 each. Extra filler, No. 564F, $4.75 each.

Thermos Pitcher Set, Silver Plated, Quart Size. Flemish Design. No. 362. $40 each.

GENUINE

THERMOS

REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

VACUUM BOTTLE

THE AMERICAN THERMOS BOTTLE CO. 366 MADISON AVE. NEW YORK

Chicago San Francisco Norwich, Conn. Huntington, W. Va. Thermos Limited, London, England Thermos Bottle Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada

(Continued from Page 210)

surroundings. One of the first things you have to learn is to be conservative. A dress never looks the same when you get it home. When something you enthusiastically purchased is removed from the packing case, your employer says sarcastically, "I should send you abroad to buy a pup like that!" And you, too, wonder what you saw in the dress. Another case of hypnotism!

You don't resent such comments, because your interests and those of your employer are identical. In the first place, an employer, closer to the selling end than you are, is generally right about a dress; and then, too, employers are, as a rule, a generous lot, quicker to praise than to blame. The truth is that a dress which looks well on a French manikin is not always welcome in the American home. A buyer must be careful not to confuse the new with the startling and the bizarre.

Visiting *couturiers* is not your only job abroad. It is important for you to know what the women in Paris are wearing. Some of them are so inconsiderate as to be wearing a last season's model, for styles there last much longer than they do here; but there is always something to be found. And of course it's fun to go to the theaters, smart restaurants and night clubs, even if here, too, you always are on the lookout for clothes. To be sure, most of the clothes you see are worn by people in the same line of business as yourself, who have gone to the same place for the same purpose. This makes you feel safer. If they are there, they can't be some place else putting something over on you. The herd moves from place to place, and five restaurants in an evening is the average.

At the race tracks your coworkers are not so prominent, as the larger area permits the French, also, to crowd in. You must attend the races, since all Paris is there. They are not alone social and sporting events, but are used by the dress houses to advertise their creations. Leading *couturiers* send out manikins gowned for the occasion, to parade and be snapped right and left by photographers. These pictures not only appear in Paris newspapers and shop windows, but are shipped by a syndicate to the dress manufacturers of the United States.

Amid all this fashionable life, the visiting dress business draws its social lines very distinctly. The most exclusive retailers do not speak to the wholesalers; the exclusive wholesalers do not speak to the popular-priced, and nobody speaks to the $16.50 man. Even on the way over, he is regarded as a barnacle on the boat.

The Ostracized Magnate

Over here, the low-priced manufacturer is a man of considerable importance, largely owing to the fact that he has usually made a lot more money out of the designs of the exclusive manufacturers than they have themselves. Where they sell one $49.50 model, he sells fifty copies of it.

When a prince of the $16.50 kingdom first decided to join the royalty of the garment trade in Paris, instead of being received as an enterprising pioneer, he was grieved and pained to find himself utterly ignored. Anyone with something to sell was glad to see him, but the buyers couldn't see him at all. Although he went to the same restaurants and spent money even more ostentatiously, he might as well have been a ghost at the feast. He cordially greeted everybody, but nobody greeted him.

This began to get on his nerves. The Arc de Triomphe is a long walk from Times Square, and the French language is lonely when you don't speak it. He became seriously annoyed; but though he lost his patience, he kept his sense of humor. There is a hotel in Paris patronized by the elect of the trade and there he, too, had obtained accommodations. His rooms, as were also those of some of the most exclusive, were on a court which was a veritable sounding board.

Choosing the hour when everyone was dressing for dinner, thus assuring himself a crowded house, the $16.50 prince went to the balcony outside his windows and pretended to discover a friend across the way. Knowing his real audience well—he had, in days gone by, copied the most cherished models of each—he hailed his imaginary friend and in ringing tones made an address.

"Sure I'm in Paris, Isadore," he said. "Nobody ain't seen me yet, but I'm here. Maybe they think it's a secret. I should spend good money to come to Paris, when all my designers are here!"

Then, distinctly, he named the elect one by one.

Certain of the garment trade realize that there are works of art in Paris aside from those of fashion, but they seldom get time to see them. Now and then some seeker of culture may snatch twenty minutes to digest the Louvre, the Luxembourg and Napoleon's Tomb, but he is much more apt to take an hour to follow some woman in a good-looking dress, praying that she will take her coat off so that he can see the neck line.

All that most of the manufacturers see, think and talk is dress. The Paris they know is bounded by the Champs-Élysées and Montmartre. When a certain one of them was asked if he'd been to the Musée de Cluny he replied, no, that he hadn't been to a waxworks since they pulled down the old Eden Musée in Twenty-third Street.

The Hectic Get-Away

The peregrinations of a designer are not confined to Paris. According to the season, she makes flying trips in the wake of fashion to such places as Deauville, Biarritz and Monte Carlo. When once she has accumulated all the information possible in the time at her command, her one idea is to get home and get her own designs on the market. Her employers are impatient for her return. She has had four exhausting weeks and she will step from the gangplank to her workroom. Her one chance for rest will be on the boat.

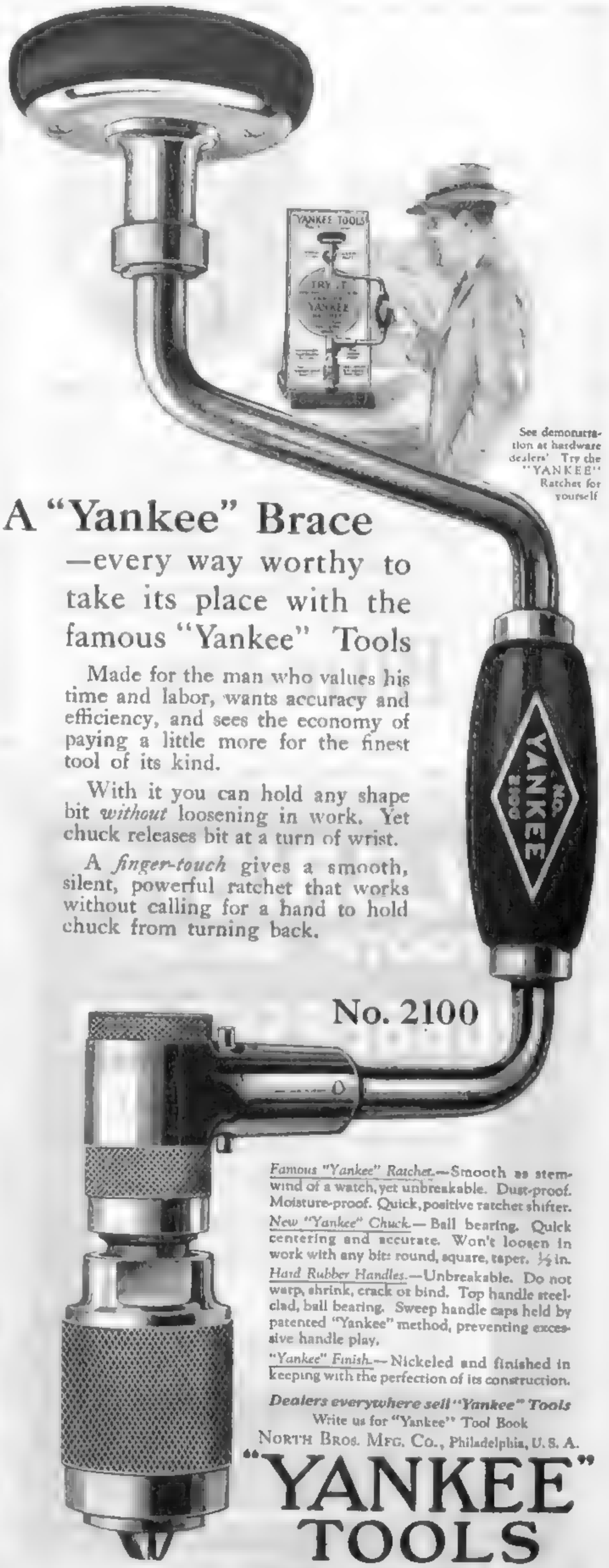
The last night in Paris is hectic. Trunks are being packed, friends are rushing in to send enough messages home to occupy you for a month if they were delivered, your agent is receiving his final instructions, messengers from all over Paris are reporting with delayed purchases, closets are still full of things for which there appears to be no room, the telephone is ringing and you are hunting for the place where you put your tickets. This is the one time when you feel that the photograph on your passport is a perfect likeness. About three in the morning you send final commands to the desk to call you early. It seems about five minutes later when this order is complied with by the entire staff, which has no intention of missing your departure so long as Americans continue to tip.

You are in time for the boat train, after all. Each passenger for the steamer has railroad reservations. The names are written and pasted on the doors of the compartments. As you walk through you begin to feel that already you are home again. You are reading the directory in the entrance of New York's Garment Center Capitol.

So we leave Paris—Paris, queen of fashion, royally ancient in glamour and tradition, but in spirit always young; Paris, chic and lovely, wearing her girdle of boulevards and her jewels of art; Paris, the incomparable; but somewhere in the sheen of silk we hope to catch the reflection of her beauty and weave it into a dream of a dress for you.

PHOTO FROM H. G. WATSON

"Sunshine and Clouds." On the Yukon River



A "Yankee" Brace

—every way worthy to take its place with the famous "Yankee" Tools

Made for the man who values his time and labor, wants accuracy and efficiency, and sees the economy of paying a little more for the finest tool of its kind.

With it you can hold any shape bit *without* loosening in work. Yet chuck releases bit at a turn of wrist.

A *finger-touch* gives a smooth, silent, powerful ratchet that works without calling for a hand to hold chuck from turning back.

No. 2100

Famous "Yankee" Ratchet.—Smooth as stem-wind of a watch, yet unbreakable. Dust-proof. Moisture-proof. Quick, positive ratchet shifter.

New "Yankee" Chuck.—Ball bearing. Quick centering and accurate. Won't loosen in work with any bits round, square, taper. ¼ in.

Hard Rubber Handles.—Unbreakable. Do not warp, shrink, crack or bind. Top handle steel-clad, ball bearing. Sweep handle caps held by patented "Yankee" method, preventing excessive handle play.

"Yankee" Finish.—Nickeled and finished in keeping with the perfection of its construction.

Dealers everywhere sell "Yankee" Tools

Write us for "Yankee" Tool Book

NORTH BROS. MFG. CO., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

"YANKEE" TOOLS

Make Better Mechanics

Once they called him the "Old Crank"

—but that was before he lost his Corn

"New dispositions for old corns." . . . That isn't an impossible bargain . . . Doctors know that a corn may plague a man's whole system—nagging his nerves, ragging his temper—making him feel mean all over . . . For a corn isn't just a local pain. It's a *pain-station* on the "main line" of the nervous system. Tiny nerves telegraph its twinges all over the circuit . . . So Blue-jay offers this fair exchange—"New spirits for old corns." . . . Solid comfort comes the moment you put on the downy plaster. Two days later, you remove the pad—and usually the corn comes out—gently uprooted by the little brown disc of magic medication. Only a stubborn corn needs a second plaster.

Blue-jay

THE QUICK AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

ALBRIGHT

ALBRIGHT TOOTH BRUSH

A PRODUCT OF

RUBBERSET CO.

Really Cleans *All* The Teeth!

Ordinary toothbrushes invite decay by leaving important surfaces of the teeth untouched. So 4,118 dentists designed, and 20,000 dentists now endorse —THE ALBRIGHT TOOTHBRUSH to reach the places *usually never reached—between* the teeth, on the *uneven grinding surfaces*, the *backs* of the *back teeth*. The tufts of bristles are *wedge-shaped* and *widely spaced*. They penetrate into *every crevice*. The ALBRIGHT is *different* in design and *different* in results.

45¢ 35¢ 25¢

Handles in *five* distinctive colors for quick identification of your toothbrush—White, Light Amber, Dark Amber, Ruby, Blue.

RUBBERSET COMPANY, NEWARK, N. J., U.S.A.

Buy it in the Red Box

It gets in between— where decay begins

FROM AN OLD HOUSE

(Continued from Page 33)

rest, their color and surface were so identical, that we accepted them as original with the chair. However, except that it had cost me nothing, I thought no more of it than of the things I had bought. Genealogies didn't engage me. There was no definable inheritance behind my books, they owed nothing to the past; aside from them, I had no actual being. I was content to live within the circle of what I had created, and I asked no more of my furniture.

The Dower House took the tables and chests of drawers into itself and gave them a sustained personality; inside its walls it allowed no air of a collection. In my bedroom the Queen Anne chairs from Maine, the walnut bed from Virginia, the lowboy and highboy, dwelt together in a perfect harmony under the low white ceiling, in the soft light from the deeply embrasured dormer windows. The peace of the house was repeated in the peacefulness of the rather severe furniture. The pewter lamps, with the dull orange shades Alice Gray had made for me, managed to conceal the fact that they held electric lights, the wires were unobtrusive, apologetic. It wasn't, as I had admitted, the bedroom of a farmhouse, but it was tranquil and unified.

The three Hepplewhite chairs stood in the front bedroom; they were mahogany, and the bed—discovered for me in the depths of a Richmond cellar—was mahogany; there was a mahogany pole screen before the hearth and a candlestand and Pembroke table; the bed, the candlestand and table all had spade feet; they were of the same wood. A little elaborate, perhaps, for the Dower House; but again they took their place with quiet good manners. The reeded posts of the bed were very chaste, the open canopy, with its ball fringe, was simple, the drapery uncomplicated; the small chest of drawers had plain French bracket feet, there was only a line, a trace, of inlay; and that, repeated in the mirror above it, the mahogany, were absorbed into the dominating spirit.

Leading from that there was a room all curly maple and a field bed with an arched canopy, a transparent net like a hovering cloud softening and blurring the ceiling and corners. My grandfather's chair was beside it, and I had taken away a desk to make room for a circular table with an extraordinary tigerlike grain. There was an English tray painted with golden pheasants in the Chinese taste of Thomas Chippendale and a Pennsylvania wall towel embroidered in colored and fading threads with paired love birds on stiff trees in tubs, fantastic deer, stars and borders and a date, 1844, inside a heart. There was a name, Mary Martin, and, below, a careful alphabet which, nevertheless, lacked the letter V; and I wondered how sharply Mary—she would have been very young—had been corrected for that omission.

In the lower front room, with the bookcases, was the modern divan; the old red-and-yellow bandanna handkerchief laid over one end was but a spot of color and made no effort to conceal the newness it varied.

I had no wish to excuse the divan, its deep ease and dull blue covering were a sufficient reason for its presence. At intervals I saw a more appropriate sofa, I very nearly bought an exceptional Windsor bench, telling myself that it could be softened with squab cushions; it would be nearly as comfortable as the divan, I proceeded; but I got no further—nothing else could have been so relaxing, so conducive to the enjoyment of long cigars.

At its back was a table that I had owned for a great while; through most of my possession of it—in this resembling the curly-maple rocking-chair—I had been aware of it only as a table; and then, dramatically, I recognized that it was a gate-legged table with an apple-wood frame, all its eight terminal balls intact, and the original walnut top. Still ignorant of the restrained treatment it deserved I had determined to have it scraped and refinished; forgetfulness interfered with that mistaken design; and today it was as authentic, as unspoiled, as anything around it. It stood in the company of an upholstered chair with uncommon arms and a nice arrangement of stretchers and a small dish-topped table for which, without quite understanding why, I had paid a very large price. However, I hadn't been alone in this: I had bought it at one of the few auctions I attended, and three other people were as anxious—but not as persistent—to own it as myself. It was, simply, a perfect example of its not rare type: the base and legs were graceful, the wood was beautifully colored by time and use, and the top inviting.

On it I kept a picture of Margaret Case, with all her lovely hair still uncut; the two early volumes of Tennyson's poetry Lewis Hatch had had bound for me in red Persian leather, and a blue Jersey bowl. When Francis Brinton first saw that he picked it up and, after an instinctive glance at the pontil mark, the signs of wear on the rim which encountered the table, he looked at it for a long while. Then, with the inimitable delicacy of his delicate hands, he put it back, and there was no need to ask his opinion. Instead, he told me that the Dower House was getting to be as fine as possible. That, I replied, was largely due to him; and it's in my mind that I commented again on the number of men who, I had heard, were explaining that they were the original of the dealer I had described in stories of antique furniture. "You know, Francis," I went on, "that I got the most of him from you; the rest was imaginary. No one else feels a bedpost or detects the undesirable in the under sides of shelves, in your manner. You get as much information and pleasure from your sense of touch as you do from your eyes."

"Perhaps not quite so much," he replied moderately.

(Continued on Page 217)

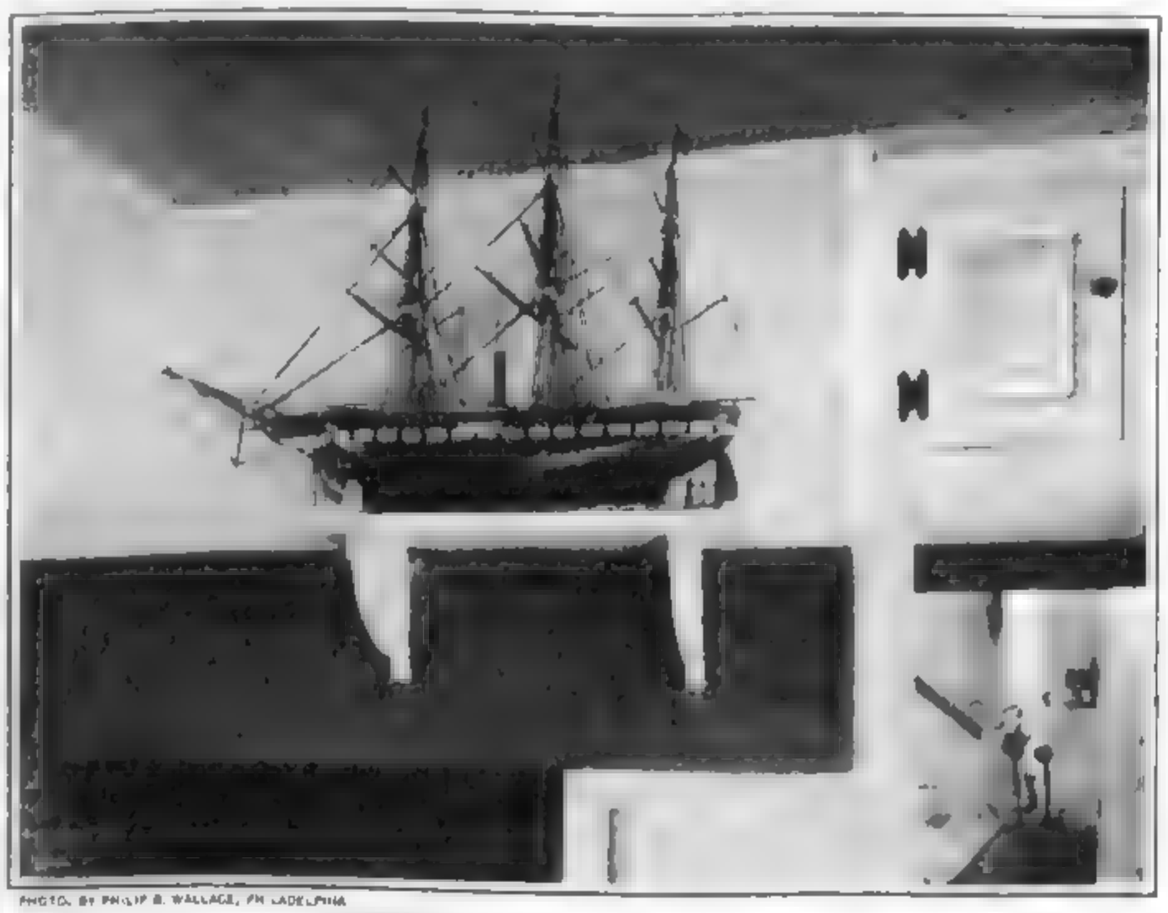


PHOTO. BY PHILIP B. WALLACE, PHILADELPHIA

The U. S. Steam Frigate Lancaster

WHY YOU SHOULD PATRONIZE A PROSPEROUS TIRE DEALER

The merchant who tries to make you believe he is *giving* you something, is usually *handing you something*. He is deceiving either you or himself.

Just as *you* sell at a profit, either your services or stocks of merchandise, so must others sell at a profit—fair to you, who pay it, and fair to the person who asks it.

A merchant who sells at a fair profit is one who becomes and remains a responsible party with whom you may do business on a basis of mutual confidence—he confident that he is giving full value for the dollars he receives, and you confident that you are receiving full value for those dollars.

To remain in business, he must earn a continuing profit from you, his clientele, who go to him in increasing numbers because he sells you first-quality products at fair prices, and renders cheerful and intelligent service.

This is true of any merchant—it is true of the tire merchant.

* * * *

Here, then, are the factors AJAX considers in placing its franchise in a community:

How long the particular tire dealer with whom you like to do business has been a member of your business community—

The year-by-year expansion that he has enjoyed as a result of his endeavors—

The prosperity his place of business reflects—

The readiness with which he aids you in your tire problems.

AJAX scrupulously keeps its obligations to its dealers and demands that its dealers regard theirs likewise.

AJAX, for twenty years a manufacturer of tires, cannot afford to jeopardize the esteem its product enjoys, by placing that product in the hands of incompetent dealers.

To aid its dealers, AJAX, through the knowledge that only the years can bring, through the superior and improved manufacturing facilities it enjoys, and through the national distribution of its products, establishes prices that enable dealers to sell competitively and yet receive their due.

AJAX encourages its dealers to earn an adequate profit, for unless dealers individually earn a profit, the organization of which they are a part is a will-o'-the-wisp, here today, tomorrow gone.

To you, the buyer, all this is as important as it is to us and to those thousands of dealers who make up AJAX. Prosperous AJAX dealers—and AJAX dealers *are* prosperous—are your best guaranty that you are paying the least cost per mile for your tires.

AJAX RUBBER COMPANY, INC.
220 West 57th St., New York City

LONDONDERRY—a brawny shoe, a racy shoe, correct for full-cut trousers

AS SMART as a young man's Easter scarf, as easy and trim as his squarely-cut business suit, as different as the exact tilt of his hat brim—and as long wearing as his habit of always looking well dressed.

The bright style of the spring Bostonians is a matter of skilful design and fine leathers. But if that style were not *built in,* as it is, through each of the two hundred processes that shape it exactly to your foot, your walking weight would pound the looks out of shape.

A million young-feeling men (from 18 to 45) will soon be wearing their special style of Bostonians. Each of them knows that the modest price will pay him exceptional value throughout the spring and summer.

BOSTONIANS
Shoes for Men

TO

MADE BY THE COMMONWEALTH SHOE AND LEATHER CO., BOSTON AND WHITMAN, MASS.

(Continued from Page 214)

I liked the glass bowl—it had been for sugar—better because of his approval; but Mrs. Carey had brought it to me, in itself a reassuring fact: they were both as candid as they were competent in exposing to me the optimistic errors of my enthusiasms.

The spring proceeded, it became warm, and brought the things to eat that were its seasonal delight: broiled shad and shad roe—I hadn't heard the mellow tin horn of the fish vender since I had moved into the Dower House—pale cucumbers, ice-cold, rosy new potatoes in butter and parsley, and the first peas, planted in March, vividly green in a deep silver bowl. These were best at supper in the early dusk, rather than in the formality of dinner; and I remembered such a supper when the walls of the dining room were being papered, years before it had been restored. We had a small table, placed at a window; the light grew tender and then a little dim, and I have no doubt but that a lamp was put beside us. I can recall the crisp brown savor of the shad roe, the greenness of the peas, the thin sliced cucumbers, more clearly than the lunch of only a few hours ago.

We had supper then—dinner was at the middle of the day—a time which suited me better than the present hour. I was brought up on supper at night, and I had kept my preference for that simple arrangement. But the changes in custom had overwhelmed me: I couldn't have suppers in my house and everywhere else go to dinners. Dorothy and the people who came to see us attended to that. I wasn't, in the details of living, free. At my grandfather's a great deal of food had been put, conveniently, on the long table; and now William brought dishes to me and immediately carried them away; the table mostly held flowers and ash trays and glasses. When I was young beefsteaks and potatoes and hot cakes were a part of breakfast, but now breakfast had been reduced to the vanishing point, and hot cakes, called French pancakes, made their appearance at lunch rolled in currant jelly.

It was this background, I suppose, which had led the defeat of my different inclination to have a late and formal dinner—the present fighting against the patient and silent, the triumphant, past. As I grew older I was returning, at least in thought, to early habits. Women were more responsive than men to the obligations of new customs. The society I had been born into was essentially American, rich and evangelical and rigid. It had, then, none of the borrowed and inappropriate aspects of aristocratic existence which had since completely transformed it; but what it was changed into I couldn't discover. There was an immeasurably greater freedom now, but it wasn't so clear that there was more enjoyment. The pleasures of that other time were so completely appreciated. The flower of leisure, grafted on the vigorous American trunk of commercial successes, produced a very odd and far from hardy plant; it hadn't revealed the one desirable quality of aristocracy—the courage of independent thought and action.

What was curious was the fact that, while my memory clung to the superficial phases of the past, I had no impulse to retain its fundamental religious belief; its church had gone from me, but I recalled the hour of its supper, its amazing breakfasts, with a romantic regret. More than once I had wondered what my grandfather and father would have said if they could have walked into the Dower House together. Only the convenience of its plan, the comfort, would have struck them; for during their lives antique furniture had had no value at all. And what would have been their attitude toward me? They had died within a year of each other, when I was nineteen, before I had shown any industry or promise. I hadn't, of course, written a conscious sentence. Surprise must have been their main feeling, since they had been convinced that I was addressed to disaster; a boy worthless at school who had turned to dabbling in paints!

Where my books were concerned, my grandfather would have detested Cytherea, the backgrounds of The Three Black Pennys and Java Head, of Balisand, he would have approved of, but the human frailty they contained set him against them, Linda Condon would have been entirely incomprehensible, a mad performance; The Lay Anthony he'd have passed over without a word; but Mountain Blood—an absolutely Presbyterian performance—he would have fully understood. He came, thin and immaterial and severe, into my thoughts; he stopped for a moment in his own chair in the curly-maple room, and then left me. There wasn't, however, a faint rocking of the maple chair as he fled; I was under no illusion about the reality of visions, the imperishability of steel-bowed spectacles and beards. I considered him for a few moments, he lived in my memory, and when I forgot him he vanished.

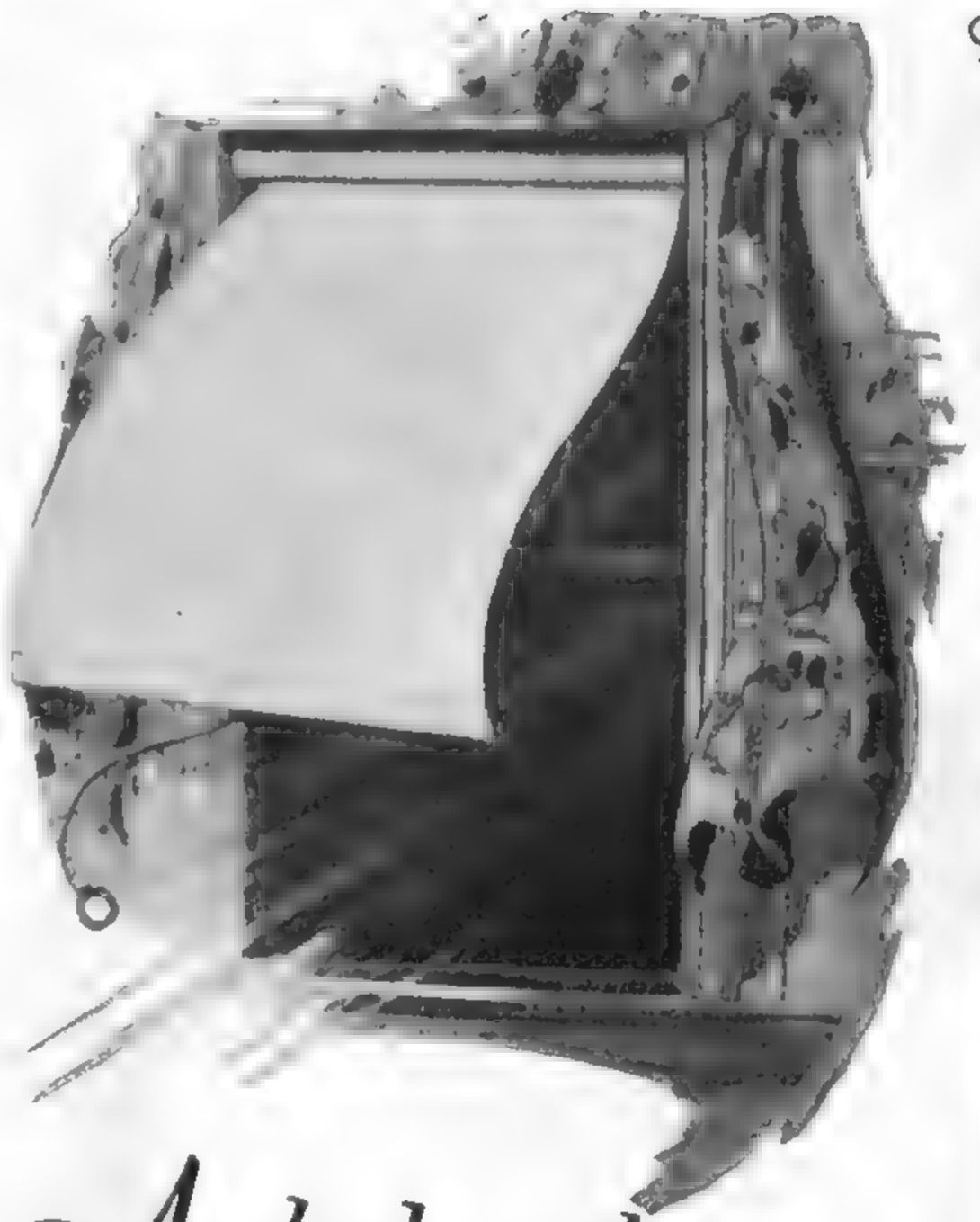
The blossoming images of spring took his place, the pink of the apple trees, the white petals of the pears and a lavender haze over the lilacs. Rolling fields were green with wheat. The blanched ruffled curtains at the open windows of the Dower House swayed in a moving air too soft almost to be felt; the spring came fragrant and palpable into the rooms, and I began to doubt what I had so long proclaimed, that youth was an overestimated period and well lost. After all, was the change from an instinctive to a calculated life an improvement? Were the years of youth, when it was nothing at all to dance the night down and start the next day with no more pause than a cold bath and a pot of coffee, so well fled? Each age brought its compensations, its relieving blindness, but it was possible that they were no more than a merciful drugging.

My own youth, not exceptionally fortunate, began, in memory, to hold bright reaches, as though the sun, interrupted by cloud, were shining on particular and limited and gracious places in a wide shadowy landscape. The loss of an intense interest in what might, around any corner, suddenly occur, was not inconsiderable. I couldn't remember what I had hoped for, probably an entrancing adventure of the heart, the miraculous advent of a loveliness in white and with her hair up. I am afraid I thought of her as luxurious in circumstance, with a carriage and a pair, both of horses and men on the box, conveniently waiting for us. And then we'd roll away from reality to a great marble house far back on an emerald lawn, up the winding tan-bark drive, past screens of copper beeches, to the porte-cochère. I'd never, of course, return; in imagination I left my mother and father, my grandfather in his sufficiently large stone house with a turret, without a lingering thought. Absurd, and yet, since then, in maturity, I had had dreams as vain and much less enchanting.

However, I didn't want youth, with all its bitter apprehensions, its restlessness, to come back again; even for the benefits of an existence without premeditation. If I had lost a hope of what might be delightfully waiting around the corners of experience, I was in no hurry to turn them; and what I found that was familiar, at first disappointing, began to be significant and arresting; the inevitable and vast repetitions of life were more impressive than the minor escapes of the unexpected. They were more reassuring certainly, for, happening in a kind of predictable order, they gave me at last the feeling of a beginning recognition of reality, the trace of a philosophy.

The activities of the golf course—in preparation for the formal summer opening on Decoration Day—increased; women in gayly checkered sweaters and men free from winter coverings played over the soggy grass along the road; Dorothy practiced putting on the green opposite our lower entrance. But still I didn't join her, preferring to see the game as a panorama, a frieze unwound on bright sod. Later the music of a dance at the clubhouse drifted down erratically to my terrace; I had soon had enough of the crowded porch and revolving couples. They didn't, though, revolve as much as formerly; at dancing school I had vainly struggled to reverse smoothly; but, if I had succeeded, now there would have been no use for that maneuver. Everyone, loosely timed to the music, danced as it momentarily occurred to him. There were short bursts of Spanish fervor, traces of the Viennese waltz, polka steps appeared and gave way to the hysterical rhythm of tropical negroes at a *danzón*. A confusion of forms very much like the age which saw it.

The music reaching the Dower House was like the assault of a persuasive discontent. It hadn't the power to move me from the terrace, and yet it was vaguely disconcerting. It suggested that, too soon, I had fallen out of the sparkling stream of life. I had better, it hinted, take advantage of the May nights that remained instead of



And when the Rainbow appears

Washable window shades are a joy

After the sudden storm has gone on its grumbling way, your TONTINE shades will dry smooth and unwrinkled with their rich colors as fresh as when you first placed them to *complete* your windows.

The grimy touch of little hands in the nursery; the swirling dust from busy streets—all forms of dirt may be easily removed.

TONTINE shades can be taken down and washed at any time. Soap, water and a brush will renew the soft, rich beauty of their color, which is a very part of the fabric and does not lie on top to crack or chip off.

In tone and texture and the sterling qualities that make for longest wear, TONTINE is the ideal window shade cloth for the restful home—or the busy office building.

TONTINE is made in many colors. Use the coupon to obtain samples.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., INC.
Fabrikoid Division, Newburgh, N. Y.
ORDINATOR COMPANY, INC. *(Sole Distributors)* New York City

DU PONT TONTINE

ORDINATOR COMPANY, Inc. *(Sole Distributors)*
Dept. A-2, 233 E. 41st Street, New York, N. Y.

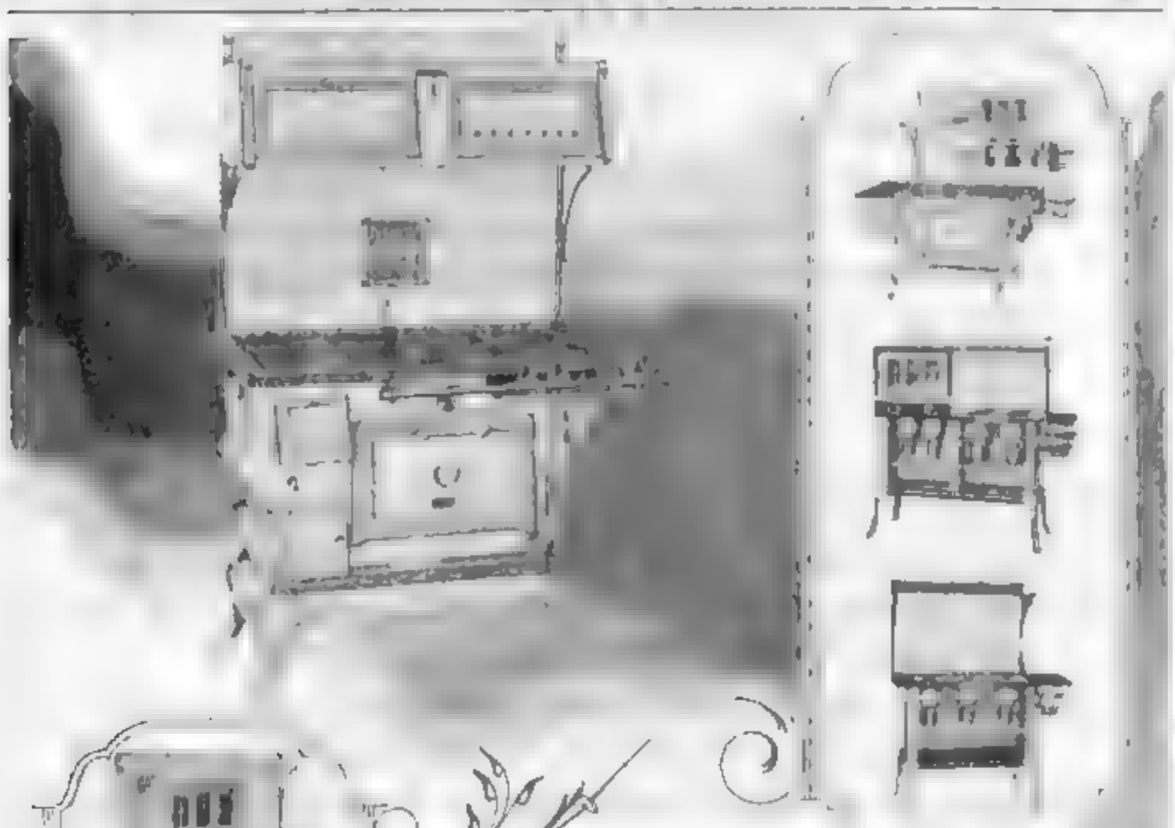
Name

Address

This coupon will bring you samples of Tontine and our booklet "When the Rainbow Appears." MAIL TODAY.

YOU need new hose for spring. Instead of *picking up* something at the last moment, why not *pick out* some TS Numbers of Shawknit Silk? There is a variety of popular colors. You can be both well dressed and thrifty.

SHAW STOCKING CO.
Lowell, Mass.



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The famous Alcazar Gas Duplex 3-fuel range, pictured above, burns gas and coal or wood—singly or together. Instant change can be made from one fuel to another, and whichever you use, you get the uniform heat necessary for perfect baking.

There's an Alcazar to suit your needs, whether you want the Duplex 3-fuel type, or one for gas only, or the type that uses coal or wood and kerosene. Many models to choose from. Every Alcazar is built to give you uniformly good cookery with least fuel cost.

Let any Alcazar dealer show you—or write direct to us.

ALCAZAR RANGE & HEATER CO.
436 Cleveland Avenue Milwaukee, Wis.

wasting them among old thoughts and furniture. If, as I admitted, writing was a dreary and solitary occupation, why didn't I leave it for hours, pleasures, like these? It wasn't as serious as I thought; nothing was. What did one word in place of another matter? And my books—if they had any value beyond supplying me with an income it was in my mind and nowhere else.

The night rather than warm was hot; the ice in the tall glass beside me made an inviting sound as I moved it and drank Now the reward of whatever I had labored for seemed immaterial, fantastic. After all, what accomplishment was there in seventeen, or in seventy, books? I remembered how indifferent I had become to even the good; how soon, closing them with a compliment, they faded from my mind. It was ridiculous, then, to expect, no—demand, a different treatment for what I wrote. What excuse or support was there for my ineradicable feeling that, at their best, they owned a unique value? I wanted, in myself, to upset all probability. However, I was spared any actual comparisons, saved by the conviction that the most minute differences between men was enough to give their separate works a hope of complete individuality. My voice had its own pitch in a chorus not greatly different, in purpose, from the sound the frogs raised at dusk in the spring meadows.

The tumbler was empty, but I didn't go into the house and refill it; I'd have to unlock the decanter and, getting a bottle of charged water, look for the opener—neither Martha nor William ever returned it to its proper place—and chop ice. I had heated the ice pick to make holes in two large candles, so they'd fit on the iron candlesticks in the dining room, and that had destroyed its temper. Instead of splitting ice it crumpled in soft curves. The cigar I was smoking had gone out

The chairs and sideboards and silver and linen my money went for, the skeptical music continued, were really of no importance; an old house was no better, and far more expensive, than a new. The drifting strains of Somebody Loves Me, I Wonder Who had their part in assuring me that Dorothy, dancing above with a heart as light as her slippers, was infinitely the wiser of us. It was clear, but there was no moon, and behind me the Dower House was silent and withdrawn; one light streamed through an open door over the uneven stones of the terrace. The remote house gave me no assistance; although it built was there it might as well have retreated into the century that had first built it. I thought of the rooms upstairs, the beds hung in immaculate white, and of the ship model, the U. S. Steam Frigate Lancaster; but the ship, too, it seemed, had sailed away—without me

It was sheer nonsense to give a hundred dollars for one piece of blue glass and two hundred for another because an individual interested in their sale had informed me that one was Jersey and the other made by Henry William Stiegel. I couldn't be confident of their origins; my knowledge was only hearsay. And if it was authentic, how could that make them—longer than an arbitrary agreement between a few dealers—valuable? The concern about open cupboards was as absurd, whether they had come from Lancaster County in Pennsylvania or from Wales, and if they were oak or walnut. The strains from the clubhouse repeated mockingly, "How do I know?"

There was a movement on the terrace; it was Hob, rising painfully, stiff from old age. He faced me with shining eyes and then went out on the grass, lost in the dark. Dorothy would find him, refold his steamer rug, when she came back. It had been Hob's custom to go to all the dances at the clubhouse; he would arrive early, before the dinners were over, and, progressing from table to table, manage a remarkable variety of food, celery and cutlets and raspberry ice; but he had been obliged to give that up, not on account of an impaired appetite but because of his legs.

In my bedroom the music was fitful, it seemed farther away; I stopped to look again at a chest of drawers with a deeply curved serpentine front. Its walnut was dark, with a sheen that was more nearly a luster. I had disposed of a chest with paneled ends and turnip feet, from the seventeenth century, to make a place for it. In bed I found the page where, the night before, I had put aside Fanning's Voyaging into the South Seas. He had left Wampoa Reach, master of the brig Betsy, in convoy with a Philadelphia ship for a protection against the piratical proas of the Sunda Strait; but when the pirates, faithful to a lost tradition, hauled up on them the convoy had sailed away, leaving Captain Fanning to his own large devices and small cannon.

Volcanic islands of fur seals and the deck of an American brig filled with brown ladies shining and beautifully odorous with oil; ladies rubbing their noses affectionately on the nose of a God-fearing New England shipmaster. Canton and the hongs built along the water, merchants in orange brocades and jade buttons and lacquered merchandise. Anjer with its scented fruits for scorbutic blue-water sailors. Table Bay and the westward voyage home; monkeys frozen in the shrouds off Cape Cod; diminutive black paws frozen to the tarred ropes Ruffled and infuriate parrots in the forecastle.

I put Fanning back on the candlestand and turned out the light. The music had stopped; I could hear the faint stirring of motors. The Dower House flowed around and over and through me, like a soundless tide setting cool and direct off shore, dropping the trees and smoking chimneys, the voices, of the land.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of articles by Mr. Hergesheimer. The next will appear in an early issue

The Cascades at the Turn Above Happy Isles, Yosemite

When Spring is in the Air

JUST the right time for a dainty bit of sweet that will linger in your taste and melt away like the very zephyrs of Spring. A haunting taste that calls for more. FRALINGER'S—the Original Salt Water Taffy that comes to you right from the sea washed shores of Atlantic City.

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FRALINGER'S—so delightfully chewy and creamy—so smooth and delicious. Sea air and sunshine sealed in every box. It won't rob your appetite nor harm your complexion. The children, too, can eat all they want—it actually stimulates digestion.

FRALINGER'S Original Atlantic City Salt Water Taffy—*The Super-Quality Long Kind*—made on the Boardwalk by FRALINGER'S *and no one else!*

You can buy FRALINGER'S most everywhere. If your favorite candy counter does not have it, send us sixty cents and the name of your dealer and we will mail you postpaid a full pound box of FRALINGER'S—25 pure, tempting flavors.

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The Super-Quality Long Kind

Buy it in your home town

60c a pound east of the Rocky Mountains

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Atlantic City, N. J.
Please send me a taster package containing ten full-size pieces of FRALINGER'S Original Salt Water Taffy, for which I enclose ten cents.

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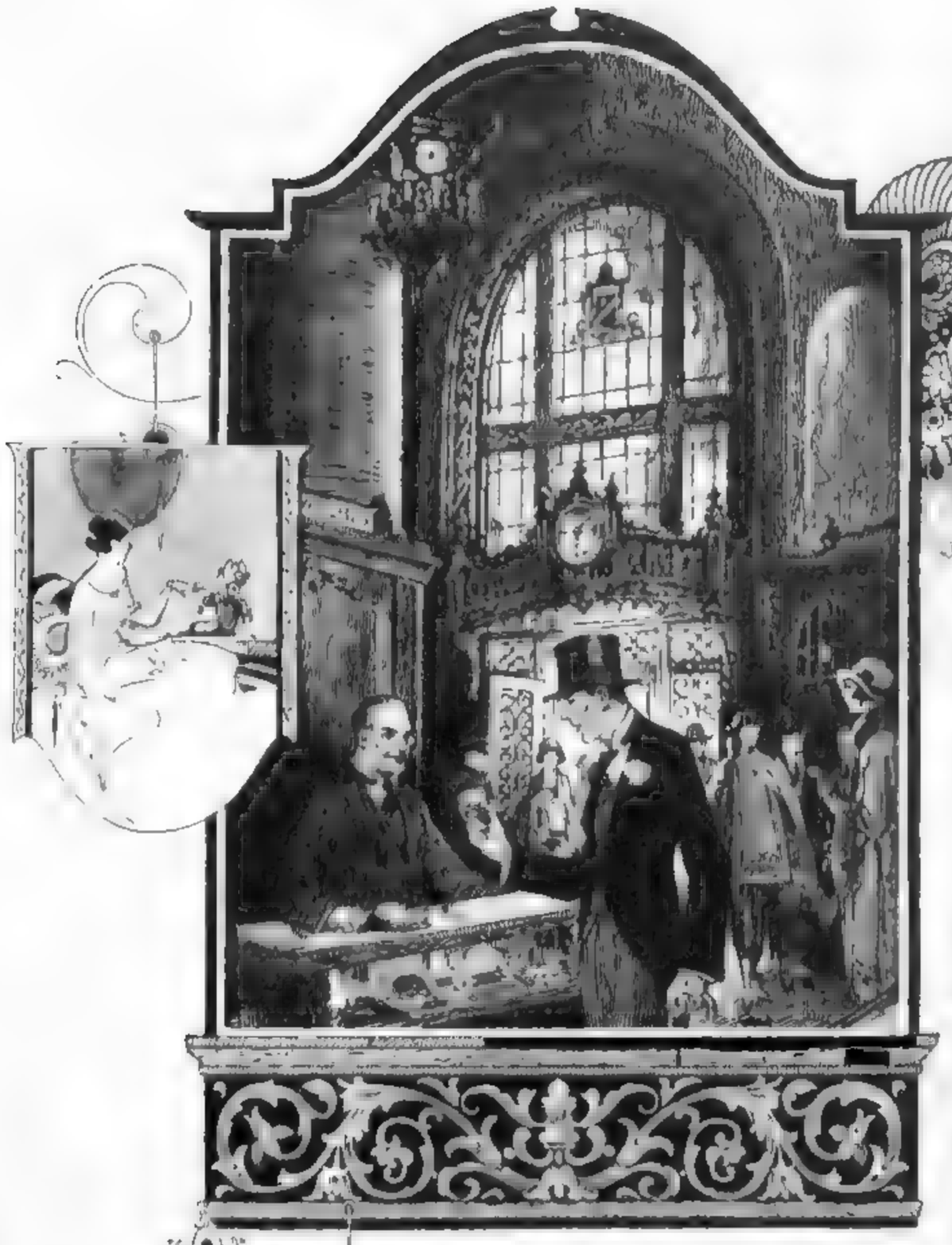

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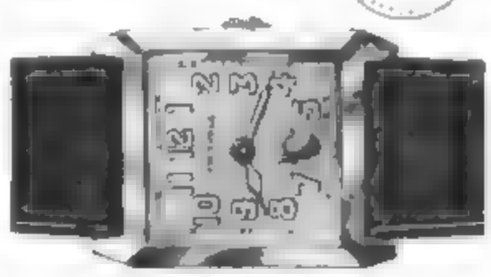

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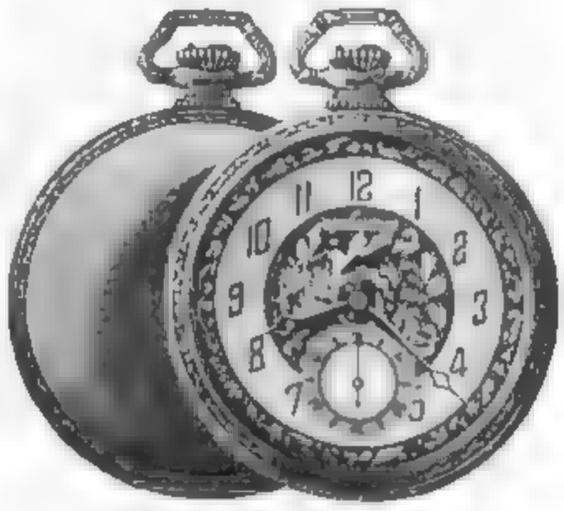
Sterling Silver, $35.00
14K solid green gold, $70.00



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IF you would have your gift cherished with lifelong memories—choose a Tavannes!

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LEAVES FROM A WAR DIARY

(Continued from Page 45)

in turn is limited by the number of destroyers available for the convoy duty. If we can cut one day off the seventy-two, it means 10,000 tons of additional supplies. Every nerve is strained, every method we know is tested to bring more rolling stock into use.

Every sidetrack in France seems to lodge empty cars, which are more precious to us than jewel caskets. The French railroads have no method of car reports, so that when a train leaves no one knows anything about it until it arrives at its destination. If a broken car has to be set out of the train, it may be loaded with diamonds; but under their system it is by accident that it is again heard of. They maintain no tracers, no system of car detectives such as are maintained by our railroad systems at home. Their whole railroad management is cramped and provincial, with continual jealousy and bickering between local officials and the big central control in Paris.

To all this penny-a-liner business add the circumstance of war, with a demand for cars unequaled since railroads were invented, the boneheadedness and inefficiency which allowed some thousands of cars to fall into German hands in the March and May advances from mere failure to run them back before the German advance, and you get a faint idea of one of the worries under which the C.G., S.O.S., is expected to smile and look pleasant.

No wonder the Commander in Chief rallied to my rescue with his manly, straightforward speeches. He was kind enough to say in them that to show his recognition of its importance he had selected "a distinguished soldier who had commanded a brigade and division with distinction" to command the S.O.S.

General Kernan left me quite a good organization in the staff—subject to the faint imputation that attaches to any of us because so many are sent back from the front to be used in the S.O.S.

The Service of Supply is really the most stupendous industrial enterprise ever undertaken by the Army—one of the most gigantic ever undertaken by anyone; certainly one which dwarfs the building of the Panama Canal, in its difficulty, in the vast sums involved and in the tremendous potentialities of disaster if poorly done.

I ordered a special train the first day of my command so that I can travel at night, taking with me such staff as I need, inspect in the daytime, and get around over the entire list of activities with reasonable frequency. I have a dining car with accommodations at one end for orderlies, chauffeurs, and the like, and a dining room with accommodations for ten officers at the other; and in the middle a room with four small tables at which the overflow from the officers' dining room can be handled, and at which the stenographer can work between meals. There is a coach for the enlisted men, with a small baggage room at one end in which there is a telegraph instrument and a telephone exchange.

Whenever we reach a station for as much as an hour, connection is at once made by telephone or telegraph, and I can talk to my headquarters or General Pershing's or reach either by telegraph. One aide stays on the train during the day when we are in stations, and it is his business to call up my chief of staff and ask if there is anything that requires my attention. I always wire my itinerary to General Headquarters the day we start, and Tours has it also, so I get messages the same as though at Tours. For example, today at Havre I had a telegram from the chief of staff that General McAndrew desired me to come to General Headquarters for conference tomorrow. At the same time a telephone message from Tours said that Secretary of War Baker was landing in France on Saturday.

I sent General McAndrew a message for reply at Rouen, where I was to be two hours later, asking if in view of the visit of the Secretary the conference was still desired, and received reply that it was. I can accordingly make my arrangements between here and Paris to change my schedule, which called for my return to Tours tomorrow morning.

Besides the coach referred to, there is the car which the aides, myself and two others occupy, with a sitting room. Then an ordinary sleeping car for such other officers as come along on trips. We take two motor cars along, which are promptly off the train on arrival, and these give us independence of local transportation, and also a means of getting across country and meeting the train, which we sometimes send on ahead. I have made a trip each week since I have been at Tours, and am spending three and four days a week on the road. I believe I can already see results from such activity.

It all means that I am getting a great acquaintance with France. Already I have visited all the great French ports and principal inland towns, and almost every branch of the far-reaching activities of the S. O. S. The car is comfortable; the cook is good; we are quite independent of local people for meals and transportation, and we do business!

TOURS, Sept. 22, 1918.

WITH the pressing duties of the Service of Supply, and three or four days each week spent in inspection trips, I find less and less time to give to keeping up this somewhat desultory chronicle. However, the uneventful life of the S. O. S. compensates for that by giving me less and less to write about that would command the interest of a reader.

That rain in the second week of September, combined with extraordinary poor management of certain French railroads and consequent failure to give us needed freight cars, gave us a congestion of freight at the ports; that Base Section No. 1, with 10,371 tons unloaded from ships on September seventh, thought it had the lead for the high day's work until it developed that No. 2, with 10,957 tons on September fifth, was ahead; that the car-erecting regiment of engineers working where Cardinal Richelieu besieged a city and ruined a port, still ruined, went over the top and smashed the Hindenburg Line with 551 cars erected in one week; that the French have failed to keep an oft-made promise to move an uncompleted ship now blocking the docks at one port; that there are but eight days' hay in France for our animals—are all facts vitally important to the American Expeditionary Forces; but they do not especially appeal to the one who wishes to hear of raids and attacks, of St.-Mihiel salients, of Château-Thierry and Soissons.

On the day of his great advance at St.-Mihiel I discovered it was also General Pershing's birthday, and sent him this telegram:

"Congratulations on your birthday and your fine work thereon. Nearly 300 years ago Oliver Cromwell, on the thirteenth of September, went into battle quoting Psalm 68, now the Episcopal morning prayer for that date: 'Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered; let them also that hate him flee before him. As smoke is driven away, so drive them away.'"

A few days later I had this one from him:

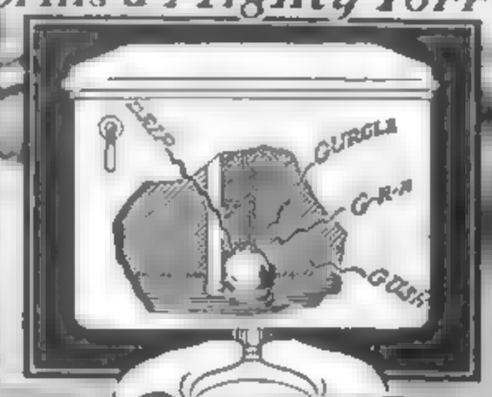
"MAJOR GENERAL HARBORD, TOURS: Many thanks for your birthday telegram. Your old division might well be termed the Ironsides, though I doubt whether they went to battle quoting Psalm 68.

"PERSHING."

One of the items which belong on the credit side when I try to cast a balance on what I personally lost when I exchanged the command of the Second Division for the Service of Supply is the close association it has given me with Col. Charles G. Dawes. His official activities are most of them under the S. O. S., so that I see and hear from him very frequently. He accompanied the Commander in Chief and myself during the week's tour of the ports which we made in August when I took over the command. Dawes is one of the finest characters I have ever known, generous, high-minded, straightforward, courageous and very able. Outspoken and apparently impulsive, he generally thinks things over in detail and then puts them out in the impulsive manner. The air of impulsiveness is no indication that his verbal output is not based upon due deliberation. He is a winning personality, very much of a special pleader, and master of the art of insidious approach.

Advocating something in which he is very much interested, he needs scarcely more encouragement than faint acquiescence to begin talking about "your plan." He sinks his pride of authorship in his zeal for furthering his cause. Some good things I have

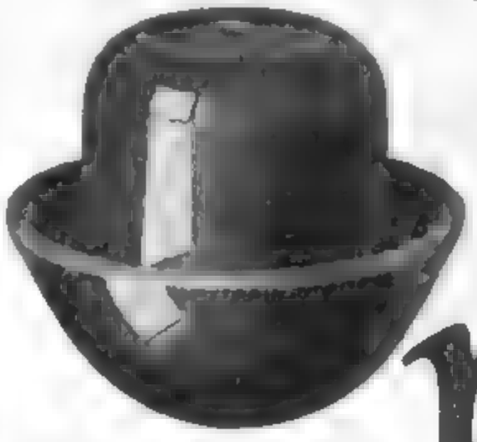
Only a Little Stream
but it forms a Mighty Torrent



Only a Little Trickle in Your Toilet Tank
but it costs you $25 a year

IT WOULD be hard to estimate—in figures—the volume of water created by a little stream as it runs along its course. But we do know this: that the average leak of a closet tank caused by a faulty old-style tank ball wastes approximately 350 gallons of water daily. And statistics prove this fact.

In some metered cities, this waste represents a cash outlay of $25.00 a year in excess water taxes. It is also a source of constant embarrassment and nerve-racking noise.



If such trouble exists in your toilet tank—you need a MUSHROOM Parabal. This patented tank ball is made in one piece of pure, live gum. It is guaranteed three years—not to leak, split, collapse or swell . . . but it lasts indefinitely. Made in 3 sizes—one for every tank valve seat.

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MUSHROOM Parabal

A Wonderful Electric Range

An L&H Electrics Range takes all drudgery out of cooking. Put the food in the oven, set the *Full Automatic Time and Temperature Controls* and your meal practically cooks itself. No work about it—and better cooking at a saving of 60 per cent in current used. Ask your dealer or send for catalog.

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Let a Simpson representative bring you some interesting facts about a tailoring service that ought to interest *anybody*. See these beautiful woolens, and the smart styles in which we make them up; for a price only a tremendous volume of patronage makes possible.

A postal brings How to Tell Wool. Get this booklet before you buy another suit of any kind! Learn how to judge woolens—how to detect the shoddy imitations—no one can fool the man who will read this little book!

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TO know real garter comfort you must wear Bostons. When you ask for Bostons therefore, insist on getting them. Remember that when better garters can be made Bostons will do it. The All-Rubber Oblong Button, the pad without a pucker, the fine quality of web and workmanship and the attractive colors are the superior features which make Bostons popular the world over.

Come in wide or narrow web. Single or double grip. Also Knicker Bostons for sports wear.

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done in the S. O. S. I have known nothing about until Dawes began to transfer their credit to me. He handles the Commander in Chief in the same ingratiating way. Just now he is sounding the trumpet over General Pershing's plans for coördinating Allied supply matters in much the same way that tactical and strategical unity is had through the Foch command. Actually, the idea is his own. At least the first I ever knew of such a policy it was outlined by him in a letter to the Commander in Chief last April before I left General Headquarters.

All summer he has argued that as the military commands were merged into one, so must all independent supply and transport matters be merged. It means a pooling of resources to win the war. Its possibilities for coördination and economy of material, tonnage and time can hardly be overstated if carried out in whole-hearted acceptance of the plan by the several Allied commanders. General Pershing early approved the idea, which has lately resulted in a Military Board of Allied Supply, on which all the Allies are represented, Dawes being the U. S. representative. The presiding member is Col. Charles Payot, of the French Army, a very able but difficult officer.

Dawes' genius for handling men never showed to better advantage than in the way he has kept his colleagues at peace on that board. I observe that an income which enables one to entertain judiciously is no obstacle to harmony in such a case. In all his numerous negotiations with the French and British he has shown great skill, and has been successful—except perhaps in the one instance of trying to induce the French to move the unfinished hull of the S. S. Paris out of our way in the harbor of St.-Nazaire.

Payot's command of English is limited to two sentences, which he can use on appropriate occasions, being "I love you" and "Thank you very much." Dawes has a growing vocabulary in French—growing worse in accent as it grows larger. His verbs appear in nothing but the infinitive and his conversation sounds like a Gallicized version of Weber and Fields. Yet under such difficulties a warm friendship has sprung up between Dawes and Payot. They frequently dine together, hoisting SOS signals for the English-speaking French waiter when the need for understanding each other becomes acute.

Dawes' original activities were the duties of General Purchasing Agent, intended to coördinate purchases between our several supply departments. But a year ago the threatened coal famine in France caused the general to charge him with the responsibility for getting a supply of coal from England to France.

A little later the need for civilian labor led to his getting the problem of organizing a labor bureau—and more than 40,000 civilian laborers at work today in the S. O. S. is the concrete result.

In time the expansion of his Purchasing Board brought about the organization of a Board of Contracts and Adjustments, the name of which is indicative of its duties. To this were added a technical board to coördinate electrical power in the American Expeditionary Forces, a Bureau of Accounts, another of Reciprocal Supply. Some of these, after organization, were turned over to other departments to manage, but Dawes was the parent.

Lately his Military Board of Allied Supply has taken the major part of his time and been the subject of most of his conversations, official and personal. I have a standing engagement to dine with him at the Ritz whenever I am in Paris, and generally we go later to the Olympic Vaudeville Theater over on the Boulevard, where they allow smoking. He has become one of the familiar figures of the hotel, owns the waiters and the orchestra. American money would do that, but Dawes' warm heart and genial ways have contributed as much as his liberality. His pride of unconventionality has made him Exhibit A at many dinners given at the Ritz by visiting Britishers of rank. He insists on a long cigar and a large cup of coffee served with his dinner. Lady Sarah Wilson, a daughter of a Duke of Marlborough, is "Mrs. Wilson" to him; the Countess of Pembroke, wife of Lieutenant Colonel the Earl of Pembroke, an attaché of the Military Board of Allied Supply, whose family name is Herbert, is "Mrs. Pembroke."

An acquaintance has sprung up between Dawes and the Grand Duke Alexander, brother-in-law of Nicholas II, who lives at the Ritz, and they frequently dine together. Alexander probably gets a thrill from his contact with Dawes' sparkling originality that life in imperial Russia never gave him.

Certainly Charles G. Dawes is one of the most remarkable characters I have ever known. The Commander in Chief and our country have no more devoted and loyal servant than he, in the performance of a duty that in my judgment could not have been so well performed by any other living man; and the performance of that duty is essential to our ultimate success in the war. One strong bond between us is that we are willing to read each other's official reports.

For the last three days I have been busy with the Secretary of War and the second assistant, John D. Ryan. We visited the two principal ports we use in France and the Secretary expressed himself as being much pleased and satisfied with what he saw.

He made a speech to the colored stevedores at one place. He is thoroughly at home on his feet and makes a very graceful speech without preparation.

Yesterday we laid out a day for him near the headquarters of the S. O. S. He visited the German prison camp and saw 8000 prisoners. He was impressed with the salvage plant, where we monthly reclaim $4,000,000 worth of damaged and abandoned property. Later the party came to my house, where I had invited the heads of staff departments to a little buffet luncheon to meet the Secretary's company. In the afternoon we motored up the lovely valley of the Loire, rich in its memories of royalty, past the Château of Amboise, once the home of the Cardinal d'Amboise, and many members of the house of Guise. At Blois, where Henry III spurned with his spurred heel the face of the dying Henry de Guise, the old château, then the home of royalty, still stands, and not far from it the enterprising Americans have established a human salvage plant. Here come the misfits from the combat organizations tried out and failed at the front; here the sick and the wounded from the hospitals to be reclassified and sent to duty that they can perform.

Officers of all grades from brigadier general down come here for a sizing-up, some to find duty in a different unit from that in which they failed, others to stay permanently away from combatant troops, confessed failures. All officers that come are put before a board with any papers that come with them. These are studied, investigation made into their past history, inquiry made as to their education and attainments, and generally every effort made properly to place them in the duty for which best fitted.

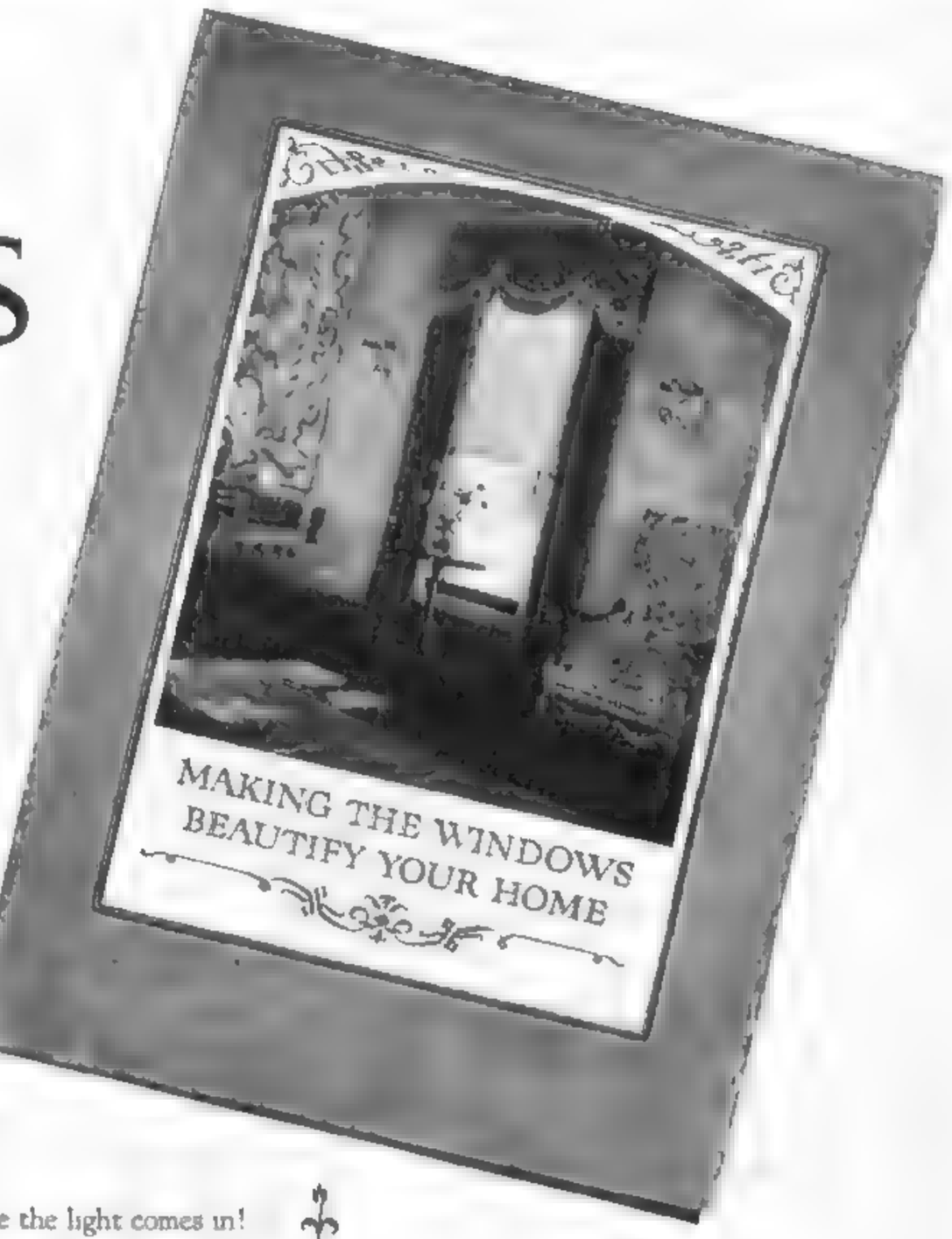
The men are handled similarly, but with more mechanical routine. They enter a long barrack with a row of desks, at each of which sits a sergeant, himself a reclassified man. Their names are taken, they move to the next desk with a card, give up a few facts of their life history, have some additions made to the card, move on, get an advance of pay, pick out their baggage from a pile in a lettered stall, turn in their excess clothing to be salvaged, give up unauthorized articles, suddenly arrive at a bathroom, get a bath, are issued some clothing, a toilet set of a razor, soap, and the like, a mess kit, and finally arrive at the barber shop, where a haircut and a shave awaits them. I have probably omitted some of the progressive steps, but the above are the principal ones.

The Secretary was much pleased. We assembled the 500 or 600 men waiting reclassification, nearly all of them wearing wound chevrons, many of them crosses, and here and there a man with several wound chevrons. The Secretary made them a most moving and patriotic little talk, and we motored back to Tours at the "end of a perfect day," I to my quarters and the Secretary and party to their train; but not without a visit to the old Cathedral of Tours. I would soon get the cathedral habit if I traveled much with Secretary Baker. It is only when I travel with him that I seem to have time to visit them. Some day, though ——

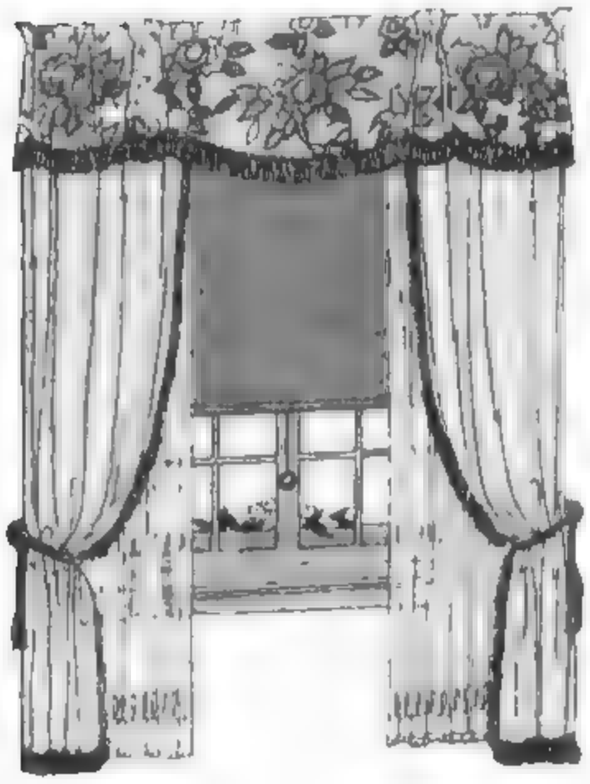
Things are old in France! The charm of age, which is all right for forests and châteaux, but bad for people, is over everything. Dining recently with the Beaumont family, the count spoke of his family as not belonging here, as though one should say as I do that I was born in Illinois but lived in Kansas. He added, "We came here in

(Continued on Page 225)

Simple keys to beautiful interior effects



in this authoritative booklet on windows



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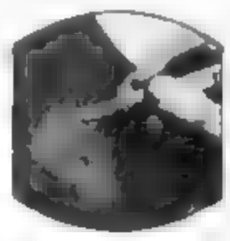
Interior decorators know this, and many of them therefore use the windows as the starting-point for all their interior schemes.



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Beauty, they agree, begins where the light comes in!

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Mail the coupon now

You will also receive samples, in different colors, of Brenlin, the long-wearing window shade material, very different from the ordinary kind.

You will find Brenlin strong and flexible, much like finely-woven linen. It keeps its soft rich colors fresh, smooth, unfaded—*after years!* And it wears two or three times as long as the ordinary shade.

Mail the coupon for book and samples today. Address Cincinnati.

THE CHAS. W. BRENEMAN CO.

"The oldest window shade house in America"

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THE CHAS. W. BRENEMAN COMPANY
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Enclosed find ten cents (stamps or coin). Please send me your booklet, Making the Windows Beautify Your Home, together with free samples of Brenlin.

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"Beauty begins where the light comes in!"

HAND MADE **Brenlin**
the long-wearing
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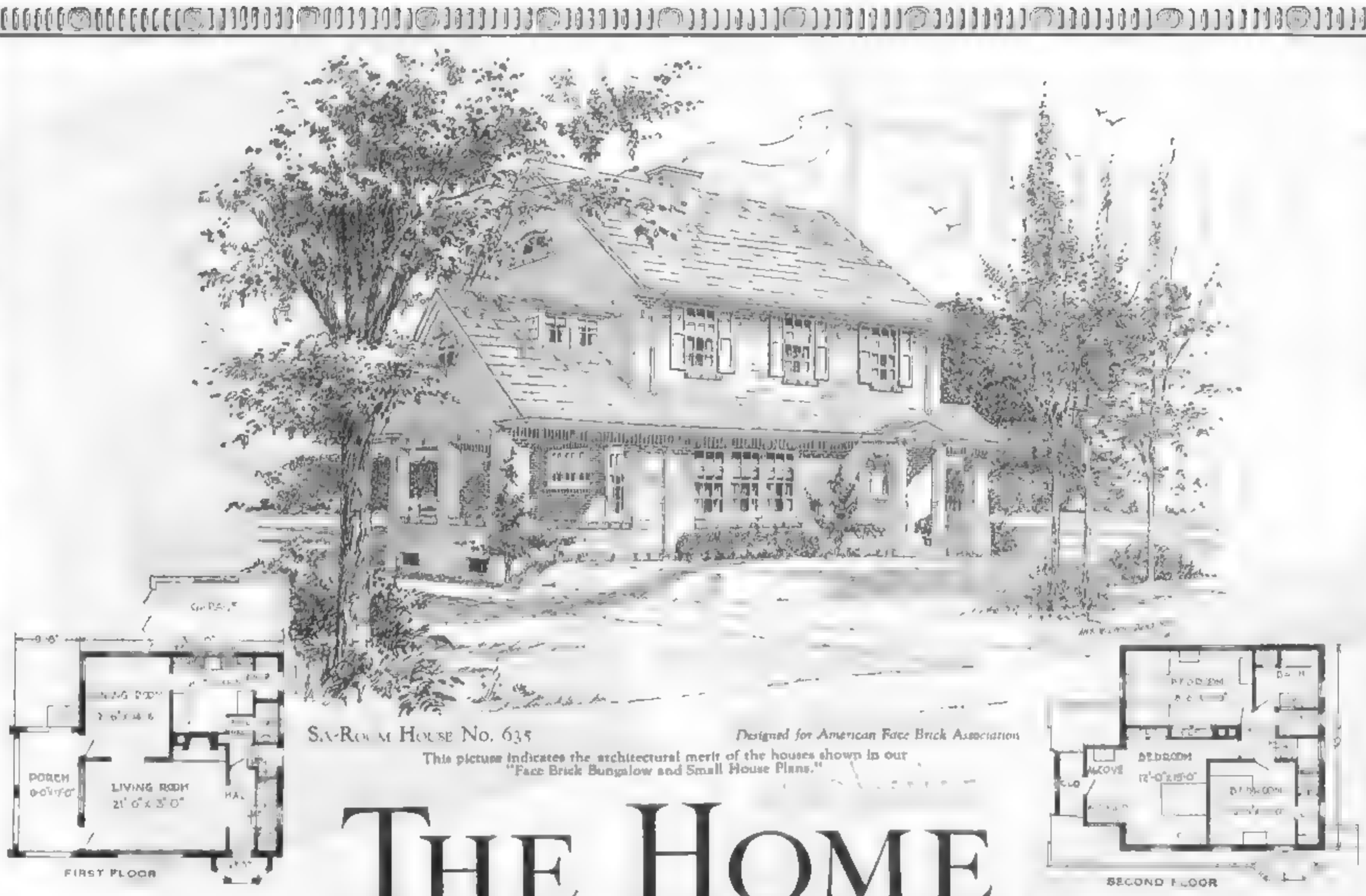

Six-Room House No. 635 *Designed for American Face Brick Association*

This picture indicates the architectural merit of the houses shown in our "Face Brick Bungalow and Small House Plans."

THE HOME

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HOME, that vision which everywhere in this broad land has always been the first concern of the pioneer, is the foundation of America's greatness.

We may be certain that when the homes of a nation decay, the nation itself will decay. America will continue to grow in power as American homes grow and deepen in moral value.

THE home-feeling is fundamental. It is an asset of the very highest value. It pays richly in a sense of self-respect, of more responsible citizenship, of moral poise as a member of the community. It gives profound personal satisfaction and enriches the spiritual values that arise out of family ties and affections.

There is no surer road to success and happiness for a young couple than to acquire a home of their own at the earliest possible moment. It develops a habit of thrift that remains with them throughout life.

That is why the revival of home-owning, which started a few years ago and is now at its height, means so much to America. It is an indication of our renewed appreciation of American fundamentals.

Bedroom Alcove, House No. 635

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(Continued from Page 222)

the fourteenth century." Again at Le Mortier, which is old Touraine French for "pond," I asked about the pond, and was shown one. Madame Maulme remarked that there was another—"but we had to have it filled up because a child was drowned there." It developed, though, that the child was drowned 150 years ago, and trees larger than the New Haven elms are growing over that recently filled pond.

TOURS, October 20, 1918.

WHEN I sent the Secretary of War on his way September twenty-second, he went to General Headquarters, and almost immediately the Commander in Chief telegraphed that he wished to use his train and asked if I could let the Secretary have mine, which of course I could and did, and he kept it until he left France. On October fourth I received a message by telephone to come to Paris and accompany him to his port of embarkation for home.

I went up by motor car and arrived at 73 Rue de Varenne at 6:30. We left Paris at ten P.M. and ran for the coast. I had a two hours' talk with Assistant Secretary of War John D. Ryan, the official in charge of airplane business and aeronautics generally, a keen-eyed captain of industry, chairman of the Anaconda Copper Company, a self-made Western man. He is a strong man and to me very attractive. He has some ideas about some of the men we necessarily have in high places over here.

The train did not arrive at its destination until nearly ten the next morning, and I had another conversation with the Secretary of War, who left France very enthusiastic over what he had seen. It is a fine thing to have him come over. The atmosphere here cannot be duplicated at home; the accomplishments cannot be presented by cablegram; and the bigness of things is not understood except when seen. There is a danger, however, if one once visiting France does not renew his visits from time to time. One never realizes the changes that take place in one's absence unless he revisits; our visitors are well informed when they return and are deferred to as experts on the situation here and are apt so to consider themselves. This constitutes a real danger when their knowledge gets out of date and they do business having in mind a situation as they knew it, which may have entirely changed. So the keen little Secretary must come again.

When I left here to accompany the Secretary to the seashore I had arranged for a small journey in an airplane. There is an aviation instruction center about seventy miles east of here, and a small one where observers are instructed here at Tours. One who has not been up in an airplane is always being told that he ought to try it; bright young aviators smile in a patronizing way when one meets them; and it really seems to be part of an officer's education to go up at least once. When one is near the front and airplanes friendly and hostile are circling overhead it might be useful to have a faint idea of what their pilots and observers are really able to see. So for a long time I have had an idea of trying it once.

When I returned from a short trip to the school in a plane I took up the matter again, and it was arranged for the ninth of October. The attitude of my aides was characteristic. One of them heard of it and asked if he could go, too, in another plane, and I approved. When the morning came, we had—or I had—said nothing to anyone else about the intended flight. We started just after breakfast, having to go about ten minutes by motor car to the aviation field for the start. I said to the aide who was to remain here, "Well, Williams, don't you want to go along and see us off?" He drew himself up very formally and replied, "Sir, I do not approve of this trip at all, and prefer to have nothing to do with it." I laughed and said, "All right." The other aide and myself drove out to the field, where the two pilots were waiting for us. We were given a suit each of flying clothes, a single-piece garment of canvas, fur-lined and very snug and warm, a cap fur-lined and buckling under the chin, and goggles. Then a small sketching board with a map showing the intended route was given each of us, and we climbed in, and after a preliminary warm-up of the Liberty motor, we began bumping over the ground for a start, having been strapped into the seat and asked several times if we were comfortable and all right.

Our flight took us eastward from the Cher valley, leaving St.-Aignan to our left. In a few minutes the great depot of Gievres came into sight and the great air assembling plant at Romorantin. Half an hour from the time we lifted in air at the field near Tours we were circling above the fields of Issoudun. We went beyond to get a glimpse of Montierchaume, and then again tilted alarmingly up on one side and toward Issoudun, where a few moments later we began doing a left spiral to get down quickly and safely. Down we dropped, barely missing the tops of the buildings, it seemed to me, and then we leveled out parallel to the ground and pretty soon began to bump, and then stopped.

The crowd of local aviators came around; I dismounted from the plane, was congratulated and offered a cigarette, and then changed clothes and drove away some miles in a motor car to make an inspection.

We returned for luncheon with the hospitable young aviators and were handed at the table an "extra" of Plane News got out in honor of our flight.

After a very substantial luncheon served by Red Cross American women, we inspected the aviation field and shops, and a little later rose in air for the flight home. There was a little wind and Colonel Kilner warned me that it might seem a bit bumpy, and it did. We flew at about the same height, but did not follow the same straight-away course, so that with the opposing wind and a little longer journey it took us an hour. At 3:30 we were back, had thanked the pilots, talked the trip over, and were at the office and at work.

TOURS, October 27, 1918.

THIS has been a very interesting week for me. I left last Monday night on an inspection trip, stopping over Tuesday in Paris to attend to some business and to visit some near-by construction where we have a coffee-roasting mill which roasts 1,500,000 rations of coffee each twenty-four hours, and grinds them also; an aviation depot, and a point where we transfer thousands of tons from canal boats to railroad cars. That night General Dawes and I dined with the big chief at Foyot's, a restaurant near the Luxembourg where we have often dined when in Paris. Going over in the motor the chief told us of his pleasure in a cablegram that day received to the effect that the President had conferred on him the Distinguished Service Medal and that General Bliss was to present it in the President's name. He said he valued it above the Grande Croix, Légion d'Honneur, more than the Order of Leopold, and so on, from Belgium, or the Commander of the Bath, which he received from England.

TOURS, November 3, 1918.

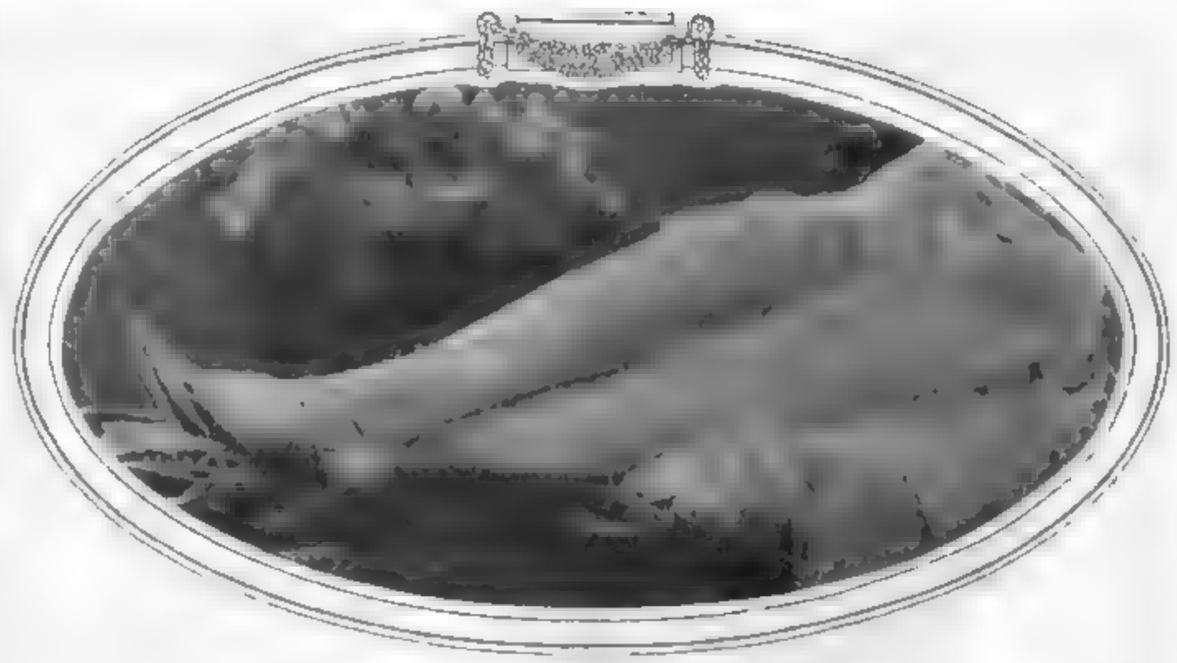
THIS week has been a whirl of disintegrating Austria-Hungary; of Turkey howling for peace; of the gathering of many diplomats and near-diplomats, among them our only Colonel House in Paris; further retrograde movement of the Boche and much talk of peace. The big civilians who on various pretexts are winning the war in Paris have already begun to think that peace is sure enough to justify us in ceasing our European purchases—just the effect, of course, that the Boche hoped his peace offensive would have.

The S. O. S. unloaded 919,488 tons of freight from ships during October, and are going to handle 1,000,000 this month. Freight must still continue to come even while Colonel House is pussyfooting around Versailles measuring up with Lloyd George, Clemenceau and the balance of the busy brainy boys.

Today after luncheon I visited Chenonceaux, the rival up the Cher of fair Azay-le-Rideau, which so charmed me last Sunday. Chenonceaux is now used as a Red Cross hospital by the French, though occupied in part by its owner, Mènier, of the Chocolat Mènier.

TOURS, Nov. 15, 1918.

THE whole world knows the principal events of the last week. A week ago today the Germans were given the seventy-two hours in which to decide if they would accept the terms of the Armistice; William II seemed firm on his throne; the Crown Prince was still commanding in the field; Rupprecht of Bavaria still headed a group of armies; Augustus, or whatever his name was, of Saxony still held his throne, as did Ferdinand of Bulgaria—he of Oldenburg and Mecklenburg-Schwerin; and people all over the world, among them myself, were doubting if the Germans would accept an armistice so completely humiliating. We said that, disciplined as they



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With an Unlimited Guarantee of Satisfaction—3 Pairs $7.00

THE Smartsilk Hosiery Mills have set a new standard in hosiery values. Look at No. 300 pictured above. All pure silk chiffon from top to toe. Full fashioned. Perfectly shaped. Full thirty inches long. The use of Smartsilk Hosiery Preserver in the manufacture gives them from two to four times the wear of ordinary chiffon hosiery. Tested and certified by the U. S. Testing Company.

3 pairs for $7.00—values for which you would expect to pay from $3.00 to $3.50 per pair. Each pair guaranteed by a written bond behind which stands the National Surety Company.

Smartsilk Hosiery is sold at your home by our bonded representatives who live in your neighborhood—they are the kind of men and women you'll be glad to meet.

If you appreciate valuable and courteous, painstaking service, open your door to the Smartsilk Representative.

The Smartsilk range of outstanding values includes full fashioned and mock seam hose, sizes for every foot, colors for every taste, qualities for every purse.

Every Smartsilk Representative wears this button

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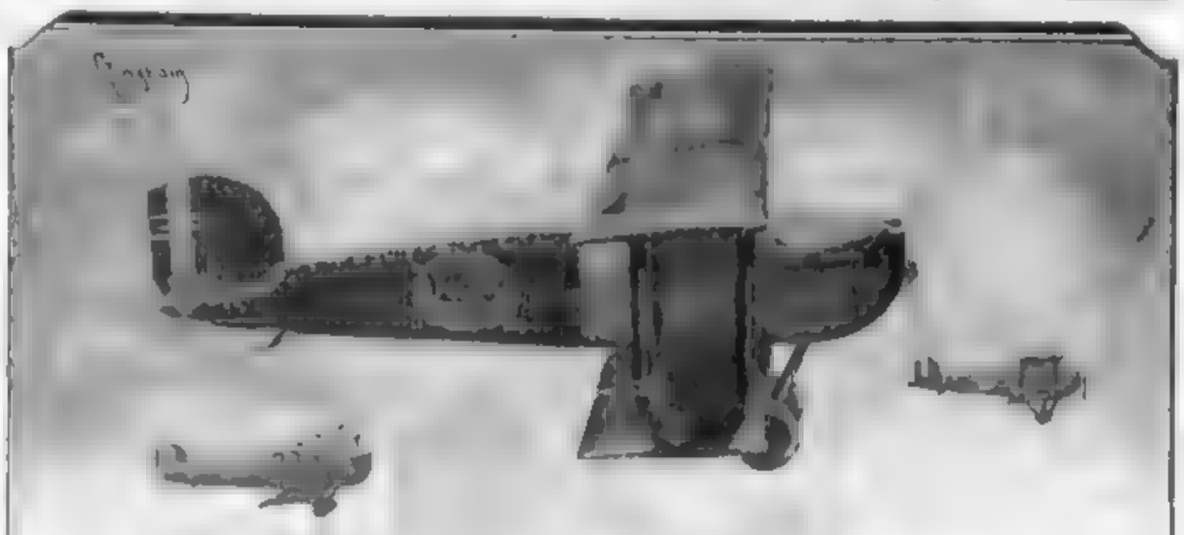
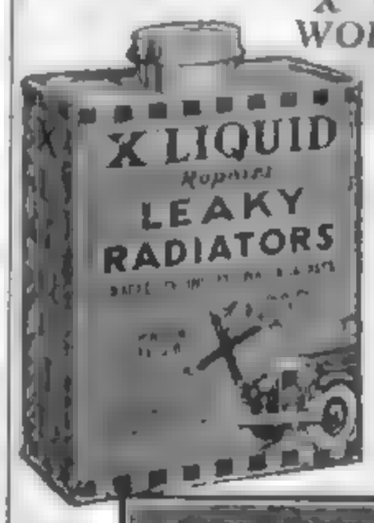


If your car were an aeroplane you'd follow Uncle Sam's example

"X" was in every aeroplane on the ROUND THE WORLD FLIGHT by order of the Flight Engineer



Yet, many a motorist drives without "X" Liquid in his tool box, taking a chance on getting stuck on the road. You can get home on a flat tire but you can't get home with a dry radiator.

"X" LABORATORIES
25 West 45th Street New York
Factories: Boston and Montreal

"X" is a liquid. It can even be poured through a cloth as X contains no powder, meal, glue, cement, shellac or solder and is harmless to metal, rubber and leather.

For Fords, Stars, etc., Use 75c Size

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sure-fit cap

has a hidden (patented) strap—tighten or loosen for comfort—cap never binds—never too large—great for all occasions—has finest fabrics and fashion—ask your dealer to show you—insist on genuine—refuse imitations—seek "Sure-Fit" label.

Write us for cap if you can't locate store selling Sure-Fit [$2, $3, $4.] Never mind stating size; it's adjustable. Address Sure-Fit, 702 Broadway, N. Y. C.

Dealers: Each Sure-Fit adjusts to all sizes, 6¾ to 7⅞. Don't carry big cap stocks and left-overs. Don't be "out of your size." Send for assortment 180, 2 dozen assorted, total $39.

This is YORK, cut on the most approved English lines. There are Silverstrype models for every man, from the young fellow at college to the older business man who buys his clothes with a business-like eye.

The most noticeable thing about your clothes is the way they fit. Silverstrypes are cut most accurately. There are variations for tall, short, fat and thin men . . virtually a custom-made service in ready-to-wear clothes.

That well-dressed, custom look

SILVERSTRYPE cloth is one of those beautiful worsteds expensive custom tailors usually show you. It is specially woven from pure Australian yarn in a refined, silver-white stripe on deep blue or velvety black ground, and is used only in SILVERSTRYPE Suits.

This fine worsted . . . excellent styles . . . perfect fit . . . hand-tailoring . . . fine quality perspiration-proof linings, are combined in a manner that has made thousands of men wonder why they used to pay so much for their clothes.

Men in every walk of life find that they can be better dressed at a more conservative price in these good suits than in many custom-made garments. Every SILVERSTRYPE suit is guaranteed for satisfactory wear.

At Most Good Clothiers $40 *Extra Trousers at nominal cost*

The SILVERSTRYPE CO., *Inc., New York*
CHAS. DOUGLIS-MACK CO., *Inc., Tailors*
Identified by this label

Free! Write for New Style Book
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were, the German people would not allow a government to survive which bound them to such terms—in other words, no government would accept terms which meant overthrow for it. Today all the monarchs named above are fugitives. The Crown Prince may or not be dead, assassinated by his own men; the Crown Prince of Bavaria is hiding in the Spanish Legation in Brussels, his king has abdicated. Carl of Austria has abdicated. The German Empire is apparently gone. Austria-Hungary is dissolving. Bolshevism is spreading. The Armistice has been signed and peace is with us.

Monday by the middle of the forenoon we had news that the Armistice had been signed on our own terms. Those terms were such that Germany would be in no position to resume hostilities even should she so desire at its termination, so we all knew that peace had come. Little groups gathered here and there. The news was telephoned by our Headquarters to the French regional commander and the prefect, who rejoiced, but withheld official action until the notice should come from their own people in Paris. Meanwhile our fine marine band of the 11th Regiment was playing patriotic airs in the barrack square in front of my office. I gave orders that as soon as the news came officially and the bells began to ring and the guns to fire the band should play La Marseillaise and The Star-Spangled Banner in front of the house of the French general and the prefect, and then march from one end of the Rue Nationale—ancient Rue Royale—to the other and back, playing the liveliest and cheeriest airs in its repertoire.

Peace meant much in the way of a reversal of our plans and troop and tonnage program, and in ignorance of the exact terms of the Armistice, I decided to go to Paris and from there arrange to see the Commander in Chief on Wednesday, it being impossible to learn his whereabouts on Monday. So with my two aides and my French interpreter I started by motor car to Paris, sending my special car by a late train in order to have it for the visit to General Pershing two days later.

We realized that we were to be in Paris on one of the world's greatest historic days, and Lieutenant Legasse, particularly, being French, was eager to get there. We rolled along at a good speed until I told the sergeant not to exceed forty miles an hour. At Château Renault there were preparations for a celebration; at Vendôme the crowds were gathering and flags beginning to swing out along the streets; crowds began waving hands at us and shouting, "Vive l'Amérique!"

At a big British aviation establishment between Vendôme and Châteaudun a battalion of perhaps 1000 Britishers were marching into town, carrying an effigy of Wilhelm II and fagots to burn him, headed by a band and apparently under the influence of other stimulant than mere victory; at Chartres the streets were filling and flags were more numerous; and at Rambouillet the celebration was on in full fling, bands playing, horns blowing, children and men shouting, flags flying.

It was not all joy, for in one little village a little company of perhaps fifty or sixty was assembled and marching toward the little cemetery with a big, formal wreath of flowers carried at the head of the column: the homage of victory to the dead—their own dear dead!

It was dark when we reached Versailles, and more so when we ran in through the Bois de Boulogne. Every suburban car traveling toward Paris was crowded with people; everybody that had a motor car and could borrow any "essence" was apparently headed for the city. I had an engagement to dine with General Dawes and go to the theater; so, after a brief clean-up at 73 Rue de Varenne, went directly to the Ritz. I had dined many times at the Ritz during the past eighteen months, sometimes with a dining room almost empty, as during the air-raid days; but tonight it was crowded with more life and light than ever before. Women in evening dress, and the occasional civilian also, but uniforms for both women and men being the prevailing dress.

Early in the day the mayor of Paris had issued the following proclamation:

"INHABITANTS OF PARIS!

"VICTORY! Triumphant victory! On all fronts the defeated enemy has laid down his arms. Blood will now cease to flow.

"Let Paris throw off the noble reserve for which it has been admired by the whole world.

"Let us give free course to our joy and enthusiasm, and hold back our tears.

"To show our infinite gratitude to our magnificent soldiers and their incomparable leaders, let us decorate all our houses with the French colors and those of our dear Allies.

"Our dead may rest in peace. The sublime sacrifice they have made of their lives to the future of the race and the salvation of France will not be in vain.

"For them, as for us, 'the day of glory has arrived!'

"*Vive la République!*

"*Vive la France immortelle!*

"For the Municipal Council,

"Adrien Mithouard, President;

"Chausse, Chassaigne-Guyon, Adolphe Cherioux, Henri-Fousselle, Vice Presidents;

"Georges Pointel, LeCorbeiller, Lemarchand, Fiancette, Secrétaires.

"André Gent, Syndic."

While this appeal was being drawn up the magnificent news was flashed by telephone to the prefects throughout France by Monsieur Pams, Minister of the Interior, with the following orders:

"Put out flags immediately. Illuminate all public buildings this evening. Have all bells ring out in full peal and arrange with the military authorities to have guns fired, in order that the people may know of the signing of the Armistice."

And as we drove in, Paris was "throwing off her noble reserve" all right. The day of glory—*Le jour de gloire est arrivé*, of the Marseillaise—had arrived.

All Paris had given itself up to the delirious joy—all Paris except, perhaps, some thousands of women weeping at home for husbands, fathers and sons whose lives were given that Paris might on this day rejoice in freedom.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth and last of a series of articles by General Harbord

No. 155
CENTRE

Get Some "Production" out of Your Life!

MEN who stand out as winners are red-blooded, clear-eyed, vigorous fellows, full of vitality—and action! They use both head and feet to keep on the job and get things done. They're double-barreled hustlers!

These chaps make "active feet" show a real profit. They know how to use their feet; they know how to keep their feet in high gear.

And they naturally wear the Arch Preserver Shoe, because it is designed from the ground up to make feet an asset, an investment in enjoyable and successful living.

They think straight, and they understand that a shoe with a concealed, built-in arch bridge, a flat inner sole, and fitted from heel to the ball of the foot won't let the foot arch sag, nor will it pinch the nerves and blood-vessels. They know these advantages mean foot health and comfort and a full day's work.

Another O. K. from the fellow who's going somewhere: The Arch Preserver Shoe looks as well as it feels—and it "feels" like a million dollars!

Put your life on a "production basis." Get the facts about this better shoe that the men "up-in-front" are praising so enthusiastically. Father Time is watching you.

Write today for our "Check-up Foot Chart."

E. T. WRIGHT & COMPANY, INC.

Department S-24, Rockland, Massachusetts

Makers of men's fine shoes since 1876

THE
ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

The Man's Styleful Shoe on a Real Chassis

ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

"KEEPS THE FOOT WELL"

Look for this Trade-Mark
on sole and lining

The genuine Arch Preserver Shoe for men is made only by E. T. Wright & Company, Inc., Rockland, Mass.—for women by The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio

THE JUST WRIGHT SHOE

is also an E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., product

Check up your Feet!
Our new "Check-up Foot Chart" shows your foot handicaps at a glance and how to make your feet more helpful. Send coupon today. This is important to *you!*

Dealers: If the Arch Preserver Shoe for men is not sold in your city write us regarding this valuable franchise

E. T. Wright & Company, Inc.
Dept. S-24, Rockland, Mass.

Gentlemen: Please send me your "Check-up Foot Chart."

Name

Address

City State

THE MESSAGE OF JOY AT EASTER-TIME

EASTER! The season of resurrection, when winter time is gone and spring time comes and life leaps up about us joyously. Easter! The season of joy for all mankind, when love and friendship come to the heart in even deeper measure than before. And we would share the joy within us with our friends.

A very season, in fact, to express our kindliness with thoughtful, beautiful Greeting Cards!

Each one of them is a lovely little messenger that carries sunshine with it—and each one makes the world seem friendlier. Is it surprising that the sending of Easter Cards is growing to be a well-nigh universal custom—and particularly when these cards are not only the thoughtful and charming way of expressing friendship but the socially correct one too?

Days for Remembrance

Easter, April 12; Mother's, May 10; Father's, June 21; Friendship, August 2; Hallowe'en, October 31; Thanksgiving, November 26; Christmas, December 25; New Year's, January 1; St. Valentine's, February 14.

The Greeting Card Association, 354 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Scatter Sunshine with Greeting Cards

Members of The Greeting Card Association: The T. V. Allen Co.; American Friendly Greetings Company; The Beckman Co.; The Boston Line; Brady Robins Co.; The Bromfield Publishers; Sidney J. Burgoyne & Sons, Butler Thomas & Co., Inc., The Buzza Co., Chas. S. Clark Co., Edward E. Clark, A. M. Davis Co., Doughty Davidson Publishers, Inc., Drevtus Art Co., Dupaix Rickman Engraving & Embossing Co., The Excelsior Co., Gibson Art Co., Gleason Art Co., Stephen Greene Co., Hall Brothers, Hargourt & Co., Henderson Lithographing Co., Japanese Wood Novelty Co., The Keating Co., A. E. Lane Co., Jesse H. Metcalf, Mastercraft Publishing Co., Milner Bros., Inc., Murray Publishers, Inc., John H. Neathy Co., Newman Publishing and Art Co., Rust Craft Publishers, Inc., Shreve & Company, Stanley Manufacturing Co., Strader Engraving Co., Superior Greeting Card Co., Thompson-Smith Co., Turner & Porter, Inc., The Van Gorder Co., P. F. Volland Co.

TENDERFOOT!

(Continued from Page 31)

For he is a showman. From early spring until late autumn, he is in the contest arena, fighting for day and prize money in the various contests, or with the Wild West department of a circus. In isolated cases, it happens that he has had no schooling whatever in regulation ranch life, having begun his existence with a circus or around rodeo fields, gradually learning the tricks of the trade and graduating into a roper or a rider or bulldogger. One need not be born in Idaho or Montana or Wyoming or Colorado to learn to swing a rope or gain the foolhardiness necessary to leap from the back of a horse to the horns of a plunging steer and argue it into reclining upon the rodeo track within a given number of seconds. More than one good rodeo hand has come from New Jersey and Pennsylvania and New York. And to the regulation, mild-mannered, bashful cow-puncher, slinking out of the limelight whenever it's possible, unless he's in his own element down at the shindig in the community house, the professional is an object of some derision; just as the regulation cow-puncher is derided by the contest hand.

There's a gulf of considerable width between them. They don't live the same lives at all. The contest hand is the theatrical overflow of cowboydom. To those who later desire to follow the same sort of life, he naturally forms the same attraction that the prima donna does to the aspirant for the chorus. But for the ordinary ranchman, working in irrigation ditches when he isn't personally accompanying cows, and with his big labor during the spring branding or the fall shove-down; mixed with a little haying and what not during the summer months, and the forking of innumerable tons of alfalfa during the long feeding months of winter—there isn't much of this stuff that you read about in books. When a hoss bucks, he takes it out of him and is glad when it's over. The other man fights buckin' horses as a matter of his daily livelihood. One is a ranch hand and the other is a show hand—and it is the show hand whom the ordinary person of the ordinary city usually sees. The real cow hand is that red-faced person, dressed like anyone else, walking over close to the buildings, with his hands in his pockets and a vague stare in his eyes when somebody asks him the way to the post office. The other man is on the outside of the sidewalk where everybody can see him, and he knows nearly as much about the town as the native; for he has the innate knowledge of the showman and the benefit of travel.

Yet each serves his purpose. One raises cattle and says little about it. The other shows how life in the free and untrammeled West might be lived, in constant recurrences of buckin' hosses, bulldoggin', and what not. It makes a great show, and it is a true combination of what may happen at one time or another upon a ranch. But as a picture of everyday existence, of course, it bears the same relation to true regulation ranch life that Nick Carter does to the United States secret service. Therein is the difference between the true cowman and the contest hand. The former calls the latter a grand-standin' showman, and the latter calls the former a poor sap who doesn't know any better than to fork hay for a livin'.

A Substitute for Old Satan

For that matter, neither existence is easy. The showman's life is an affair which may end abruptly any day, in death or in permanent injury, for it is true that he runs terrific risks every time he enters the contest arena. A wild-eyed, smoke-blowin' Brahma steer which doesn't desire to be bulldogged is not particular how much it mistreats the gentleman who is trying to twist its horns into a pretzel. Neither is it a simple affair to go alone, except for one's mount and a pack horse, through snow-drifted country in search of a bunch of lost critters, staying awake most of the night to keep from freezing, and perhaps being lost in a blizzard from three days to a week; the only real difference being, of course, that the show hand gives a picture of the ranch that doesn't exactly exist. Whenever an Eastern person shows himself upon a stretch of land bigger than a garden patch, he thinks he's going to be laughed at unless he announces immediately that he wants 'em to bring out Old Satan and all the rest of the outlaws and that he'll ride 'em with a hackamore, one hand free, taped spurs and scratching at every jump, just like they do at old Cheyenne.

With the result that on more than one ranch a new custom is being established. Contrary to general belief, there's no fun, especially when one happens to live thirty or forty miles from the nearest railroad, town or doctor, in forcing a person whose muscles are not equal to the strain into an attempt at riding a vicious, man-hating and ofttimes man-destructive horse, with the attendant danger of serious injury. Western humor of the present day may not yet have reached the doubtful finesse of Broadway, but it's hardly that crude.

The result is that when somebody announces a fervent desire to show how courageous he can be, and emits loud appeals for Old Satan, it's generally handed to him in the shape of a pitchfork and an excursion into the nearest field of alfalfa that lies mowed, awaiting stacking. Riding a bucking horse may be more spectacular. But a pitchfork, after a few hours, is harder on the sticking qualities, especially if the soil is sandy and there's a sprinkling of pigweed, the spines of which sift through gloves and clothing, into shoes and down one's back. In addition, it has the benefit of hardening muscles which one needs hardened, energizing the liver and increasing the appetite without any more harm than a few days of soreness.

In fact there seem to be a number of myths about what the well-informed tenderfoot should do. One of them, of course, is to be careful of the wild animals in the mountain country—lions, for instance, and especially the bears; for anyone knows that bears are dangerous animals.

The Bear's Bad Name

They are—in captivity. Once familiarized with man, a bear can become one of the meanest, most vicious, most treacherous animals that one would care to meet, for the simple reason that by their playfulness they create a mask from which they may strike with disastrous results. In the performing arena, they're very nice to look at, and really comical. But beyond that life, circus and zoölogical men as a rule do not even give them credit for having the squareness of a leopard, which ranks exceedingly high in the realms of treachery. A leopard is at least not an ingratiating animal. A bear is; he'll take a bite of candy out of your hands for years, then one day he'll change his mind and take the hand instead.

In fact a bear is about as dependable as one of those gentle things known as a deer, which will turn its sweet cowlike eyes upon you in fond adoration season after season, and then, timorous, placid animal that it is, seize an opportunity, get you in a corner and gore the life out of you. The tame bear has the same humorous characteristics. It likes to select the moment when one is most relaxed, and with its nonretractile, spinelike claws, rip the everlasting daylights out of one

But in its wild, or native, state, as the zoölogists would say, the bear is a slightly different animal. For one thing, it is blamed for many acts that it doesn't commit. The bear is a sluggard. He's slow on foot and short legged. To a degree, he's lazy. If something else will do the work for him, well and good. The result is that he lets the mountain lion—than which there's nothing more cowardly when man is concerned—do his main work for him. The lion has a taste for fresh food. When he wants a meal, he kills a deer or an elk, gorges himself, then leaves the rest of the kill to get along the best it can. And much in the same manner that the hyena follows the real lion of Africa, the bear often follows the mountain lion in America, feasting upon the remains of another's kill until it is devoured. Particularly is this true when the usual sources of bear food, such as berries and certain roots—for a bear is omnivorous—are wanting and Mr. Bruin is good and hungry. The real murderer has departed. It is merely the feaster that is usually on the job when the hunter comes along, kills a bear and announces that he has put out of existence the thing that has been exterminating game.

So, the bear has got a reputation as a killer, and he is feared. But the usual sight of a bear, when it's disturbed in the service brush or the berry patches, is that of an unwieldy, badly frightened beast, moving

Easter Remembrance

MAN you don't need an excuse or an occasion to tell her again that you love her. But Easter *is* a good occasion. And the Puritan Easter Remembrance Package (with a variety of centers that is sure to include many of the kinds she likes best) gives your message a little better than you have perhaps ever been able to tell it before with candy. The thicker, smoother coatings, and the Remembrance Cards are added features. See your dealer today.

Agency is offered to better class stores. Write for Puritan Plan of Better Merchandising and address of nearest distributor.

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"THE PERFECT GIFT"

Attractive remembrance and acknowledgement cards in every package, for you and her to sign

The $1.50 Easter assorted chocolate package comes in an unmistakable Easter wrapper. At good dealers' or sent postpaid on receipt of price.

THE PURITAN CHOCOLATE CO.
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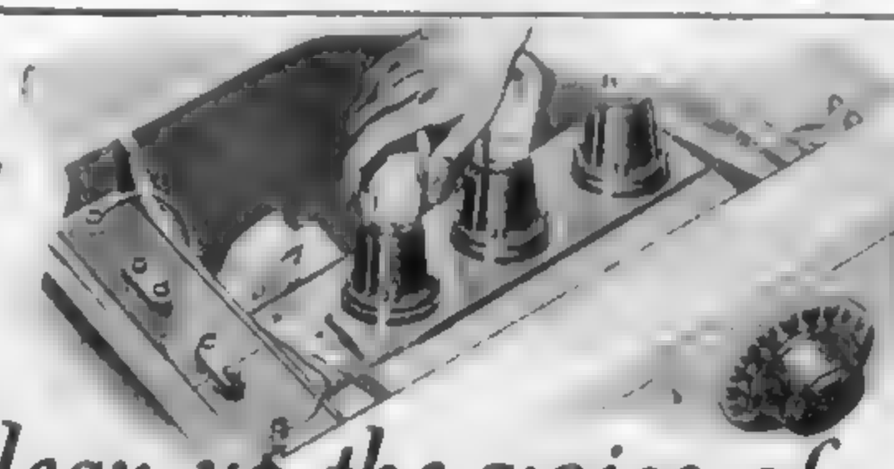
It's the Contact that Counts



Clear up the voice of your radio-this easy way

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Na-Ald DeLuxe Sockets remove these barriers. Their exclusive side-scraping contacts cut the corrosion from side of tube terminals. Just turn the tubes several times and the contact points are bright and clean. No need even to remove the tubes from their sockets.

The Alden-processed Bakelite conserves all the current energy and prevents any of it being lost within the socket itself. Laboratory test proved Na-Ald Sockets most efficient in low losses and low capacity.

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Your repairman PEELS 'em when he adjusts your motor bearings, because correct adjustment means fewer repairs, lower costs, less "knocking" and a more powerful engine.

WHAT DOES HE PEEL?
Why, Laminated shims, of course, —those pieces of shim brass held together by a metallic binder— a pocket knife does the trick

WHY DOES HE PEEL?
Because he saves time, labor and money for you and himself. Filing *solid* shims is a costly, time-consuming process.

ASK THE MAN WHO PEELS 'EM
The next time you have the bearings adjusted, ask your repairman to use Laminum.

SEND FOR SAMPLE SHIM — LAMINUM — WRITE FOR BOOKLET

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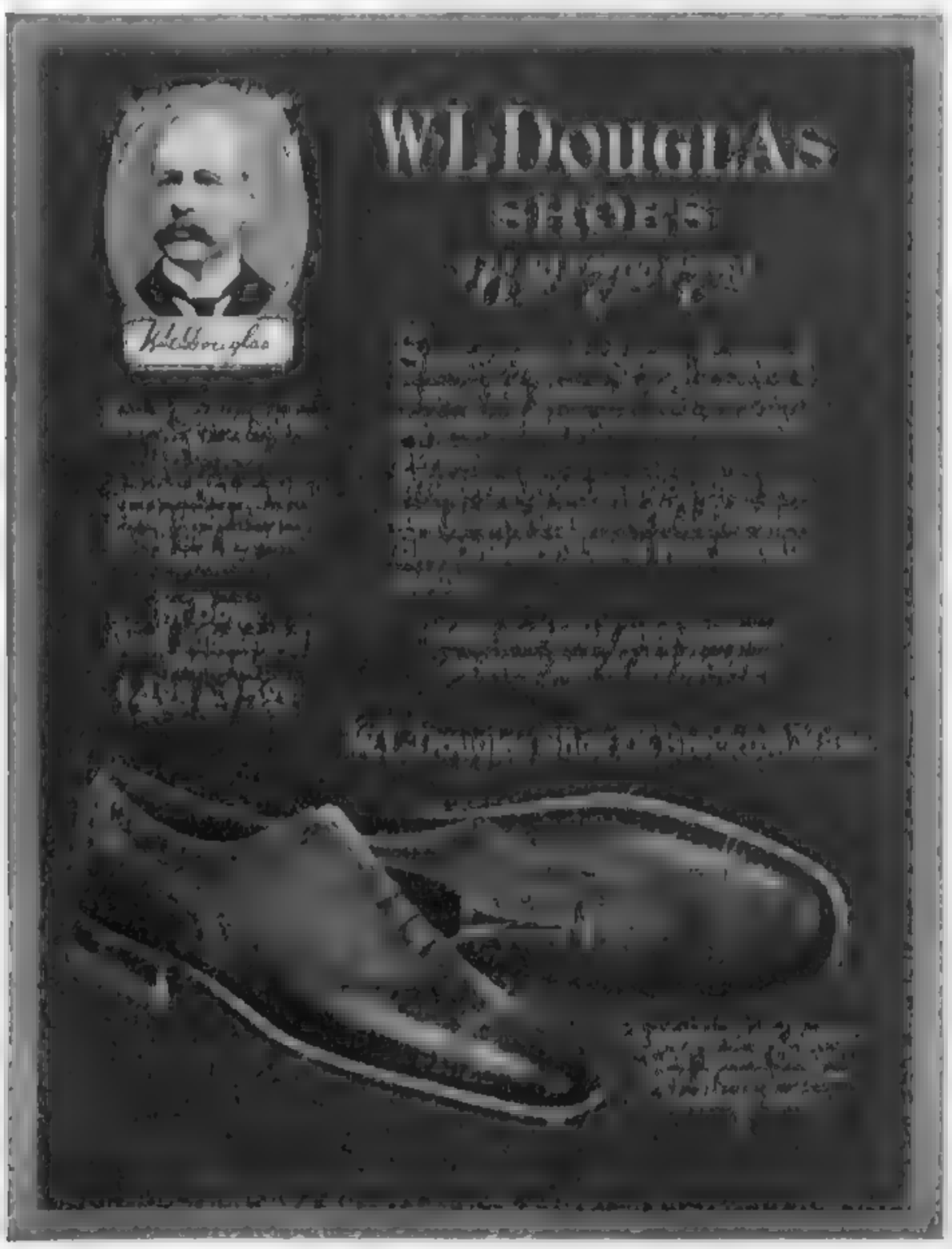


with all possible speed in the direction of safety.

However, that is merely a little misconception which might happen in any country. The usual one is that a tenderfoot is a tenderfoot no matter how long he may remain in a country—a sort of brand, as it were, never to be erased; and it is true in some cases There are persons who begin as tenderfeet and end the same way There are others who never are tenderfeet, in spite of the fact that they may have come from the exact surroundings of the aforementioned weakling—all for the reason that the proposition of being a tenderfoot isn't an affair of the physique. It lies almost wholly in the mind

In the first place, there's little to learn. If one desires to become a cow-puncher, he can develop the muscles needed to sit on the back of a horse or to throw a rope in a summer; the human body happens to be a marvelously fast worker if it is given even a fair physique on which to start. Whether he ever becomes a shark of a rider or a marvel of a roper depends entirely upon his natural capabilities, just as there are good and bad arithmeticians. I know a Yale student who earns his summer money wrangling horses for a dude-ranch outfit. If he has eyes, he can learn how to read brands. If he'll watch the other fellow, he'll see that there are tricks about forking hay and about puddling in an irrigation ditch.

The same is true of him who desires to become a mountaineer. If he learns how to make camp, how to handle himself on grades, how to get out of country where he might otherwise be lost, and a few other little knickknacks, he's about as well fitted for the hills as the next fellow. And if he wants to homestead in the flat sage country, he learns how to grub and burn brush, conserve his money as much as possible by doing his own canning in season instead of depending upon the grocery store forty miles away, to walk on skis or snowshoes and to garner the usual knowledge that any farmer should have. There doesn't seem to be any post-graduate course, or even an outlined elementary one. The whole thing depends upon two elements—his natural adaptability and whether he likes the life and the country. There are few places where the mind plays a greater part in happiness, or lack of it, than in the West.

It's a different country, even different within its own boundaries. A few years ago a forest ranger who had spent practically all his working life in the Pike National Forest, in Colorado, was transferred to another district near Great Falls, Montana. He had learned his woodcraft in the Colorado Rockies, where timber line is rarely less than 10,500 feet above sea level, and where it's the right and proper thing when lost to find a stream and follow it downward, being fairly sure of sooner or later finding human habitation. But when he got to Montana and began to talk of 11,000 and 12,000 feet above sea level as being timber line, they merely stared at him. It averaged only about 8000 feet there. And as for following a stream when one is lost, that didn't seem to be done in Montana and Idaho. Far better in that land of impenetrable cañons to stick to the ridges.

The Perverse Trout

So it goes. A different country, a strange country. Riotously beautiful by day, when the blue of the sage flats stretches for miles, with the hazy outlines of the hills in the distance, or the gaunt majesty of the mountains asserts itself in coloration, in lashing waterfall and tangled débris of ancient deadfalls. Weirdly interesting at night, when, after the sun has dropped like a plummet, and then, due to the reflective qualities of the high ranges, as often as not held its real burst of sundown splendor in the east instead of the west where it really should be; when darkness comes without the soft blendings familiar to lower altitudes and the hills that had shown themselves distinctly a short time before are now only gray, misty ghosts in the diffused light of the stars; and where those stars themselves contain far more luminosity, owing to the rarefied clearness of the atmosphere, than in climes that are nearer sea level—weirdly close sometimes.

A bunch of us went fishing up on the North Platte, in Wyoming, late in the trout season of last year. It should have been just the right time according to all the indications which we'd studied so carefully—dark of the moon, low water and all that. But with the perverseness which is a part of trout nature, the rainbow steadily, thoroughly and absolutely refused to bite.

The last day or so came and a wild-eyed party of fishermen talked it over. If they weren't biting in daylight, then they must be biting at night. So, in that space of time following sundown allowed by law and sportsmanship, we decided to try the lure of big flies, in the hope that the trout were feeding on miller moths which came forth after dark. The theory was correct.

We split up, each to his favorite fishing hole, each far away from the other in that jealousy which all fool fishermen possess. Strange, but a trout fisherman can personally make all the noise and do all the wrong things he cares to without noticing it much. He can slap around in the water like a Mississippi side-wheeler. He can run his flatboat over a riffle, get out, slip on a mossy rock, fall into the stream, scramble to his feet again, and begin casting his fly in perfect equanimity, feeling quite sure that the particular trout of which he is desirous is going to stay right there, set like a sprinter, to leap at his fly when he casts it within range. But let some other fellow try the same thing!

A Baffling Shadow

So we were scattered, half a mile or so apart, in the darkness. It was rattlesnake country; the camp was Rattlesnake Roost, and one of the blamed things had been killed that afternoon only about 100 yards from our blankets, a feeling not conducive to comfort when floundering about along the shores of a river without much caution as to where one is stepping. Not that the rattlesnake is the fabled thing that it is supposed to be, lying in wait, jaws open, to kill anybody within reach; nor that it is the sure death that it is catalogued—the alcoholic remedies administered are credited with having killed more persons than the bites. But neither is it pleasant to have a natural hypodermic needle full of coagulative poison shoved into one when what one really wants is a three or four pound rainbow trout.

So there was naturally a skittish feeling as I went to my particular fishing hole; a feeling which increased—far-away country has that way about it. Two hundred yards away a ripple mumbled, talking strange things which only it could understand. In the great filmy bluffs across the stream, where the swallow nests appeared by day like the plasterings of some boy with a mud dauber, things moved and whispered and loosened tiny particles of limestone which rattled downward in disconcerting fashion. Anything is eerie when one can't catalogue it. Then on an island of cottonwood and tangled willows a hoot owl began the nightly queries of the moonless night. And just about that moment I looked before me—and saw the almost indiscernible shadow of a man on the water.

"Gone cuckoo!" I grumbled. The habit of talking to oneself comes easily in lonely places. "How'm I going to cast a shadow when there isn't any moon?"

But the shadow was there. I pushed out an arm in an oratorical gesture. So did the shadow.

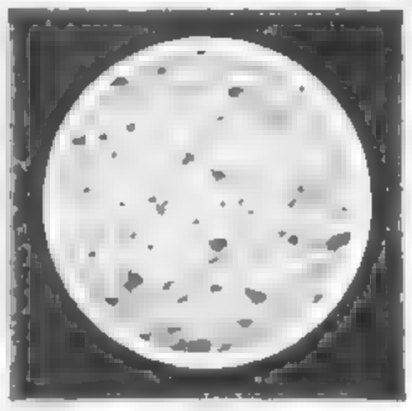
"Cuckoo as a humming bird!" I announced to the night, to the grumbling of those eerie voices from the ripple and to the hoot owl. "Plain daft! How can I make a shadow?"

But I could. There it was. I cast my fly in the middle of it, just to be sure it would disappear with the ripple. It did. I moved upstream. So did the shadow, for here was still water, stretching for half a mile against a bluff. At last it entered my head to look over my shoulder. And there was the planet Mars, shining with enough brilliance in this clear-aired country to cast my reflection in the water.

Strange country, new country, a country which cannot be met halfway. Either one loves it with all the affection that a person can pour upon a land, or he breaks the speed records getting out of it, or stays there like a man in a penitentiary. In nothing is this more exemplified than in the treatment of tuberculosis.

A long time ago someone started the rumor that all one had to do to "beat the bugs" was to go to an altitudinous country, with the result that unfortunates flocked there like gold seekers to a new bonanza Some of them got well; some of them, less seriously ill, turned up their toes and died. The country was just the same for all of them. But their minds were different, and

(Continued on Page 233)



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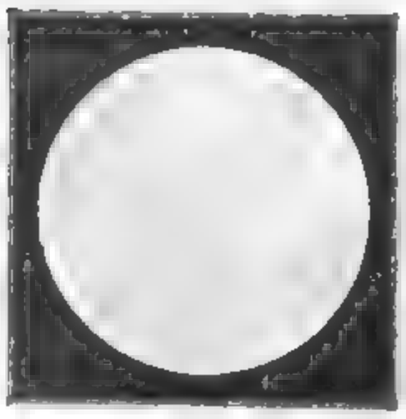

Barreled Sunlight

What paint looks like through a microscope

These photographs were taken through a powerful microscope. Each paint was magnified to the same high degree. The astonishing contrast shows why Barreled Sunlight is so easy to keep clean. Its surface is smooth, even and non-porous. It resists dirt and can be washed as easily as tile.

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Every inch of this kitchen can be washed like white tile

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Barreled Sunlight is made by our exclusive Rice Process which enables us to guarantee that it will remain white longer than any gloss paint or enamel, domestic or foreign, applied under the same conditions.

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3. Requires fewer coats than enamel
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THE beautiful custom of Easter gift giving is a joy that adds much to the day. And the Norris Variety Box, in its seasonal garb, fairly sings of the spirit of Easter.

Outside, a special wrapper of appropriate Gothic design; then the Variety Box itself, charmingly wrought in mauve, gold and turquoise. Within, a holiday feast of exquisite gift candies, delightfully surprising in their variety of forms and flavors.

Among the Norris creations in the Variety Box you will find Almond Truffles, Almond Butter Brittle, Suwanee Fudge, Apricot Souffle, Lemon Roll, Grape Mallows, Butter Creams, Bitter-Sweet Mousse, and many other distinctive and delectable confections.

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A Miniature Variety Box, reproducing the standard package and containing 5 pieces of candy, will be sent you postpaid for 25c in stamps.

NORRIS
Variety Box
OF EXQUISITE GIFT CANDIES

(Continued from Page 230)

it was their minds which dictated to a large extent just how much efficacy the clear air and sunshine would possess. For him who hated the country, that air and sunshine was worth about two whoops in Hades; for him who loved it ——

One of the toughest persons I ever followed on a mountain trail had a habit of reaching the place where the grade was heaviest, then lying down against his job like a stocky-legged horse and pulling the ascent until one began to wonder whether he was a human being or a human fly. He had the endurance of a team of mules, the ability to sleep upon the ground with the placidity of a baby in a crib, and to hang to the task of catching a trout in spite of fire, flood, pestilence or disaster, his favorite diversion being to forget his sheepskin, then sit out on a raft for four or five hours in a driving June snowstorm at 12,000 feet altitude and call it fun. Yet the first time I saw him he lay, a wan, gasping being, on a cot under a tent on top of Flirtation Peak, placed there by his doctor on the gamble of whether he'd live or die—and he lived.

He lived because the brilliance of his eyes was due to something else than fever; because everywhere he looked he saw wonderful things, like fairy tales come true. Back in the past he'd been a piano player in one of those two-by-four affairs along Broadway in New York, where all one sees is the sheet of music that the prospective customer shoves in front of him. Contrary to tradition, he hadn't liked it so well. He'd longed for the open country, for the freedom of something besides a place within four walls, most of which was taken up by the piano. And when, almost a corpse from tuberculosis, he had gained the money to go West, the cure started almost before they'd helped him on the train, because he'd forgotten health for the moment. All he could think of was the country he was going to, and how he would love it.

The love held good. There were pictures in every butting cliff, books in the tumbling little waterfall that runs from the reservoir above town, dramas in the herd of elk which sometimes roams within the city limits, epics in the gaunt burn-overs of an ancient day, faintly visible from his cot atop Flirtation Peak. He loved it, he worshiped it; and while his mind was busy forgetting his physical state, that physical state righted itself—and that was the end of that. Another man, up there in all that loneliness, with nothing to look at but a bunch of mountains, might have died. It all depends on the mental attitude.

The Fear of Exercise

That is exactly what makes or breaks a tenderfoot—the mind. There's nothing else necessary, except a fairly standard physique, and even the lack of that can be overcome. If a person is an ordinary human being, all he has to do is to learn the few laws of the land, develop a love for exercise—and he's a Westerner. Some do it, figuratively speaking, overnight. Some never do; their minds won't let them. There are too many bugaboos, the primary one of which is fear—the fear of exercise.

Just why exercise should be supposed to have direful results upon an ordinary person who isn't organically doomed is rather past comprehension. But it is. I know a man who went to a dozen doctors in New York to find out what was wrong with him. At last one was quite frank. He was suffering from a terrific complication of diseases known as lack of exercise. Whereupon he went home to his suburban place, mowed the lawn, was sick for a week from the exertion—and changed doctors again. The same thing holds true in many another human mind. Exercise is something that's just waiting around the corner to commit murder, when in truth the poor old maligned condition wants only to accomplish one thing—to help a much-abused physique. And once that feeling is sufficiently inculcated in a human brain, it's wonderful what a person can endure without suffering any really serious effects.

A dozen years or so ago, Col. William Frederick Cody, Buffalo Bill, with whom I happened to be connected, decided that he wanted to enter the motion-picture business. So a company was formed; all of Buffalo Bill's old Indian fighting friends were summoned, and with a company of generals, cavalry, motion-picture cameras, a few thousand Sioux Indians, interpreters, old-time scouts, and a fellow who went along as a sort of major-domo, we repaired to Pine Ridge, South Dakota, to put into film form the story of the last Indian rebellion, when, fired by a shortage of food and the trip of Short Bull to the supposed messiah at Pyramid Lake, Nevada, the Sioux put on bullet-proof ghost shirts and decided to lick the whole United States Army. A part of the action called for scenes in the Bad Lands, seventy-two miles from the camp on Wounded Knee Creek, and a portion of the outfit moved there; Buffalo Bill and his generals and press agent in a wagon, the troops on horseback, and the major-domo, with the cameras and cameramen, in a brakeless buckboard drawn by army mules.

Seventy-Two Miles to Go

The pictures were taken. During the action a trooper was hurt, and it was necessary, when return time came, to carry him in the wagon with Buffalo Bill and the generals. That left the press agent seeking a spot whereon to ride. He swerved in the direction of his old-time friend, the major-domo.

It happened, however, that the latter had been awake most of the night as the result of ptomaine poisoning. It happened also that one of the army generals had, the night before, read a governmental report which stated that seventeen members of an Arizona garrison had been bitten by skunks and thereby developed hydrophobia. Whereupon Colonel Cody had thought the matter over, remembered that he'd seen a good many skunks in the Bad Lands in '71, handed the press agent a shotgun and told him to sit at the flap of the tent that night and keep away any possible intruders. Neither the ptomaine nor the skunks had been conducive to good tempers. So the press agent approached rather abruptly the subject of his return to Pine Ridge.

"I'll have to have a place on that buckboard," he said.

"You will, will you?" asked the major-domo. "How are you going to have a place on here when the thing's overloaded already, and when there aren't any brakes on it—and twenty miles of downhill?—besides those army mules wanting to run away every time we hit a grade."

"I don't care about that," growled the press agent. "I'm going to ride on this buckboard."

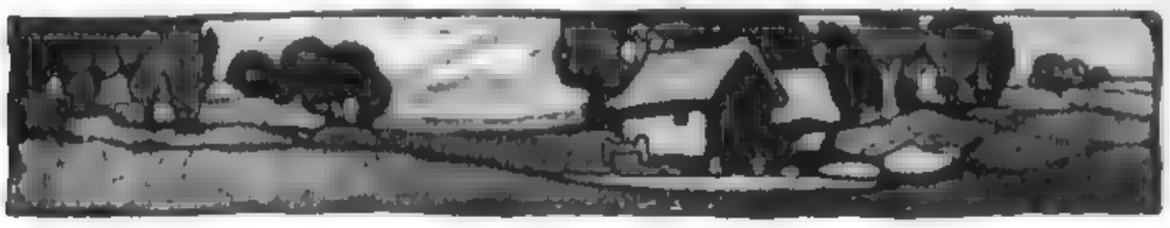
"Oh, are you?" Friendship, for the time being, had departed. The major-domo wiggled a finger in emphasis. "You know what you're going to do? I'm running this shebang, and I say there's no more room on this buckboard. See that horse over there, don't you?" He pointed to the mount of the injured trooper. "Well, there's your ride back to town."

The press agent said nothing. In the first place, he was of that breed of men sometimes looked upon as queer, who aren't especially inclined toward horses. A rather mad career as a boy, in the company of a wild-eyed murderer in the shape of a racing horse, had rather cured him of any sentimental notions regarding man's best friend. As a result, he had not sat astride a saddle for six years, and then only for a ride of a mile or so.

But he had been reared in the West and to a life of exercise. He knew that he wasn't going to be killed, even though he might be beautifully blistered.

"All right," he snapped. "I'll ride the old horse!"

And he did. Soft from six years' unacquaintanceship with the saddle—and that means softness of back muscles, knee tendons, leg muscles, shoulder muscles, and a number of other things besides the mere portion of the anatomy which touches leather—he swung into the saddle, loped his horse when he could to make the bounces



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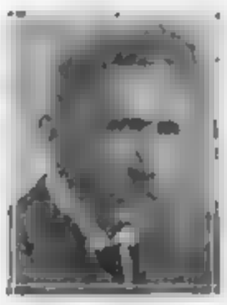

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Less than 4 a day	64 00
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easier, made up for that by walking his mount to rest it, covered those seventy-two miles, arriving far in the van of the rest of the outfit, rolled off his mount almost a solid blister from his waist to the calves of his legs, and flopped into bed.

But it didn't kill him. He was even able to wabble out into a blizzard the next morning and—the quarrel forgotten—proclaim his joy that he hadn't come with the majordomo after all, since that being had fought snow and sleet and a raging wind for twenty miles and literally fallen out of the buckboard a living sheet of ice. In fact, after the soreness had departed, the press agent thought it over, decided that all horses weren't so bad, and has indulged in the healthful exercise a great deal since.

But it might have been another story if every ache in his back had meant pleurisy, every cramp in his chest a symptom of pneumonia from exposure following a sleepless night, every breaking of a blister and galling of flesh against his clothing a sure forerunner of blood poisoning. And it's usually those things that are most terrible—the things that rarely happen. There's hardly a man in the world that's really a coward until his mind begins working.

That's usually the stumbling block—fear; fear of what people will say; fear that hardened Westerners will laugh at a poor sap from the East; fear of a strange country, which, after all, must be a pretty fair land, since folks insist upon living in it; fear of initiation, of unaccustomed things, of ——

Nothing. For to be other than a tenderfoot, about all one has to do is to forget the fact, learn the things about one, and then let the mind resign itself to the fact that this is a country where exercise is a paramount thing, and that this exercise is far more often helpful than otherwise.

That it is an active country is perhaps best illustrated by what is, of course, an extraordinary instance, but true nevertheless. Not so long ago, I went up to see old Jesse Randall, who came out to the gold country when every mining town had its Hotel de Paris and the nuggets lay on the roulette tables in scoopfuls; when there were two-gun men and killers and gamblers and bedizened dance-hall girls; when the hills thronged with Chinese working the placer diggin's, and when life ran in the raw.

That was years ago. He's eighty-odd now, and they call him the Grand Old Man of country journalism, for he is still the reporter, editor, typesetter, printer, jobman, mailing department and janitor of his paper high up in the mountain gold camp of Georgetown, Colorado. He covers the town and the courthouse and the various happenings of the mines thereabout, and his newspaper plant is swept out by seven o'clock in the morning. But when I saw him, there was a sad glint in his aged eyes, a droop to his aged mouth.

"I'm not able to get around like I used to," he wailed. "Just can't do it. Every now and then I miss a good story just by not circulating like I used to."

"Well"—and I strove to put the subject of his advanced age as gently as possible—"a man can't stay young forever."

He looked up innocently.

"Oh, it isn't that," he said; "it isn't that at all. Feeling fine, I am. But, you see, my father's living with me now, and in the last few months he's just got awful feeble!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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